BUCKY AND TORO IN

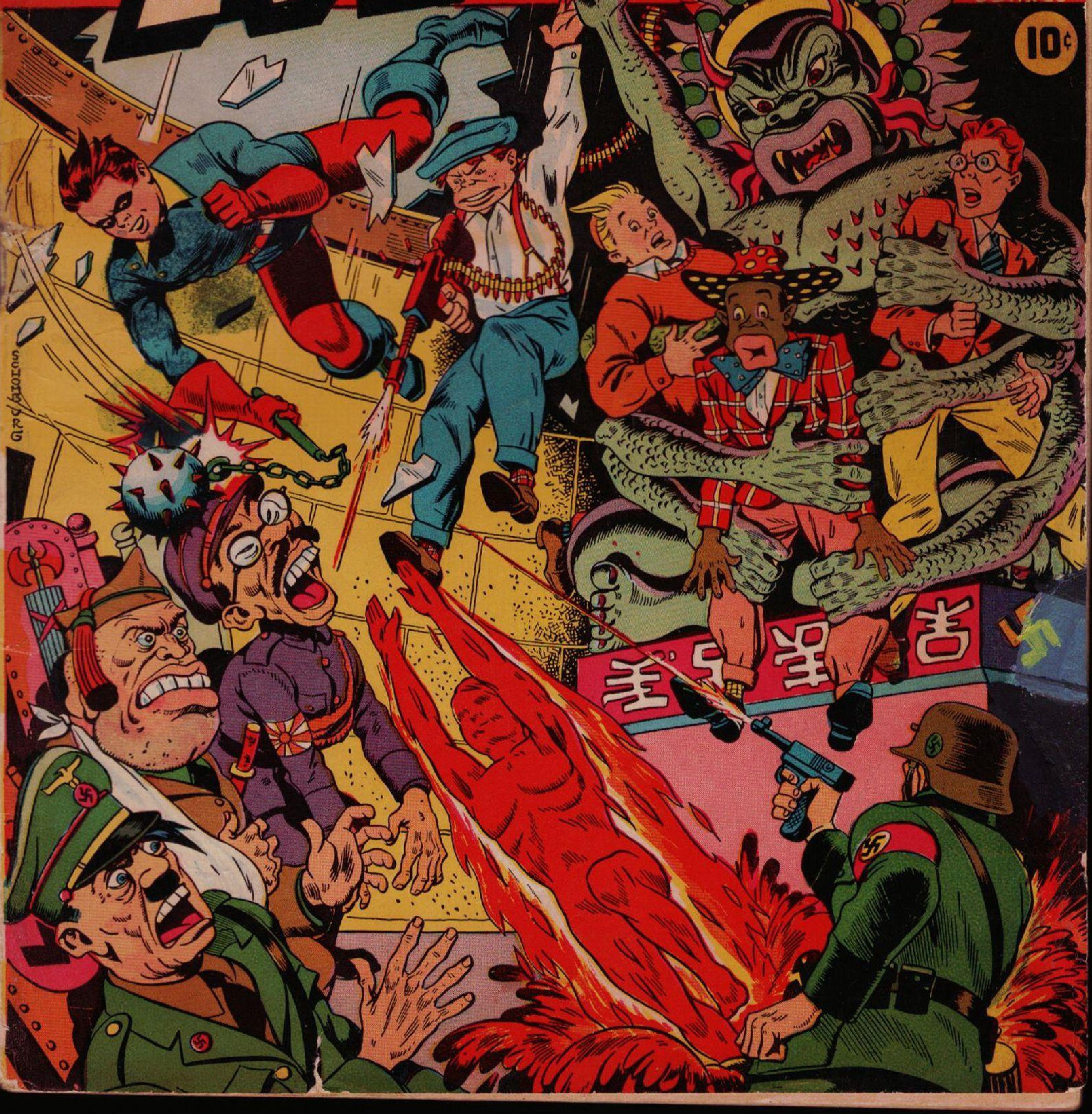
YOUNG ALLIES

FALL

NO. 9

COMICS

10¢



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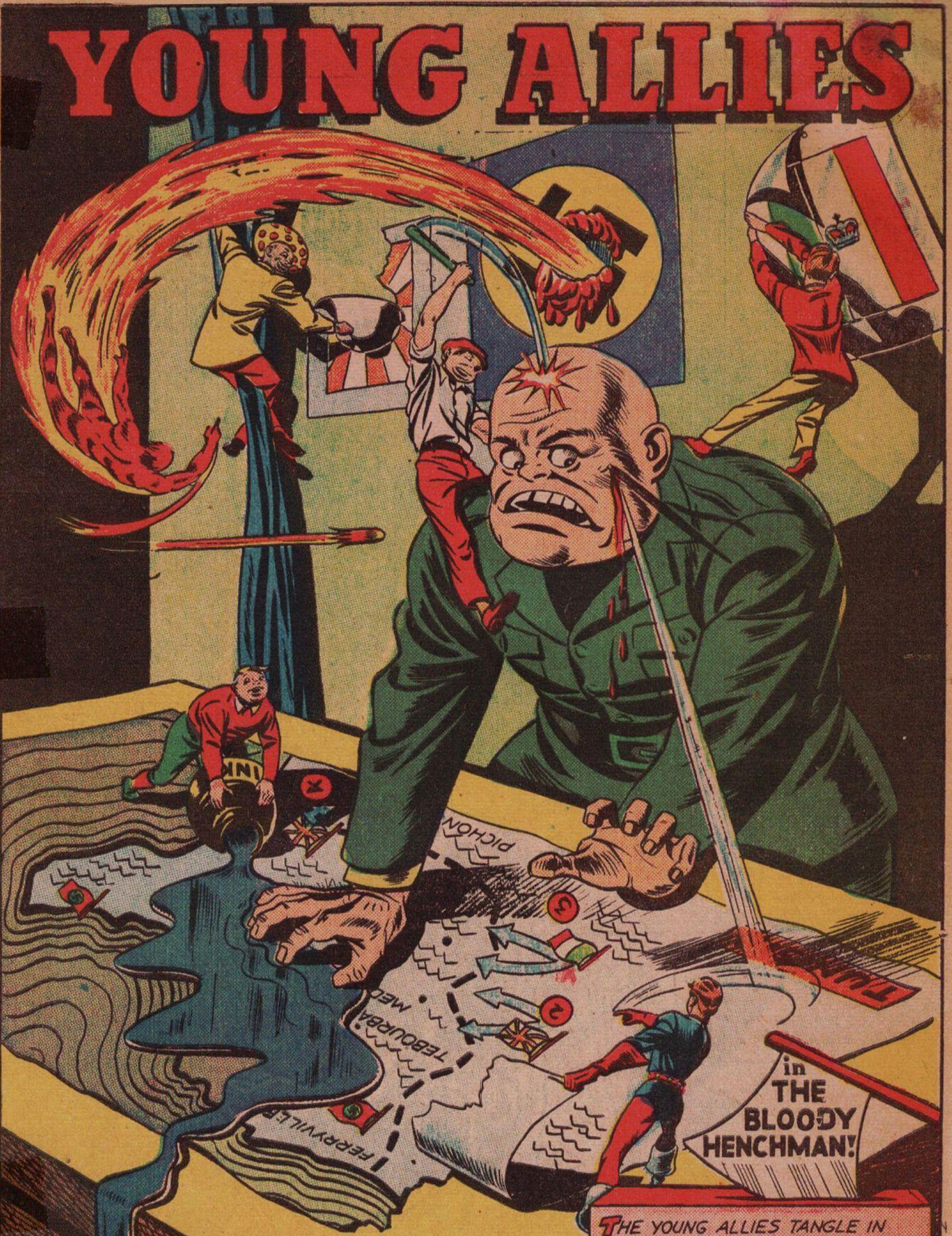
YOUNG ALLIES

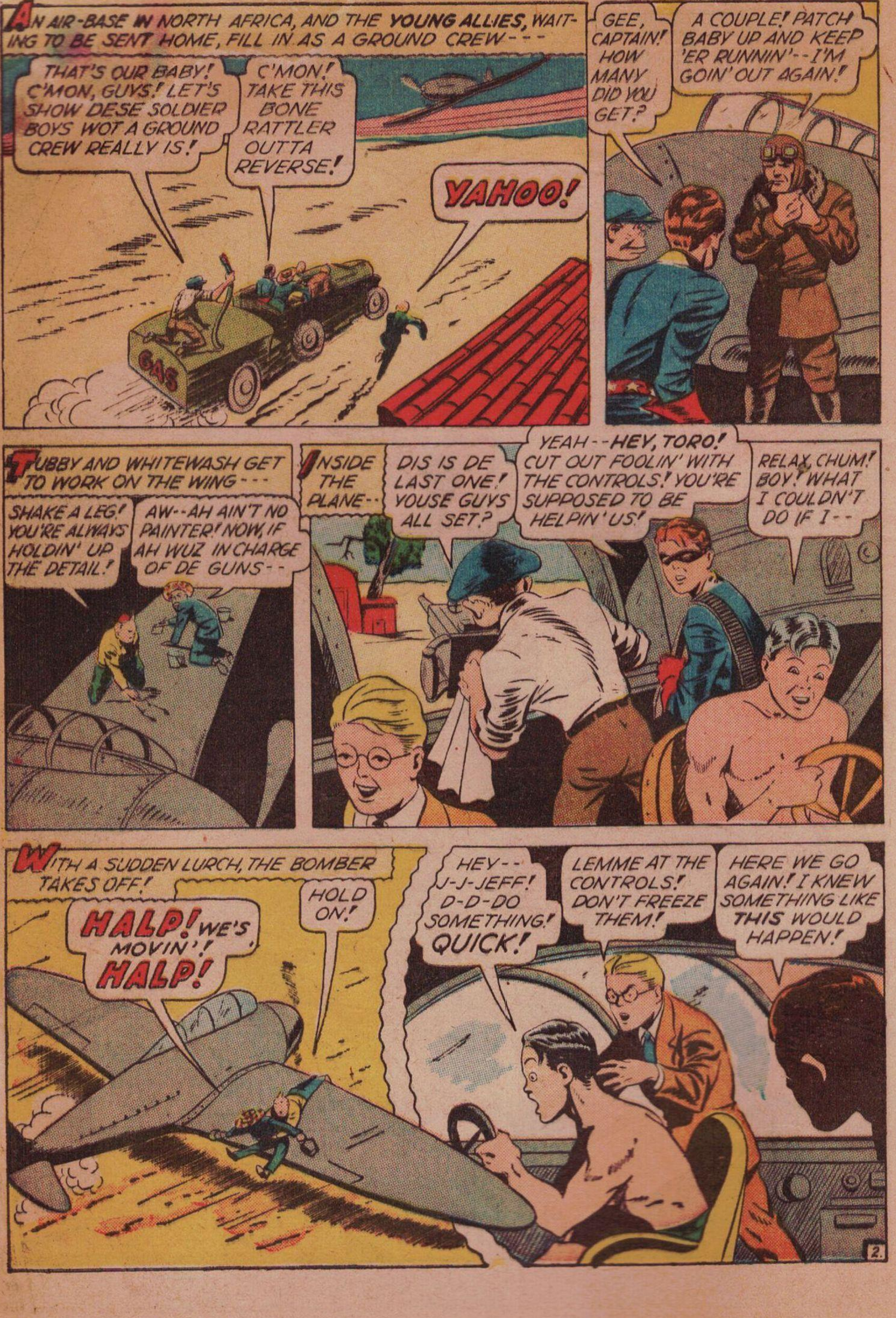

INK
PICHON
MED
TEBOURBA
FERRYVILLE
TUNIS

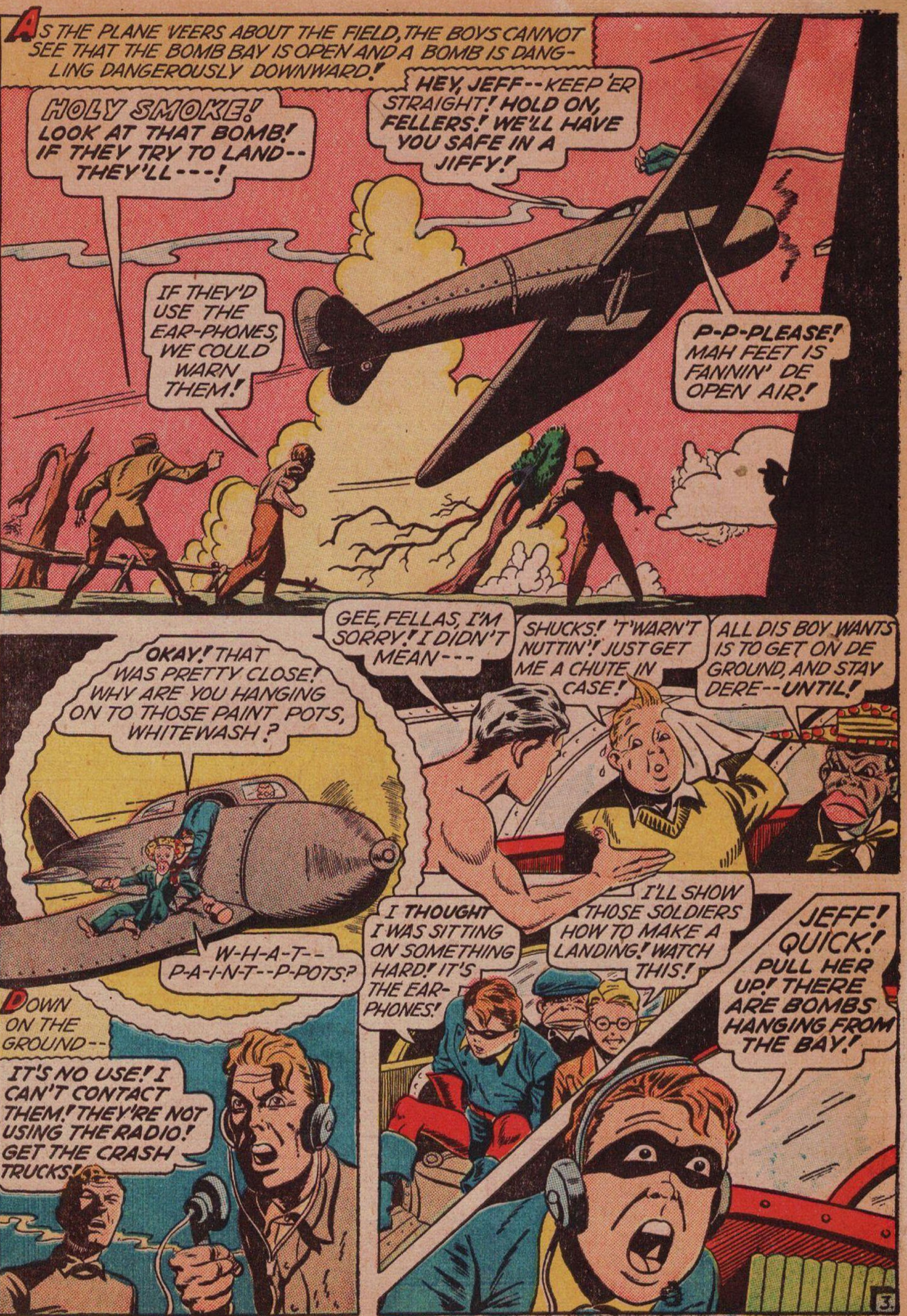
in

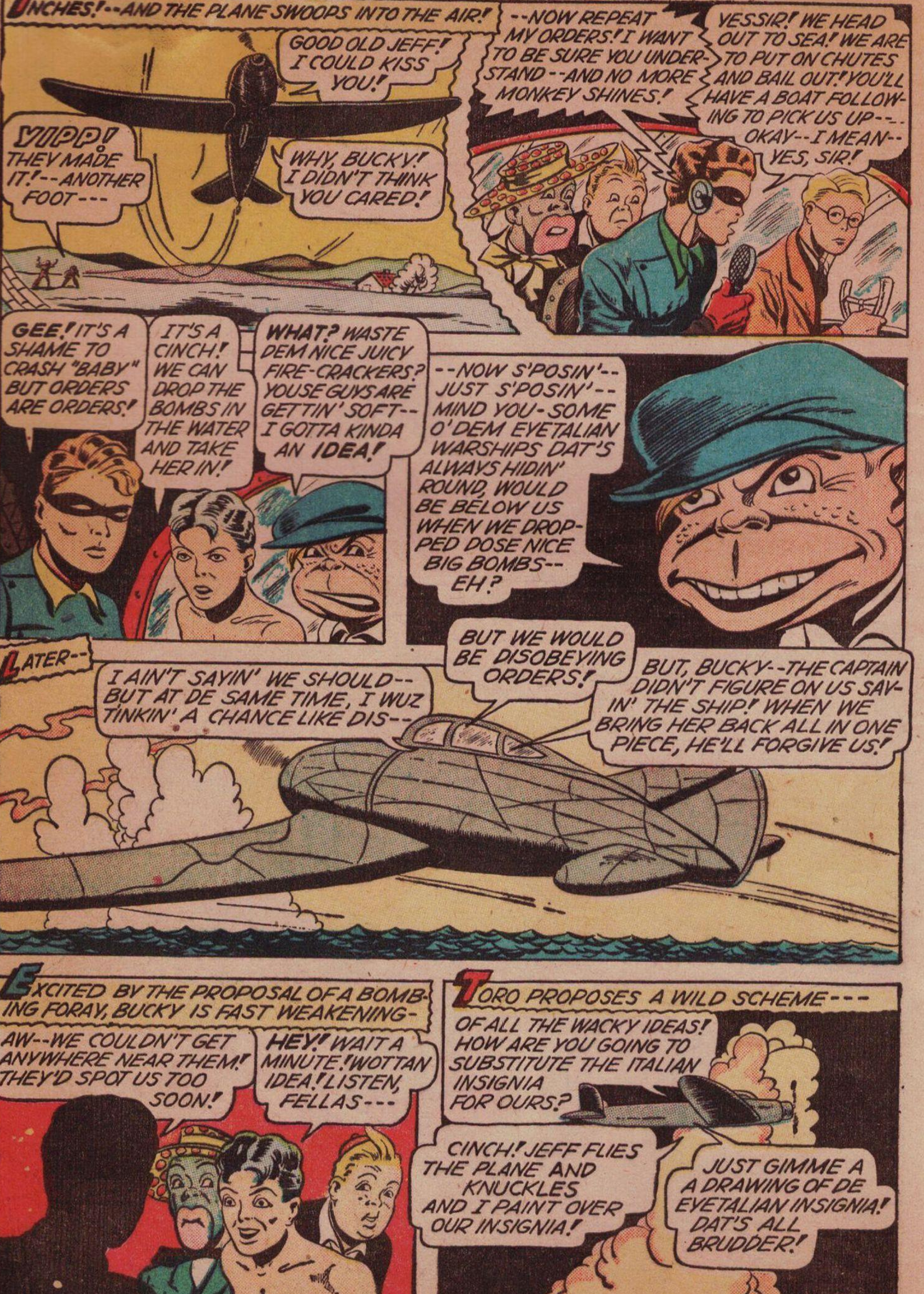
THE BLOODY HENCHMAN!

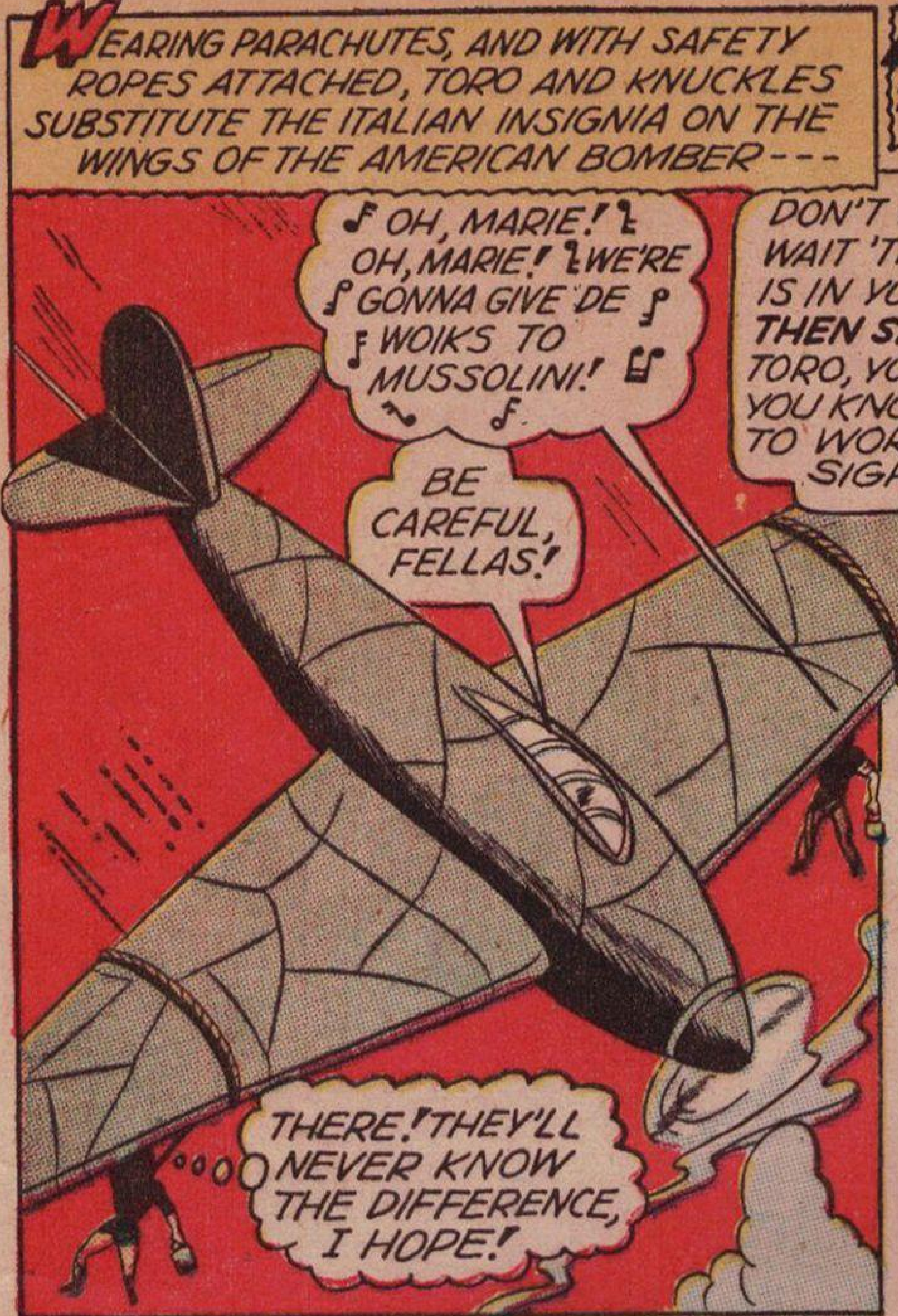
THE YOUNG ALLIES TANGLE IN INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE, USING A DANGER LADEN RUNAWAY BOMBER TO WREAK BLOCK BUSTER DESTRUCTION ON HITLER'S TOP STOOGE, MUSSOLINI!

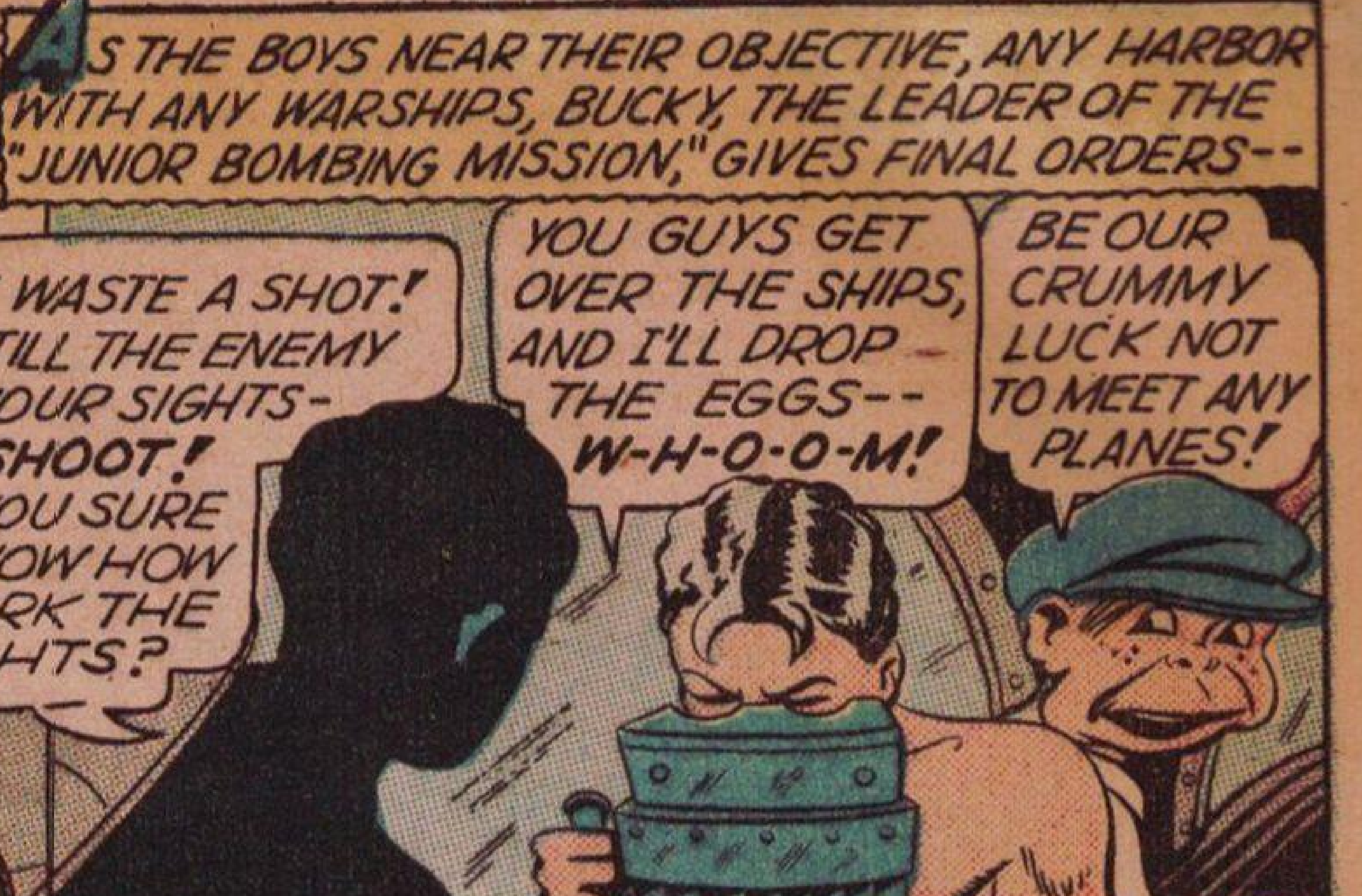
CHAPTER I

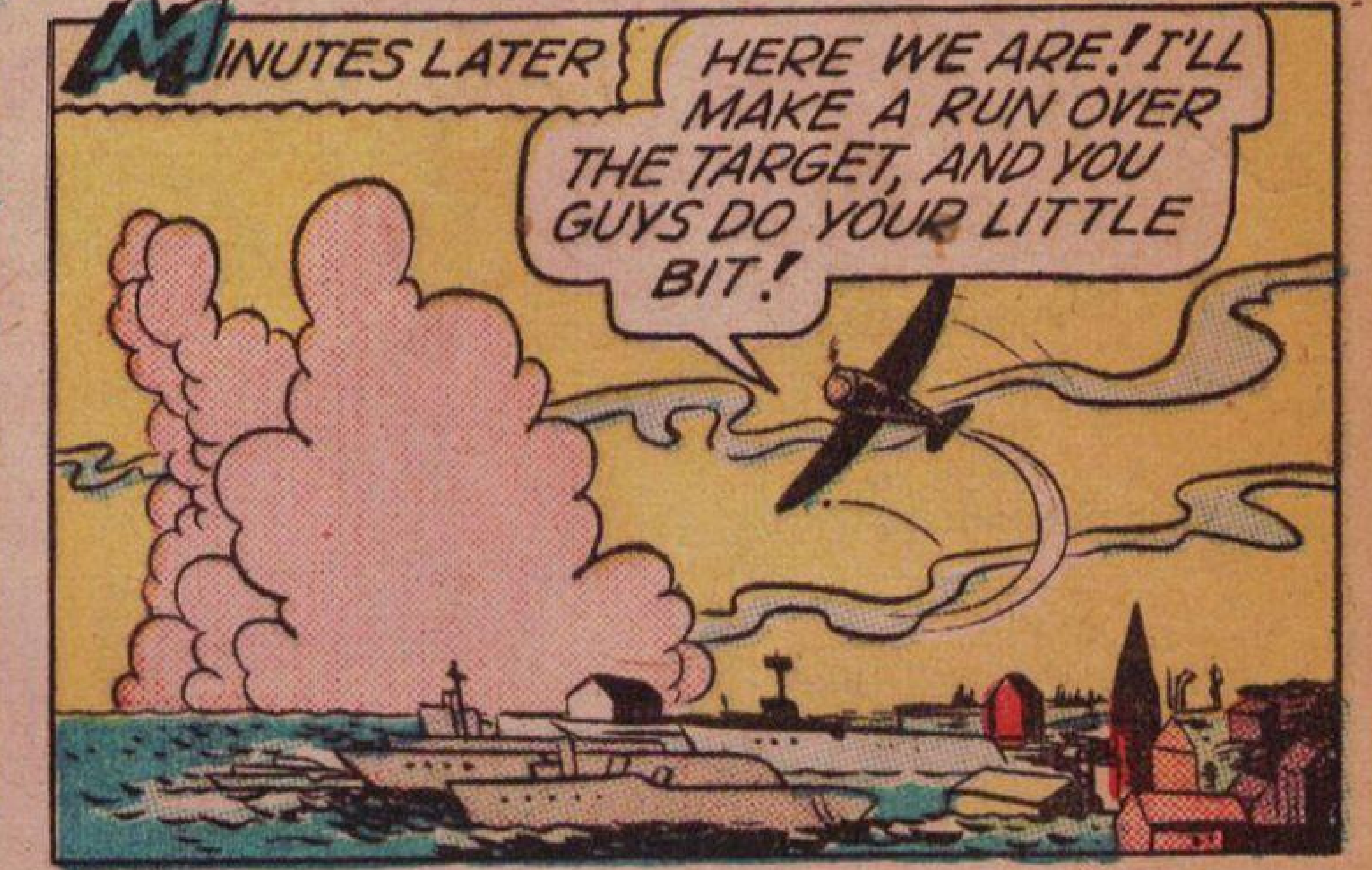

AN AIR-BASE IN NORTH AFRICA, AND THE YOUNG ALLIES, WAITING TO BE SENT HOME, FILL IN AS A GROUND CREW---
THAT'S OUR BABY! C'MON, GUYS! LET'S SHOW DESE SOLDIER BOYS WOT A GROUND CREW REALLY IS!
C'MON! TAKE THIS BONE RATTLER OUTTA REVERSE!
YAHOO!
GAS
GEE, CAPTAIN! HOW MANY DID YOU GET?
A COUPLE! PATCH BABY UP AND KEEP 'ER RUNNIN'--I'M GOIN' OUT AGAIN!
TUBBY AND WHITEWASH GET TO WORK ON THE WING---
SHAKE A LEG! YOU'RE ALWAYS HOLDIN' UP THE DETAIL!
AW--AH AIN'T NO PAINTER! NOW, IF AH WUZ IN CHARGE OF DE GUNS--
INSIDE THE PLANE--
DIS IS DE LAST ONE! YOUSE GUYS ALL SET?
YEAH--HEY, TORO! CUT OUT FOOLIN' WITH THE CONTROLS! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPIN' US!
RELAX, CHUM! BOY! WHAT I COULDN'T DO IF I--
WITH A SUDDEN LURCH, THE BOMBER TAKES OFF!
HALP! WE'S MOVIN'! HALP!
HOLD ON!
HEY--J-J-JEFF! D-D-DO SOMETHING! QUICK!
LEMME AT THE CONTROLS! DON'T FREEZE THEM!
HERE WE GO AGAIN! I KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
2.

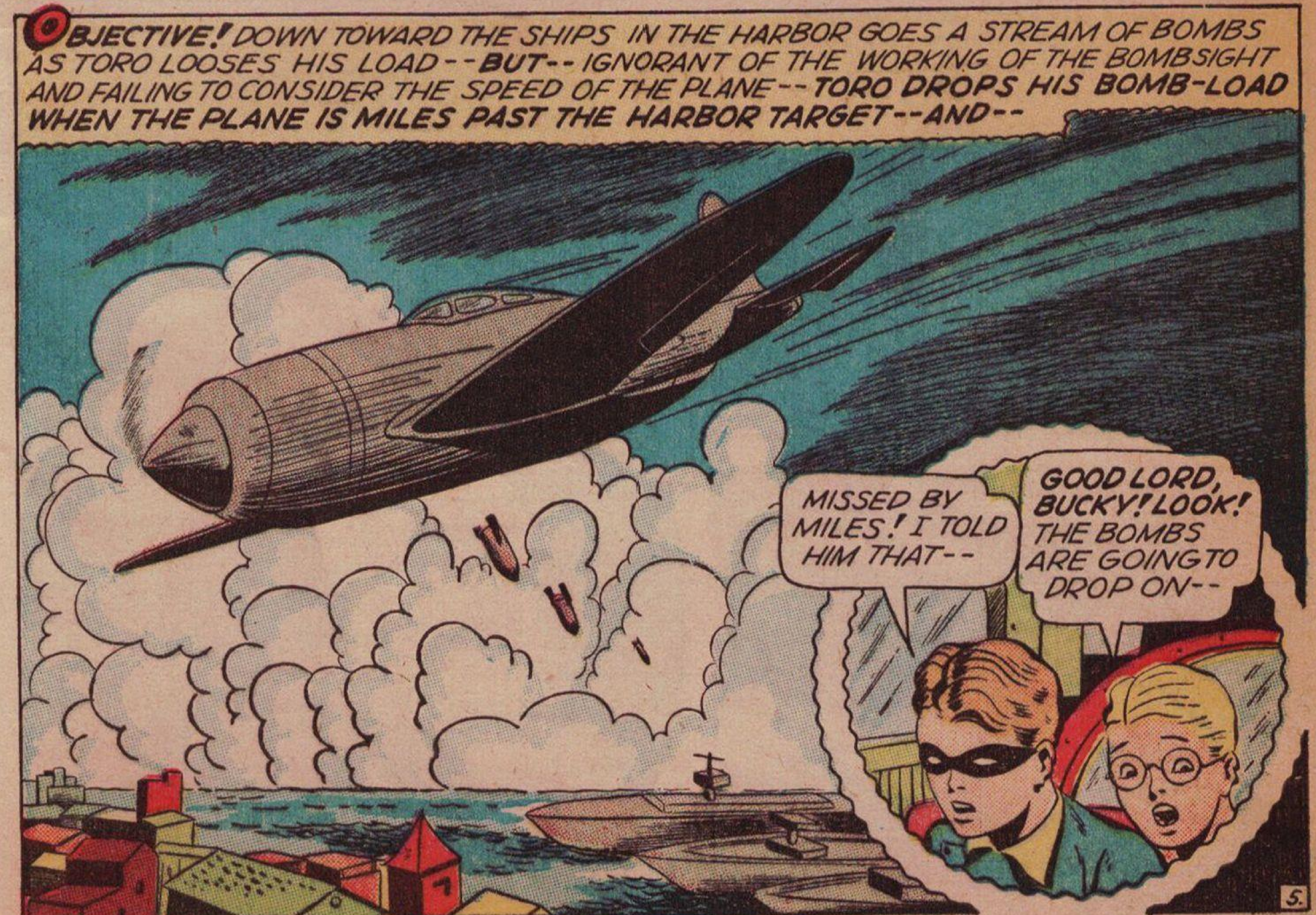

AS THE PLANE VEERS ABOUT THE FIELD, THE BOYS CANNOT SEE THAT THE BOMB BAY IS OPEN AND A BOMB IS DANGLING DANGEROUSLY DOWNWARD!
HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT BOMB! IF THEY TRY TO LAND-- THEY'LL---!
HEY, JEFF--KEEP 'ER STRAIGHT! HOLD ON, FELLERS! WE'LL HAVE YOU SAFE IN A JIFFY!
IF THEY'D USE THE EAR-PHONES, WE COULD WARN THEM!
P-P-PLEASE! MAH FEET IS FANNIN' DE OPEN AIR!
OKAY! THAT WAS PRETTY CLOSE! WHY ARE YOU HANGING ON TO THOSE PAINT POTS, WHITEWASH?
W-H-A-T-- P-A-I-N-T--P-POTS?
GEE, FELLAS, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN---
SHUCKS! 'T'WARN'T NUTTIN'! JUST GET ME A CHUTE IN CASE!
ALL DIS BOY WANTS IS TO GET ON DE GROUND, AND STAY DERE--UNTIL!
DOWN ON THE GROUND--
IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T CONTACT THEM! THEY'RE NOT USING THE RADIO! GET THE CRASH TRUCKS!
I THOUGHT I WAS SITTING ON SOMETHING HARD! IT'S THE EAR-PHONES!
I'LL SHOW THOSE SOLDIERS HOW TO MAKE A LANDING! WATCH THIS!
JEFF! QUICK! PULL HER UP! THERE ARE BOMBS HANGING FROM THE BAY!

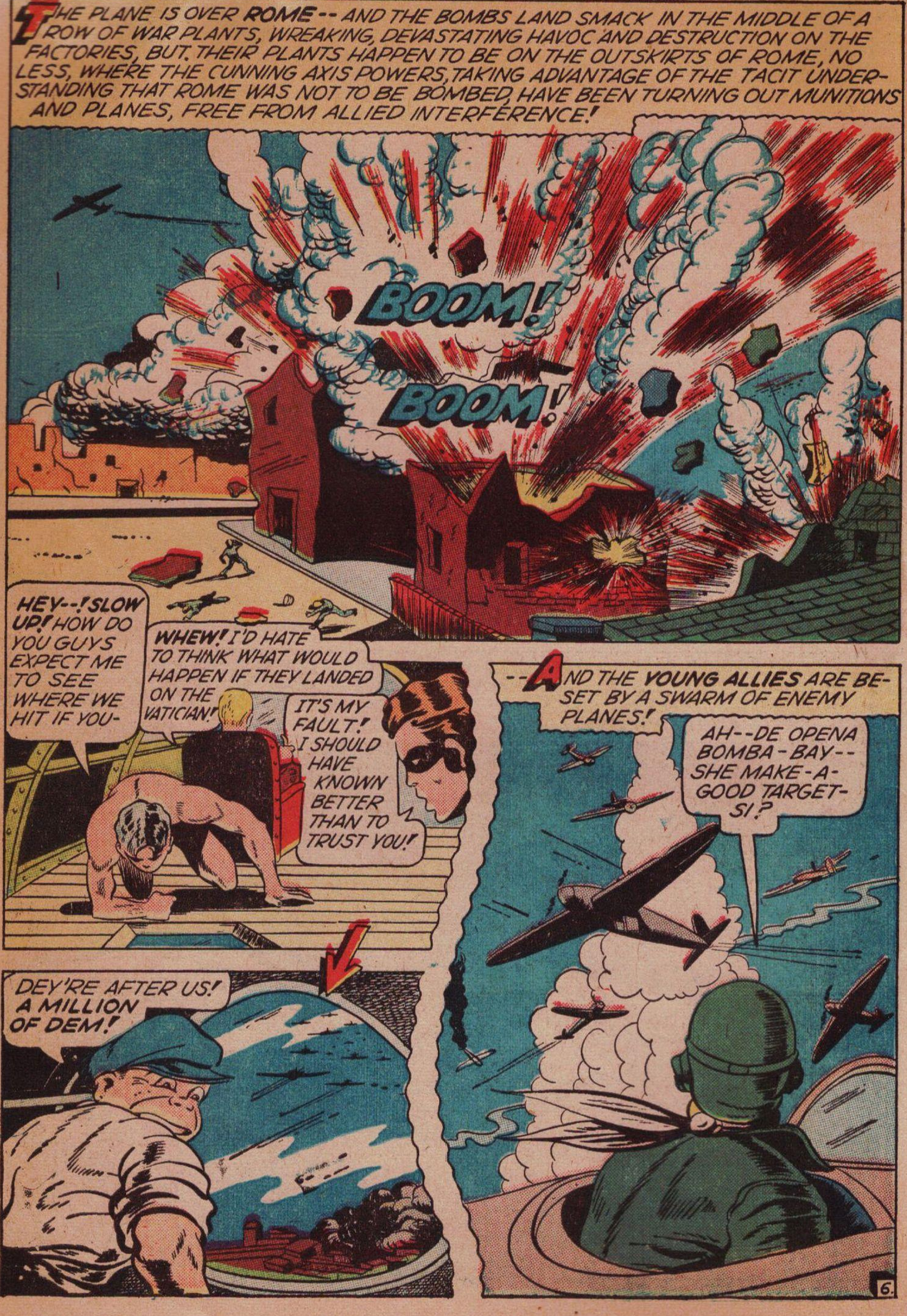

INCHES!--AND THE PLANE SWOOPS INTO THE AIR!
YIPP! THEY MADE IT!--ANOTHER FOOT---
GOOD OLD JEFF! I COULD KISS YOU!
WHY, BUCKY! I DIDN'T THINK YOU CARED!
--NOW REPEAT MY ORDERS! I WANT TO BE SURE YOU UNDERSTAND--AND NO MORE MONKEY SHINES!
YESSIR! WE HEAD OUT TO SEA! WE ARE TO PUT ON CHUTES AND BAIL OUT! YOU'LL HAVE A BOAT FOLLOWING TO PICK US UP---OKAY--I MEAN--YES, SIR!
GEE! IT'S A SHAME TO CRASH "BABY" BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!
IT'S A CINCH! WE CAN DROP THE BOMBS IN THE WATER AND TAKE HER IN!
WHAT? WASTE DEM NICE JUICY FIRE-CRACKERS? YOUSE GUYS ARE GETTIN' SOFT--I GOTTA KINDA AN IDEA!
--NOW S'POSIN'--JUST S'POSIN'--MIND YOU-SOME O'DEM EYETALIAN WARSHIPS DAT'S ALWAYS HIDIN' ROUND, WOULD BE BELOW US WHEN WE DROPPED DOSE NICE BIG BOMBS--EH?
LATER--
I AIN'T SAYIN' WE SHOULD--BUT AT DE SAME TIME, I WUZ TINKIN' A CHANCE LIKE DIS--
BUT WE WOULD BE DISOBEYING ORDERS!
BUT, BUCKY--THE CAPTAIN DIDN'T FIGURE ON US SAVIN' THE SHIP! WHEN WE BRING HER BACK ALL IN ONE PIECE, HE'LL FORGIVE US!
EXCITED BY THE PROPOSAL OF A BOMBING FORAY, BUCKY IS FAST WEAKENING-
AW--WE COULDN'T GET ANYWHERE NEAR THEM! THEY'D SPOT US TOO SOON!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WOTTAN IDEA! LISTEN, FELLAS---
TORO PROPOSES A WILD SCHEME---
OF ALL THE WACKY IDEAS! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO SUBSTITUTE THE ITALIAN INSIGNIA FOR OURS?
CINCH! JEFF FLIES THE PLANE AND KNUCKLES AND I PAINT OVER OUR INSIGNIA!
JUST GIMME A A DRAWING OF DE EYETALIAN INSIGNIA! DAT'S ALL BRUDDER!

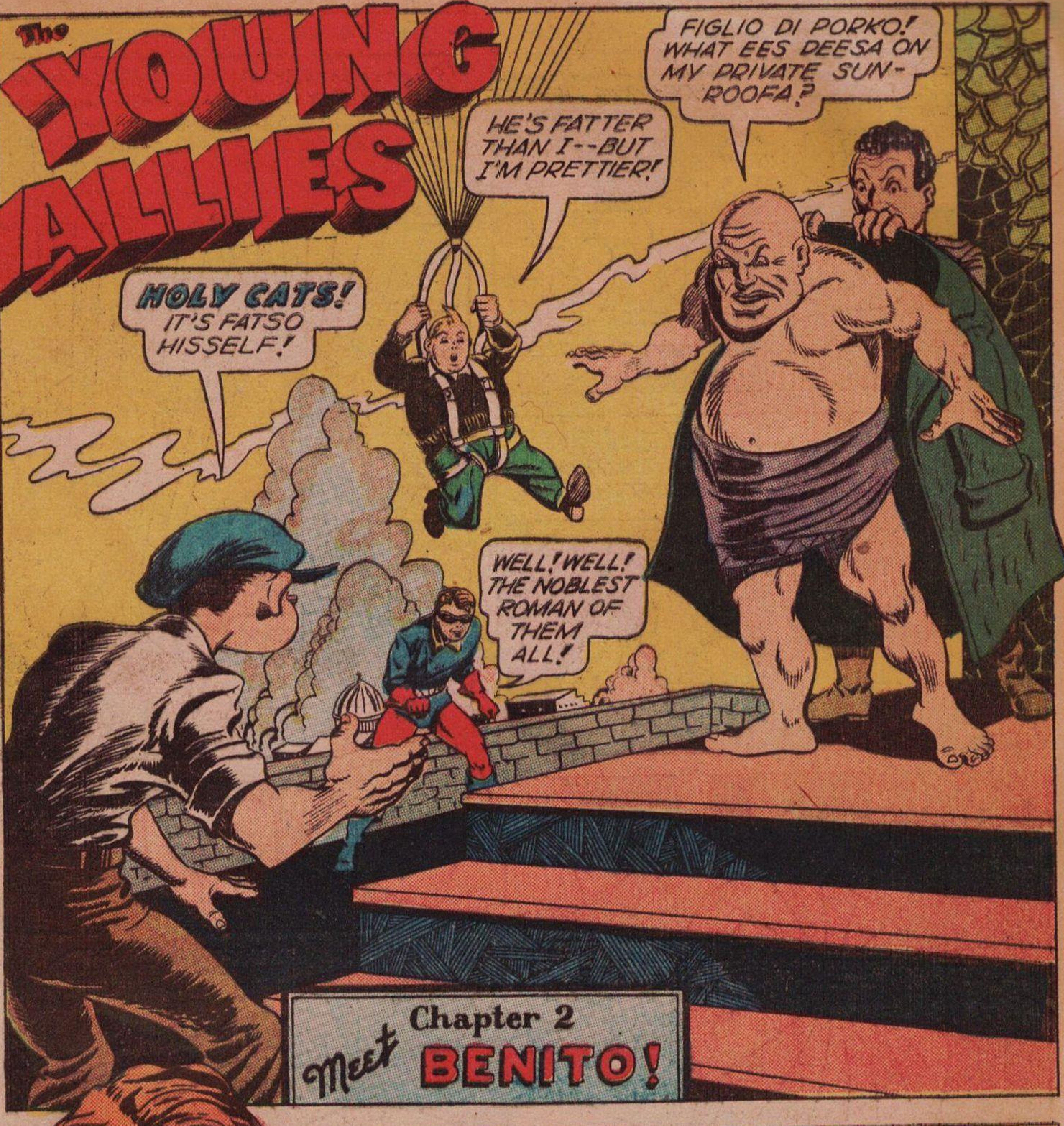

WEARING PARACHUTES, AND WITH SAFETY ROPES ATTACHED, TORO AND KNUCKLES SUBSTITUTE THE ITALIAN INSIGNIA ON THE WINGS OF THE AMERICAN BOMBER---
♪ OH, MARIE! ♪ OH, MARIE! ♪ WE'RE GONNA GIVE DE WOIKS TO MUSSOLINI! ♪
BE CAREFUL, FELLAS!
THERE! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, I HOPE!

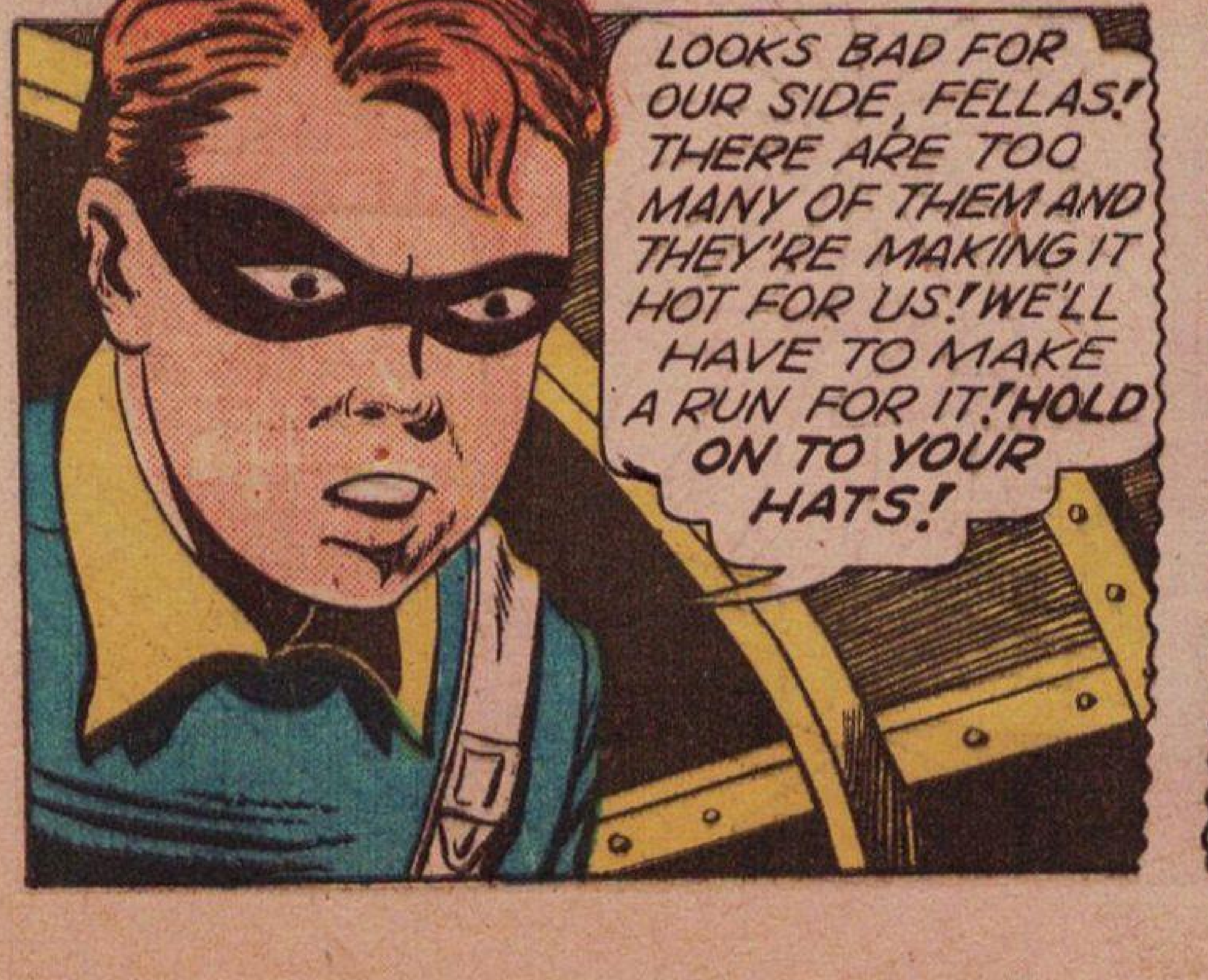

AS THE BOYS NEAR THEIR OBJECTIVE, ANY HARBOR WITH ANY WARSHIPS, BUCKY, THE LEADER OF THE "JUNIOR BOMBING MISSION," GIVES FINAL ORDERS--
DON'T WASTE A SHOT! WAIT 'TILL THE ENEMY IS IN YOUR SIGHTS- THEN SHOOT! TORO, YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK THE SIGHTS?
YOU GUYS GET OVER THE SHIPS, AND I'LL DROP THE EGGS-- W-H-O-O-M!
BE OUR CRUMMY LUCK NOT TO MEET ANY PLANES!

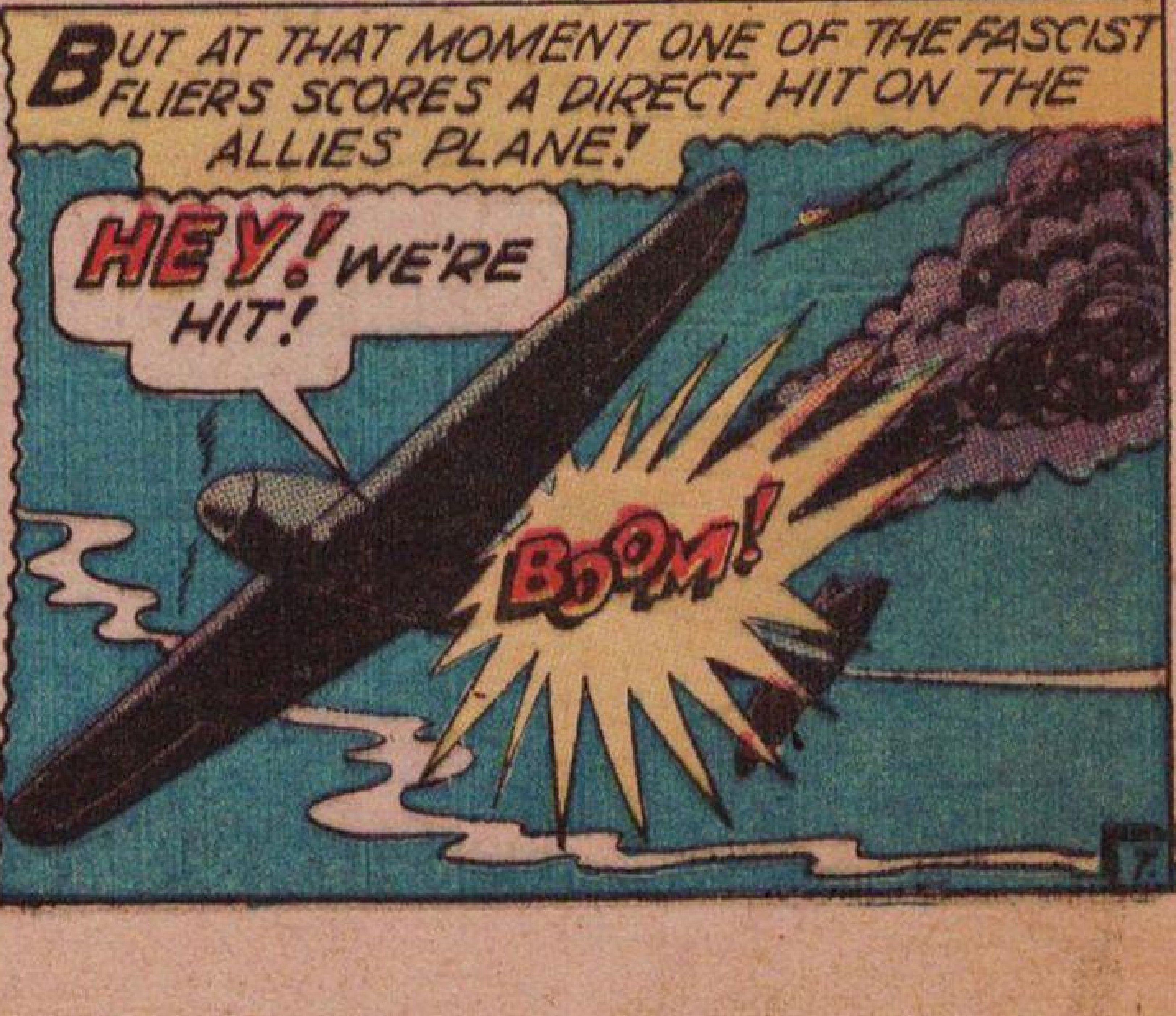

MINUTES LATER
HERE WE ARE! I'LL MAKE A RUN OVER THE TARGET, AND YOU GUYS DO YOUR LITTLE BIT!


OBJECTIVE! DOWN TOWARD THE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR GOES A STREAM OF BOMBS AS TORO LOOSES HIS LOAD--BUT-- IGNORANT OF THE WORKING OF THE BOMBSIGHT AND FAILING TO CONSIDER THE SPEED OF THE PLANE--TORO DROPS HIS BOMB-LOAD WHEN THE PLANE IS MILES PAST THE HARBOR TARGET--AND--
MISSED BY MILES! I TOLD HIM THAT--
GOOD LORD, BUCKY! LOOK! THE BOMBS ARE GOING TO DROP ON--

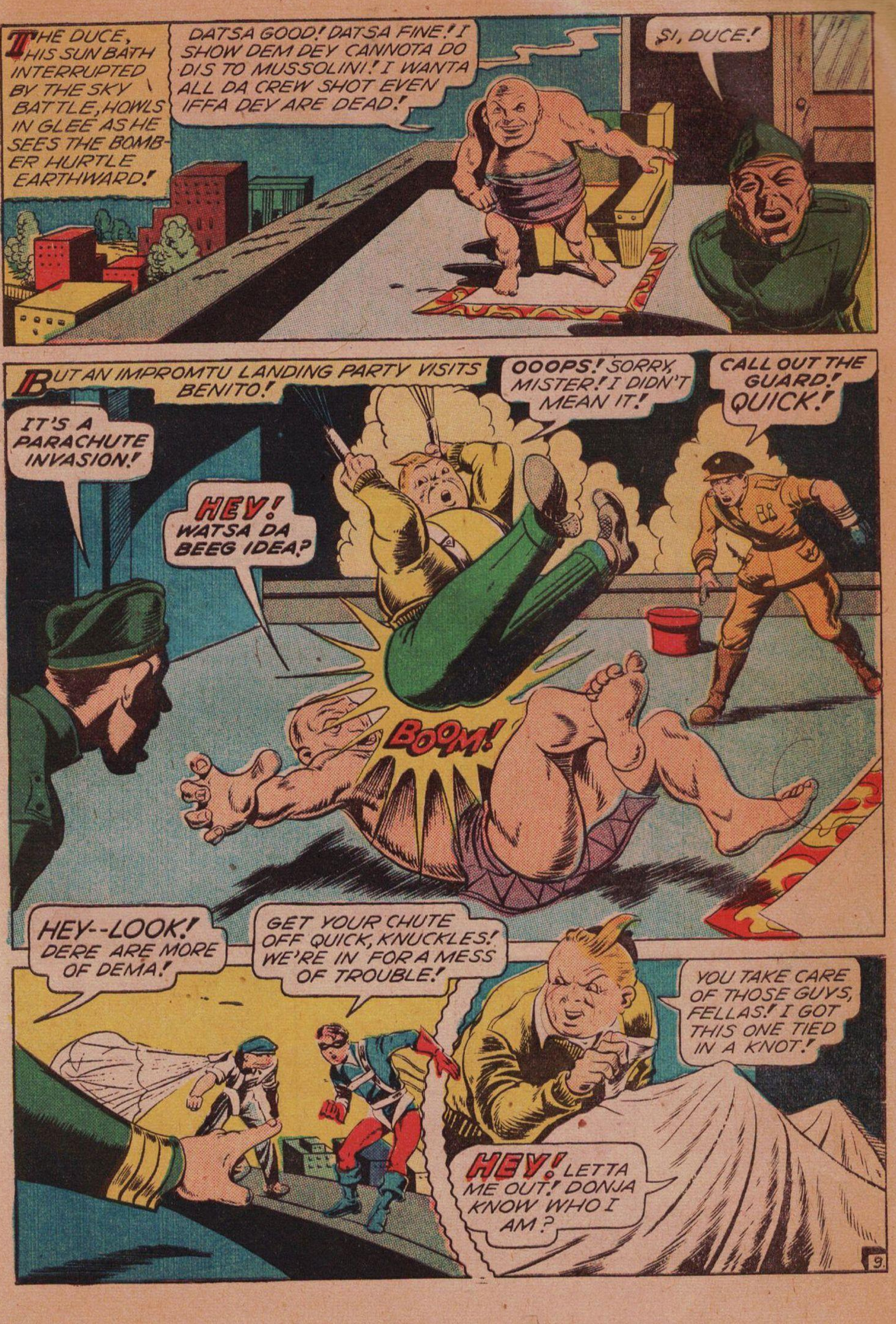

THE PLANE IS OVER ROME-- AND THE BOMBS LAND SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROW OF WAR PLANTS, WREAKING, DEVASTATING HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION ON THE FACTORIES, BUT. THEIR PLANTS HAPPEN TO BE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME, NO LESS, WHERE THE CUNNING AXIS POWERS, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE TACIT UNDERSTANDING THAT ROME WAS NOT TO BE BOMBED, HAVE BEEN TURNING OUT MUNITIONS AND PLANES, FREE FROM ALLIED INTERFERENCE!
BOOM!
BOOM!
HEY--! SLOW UP! HOW DO YOU GUYS EXPECT ME TO SEE WHERE WE HIT IF YOU-
WHEW! I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEY LANDED ON THE VATICAN!
IT'S MY FAULT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU!
--AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE BESET BY A SWARM OF ENEMY PLANES!
AH--DE OPENA BOMBA-BAY-- SHE MAKE-A GOOD TARGET- SI?
DEY'RE AFTER US! A MILLION OF DEM!

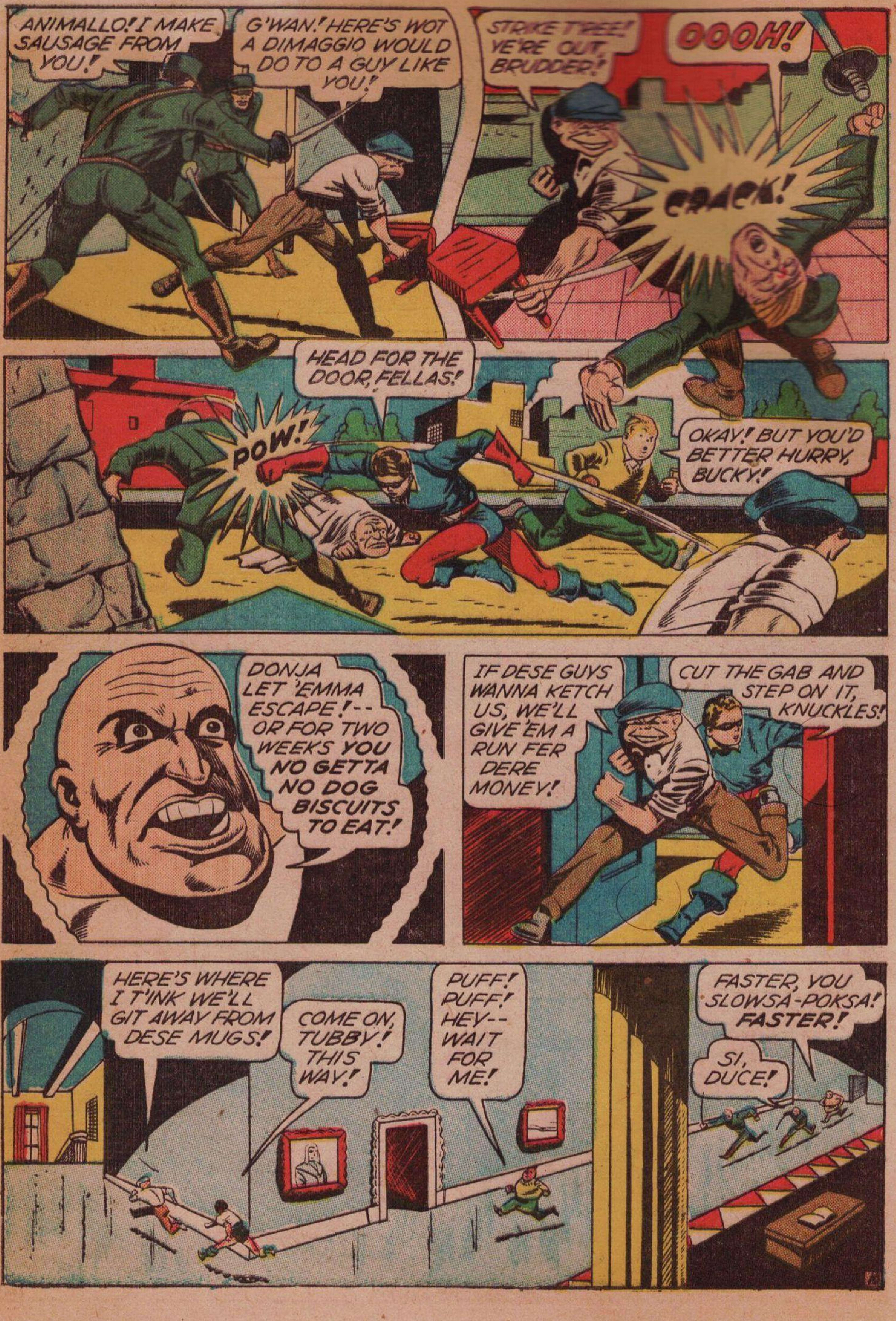

The YOUNG ALLIES
FIGLIO DI PORKO! WHAT EES DEESA ON MY PRIVATE SUN-ROOFA?
HE'S FATTER THAN I--BUT I'M PRETTIER!
HOLY CATS! IT'S FATSO HISSELF!
WELL! WELL! THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL!
Chapter 2
Meet BENITO!

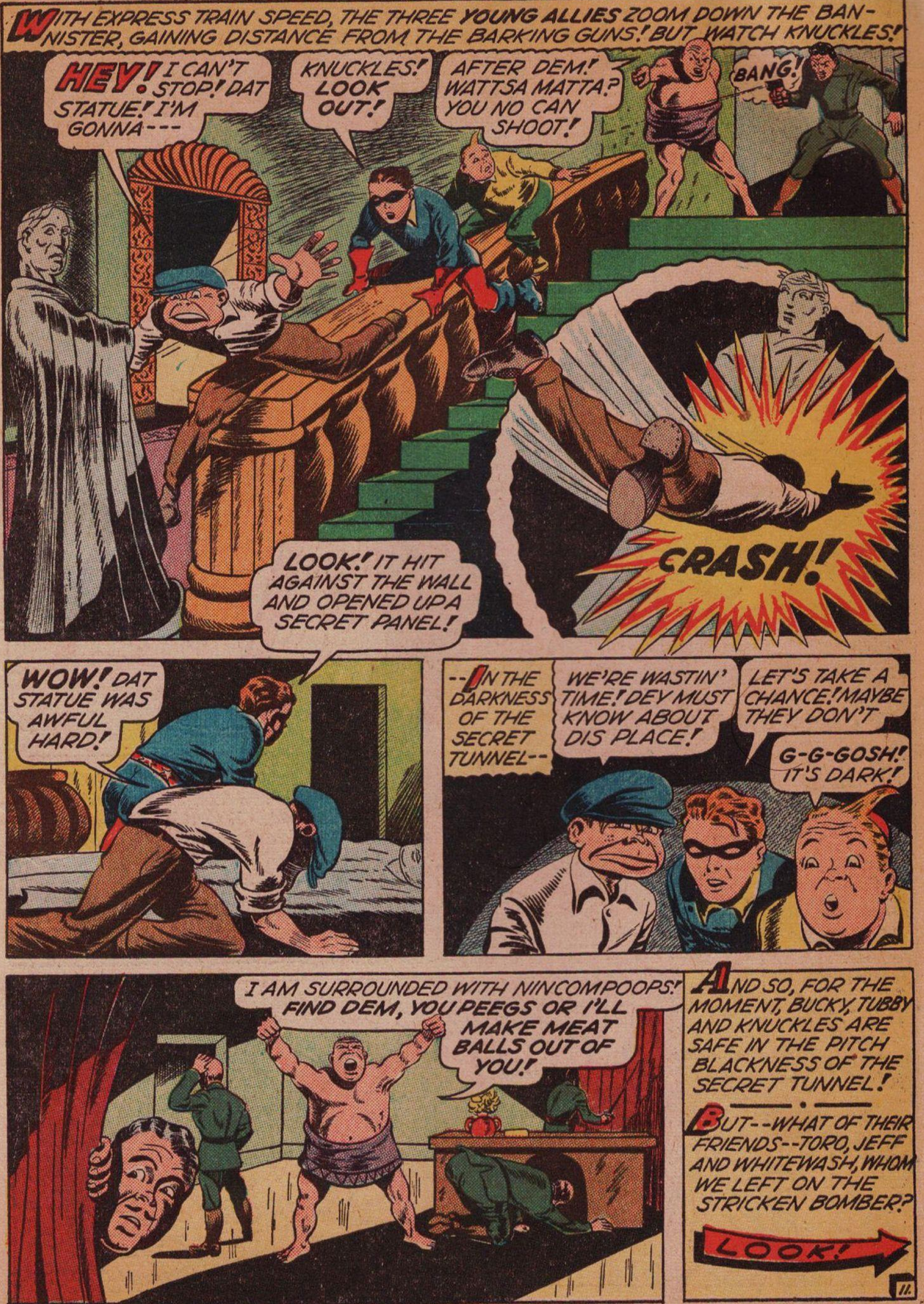

LOOKS BAD FOR OUR SIDE, FELLAS! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM AND THEY'RE MAKING IT HOT FOR US! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT! HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS!

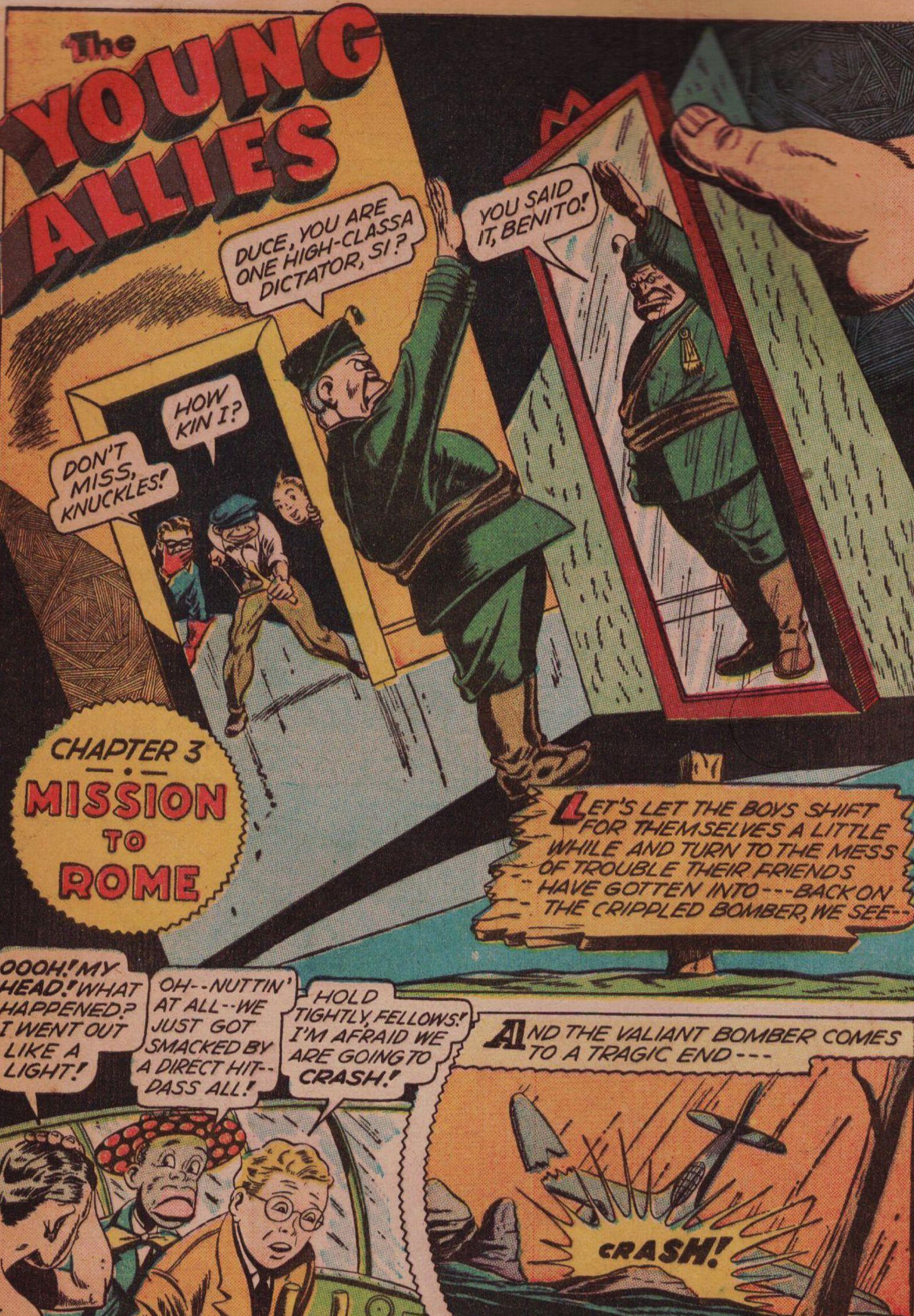

BUT AT THAT MOMENT ONE OF THE FASCIST FLIERS SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE ALLIES PLANE!
HEY! WE'RE HIT!
BOOM!

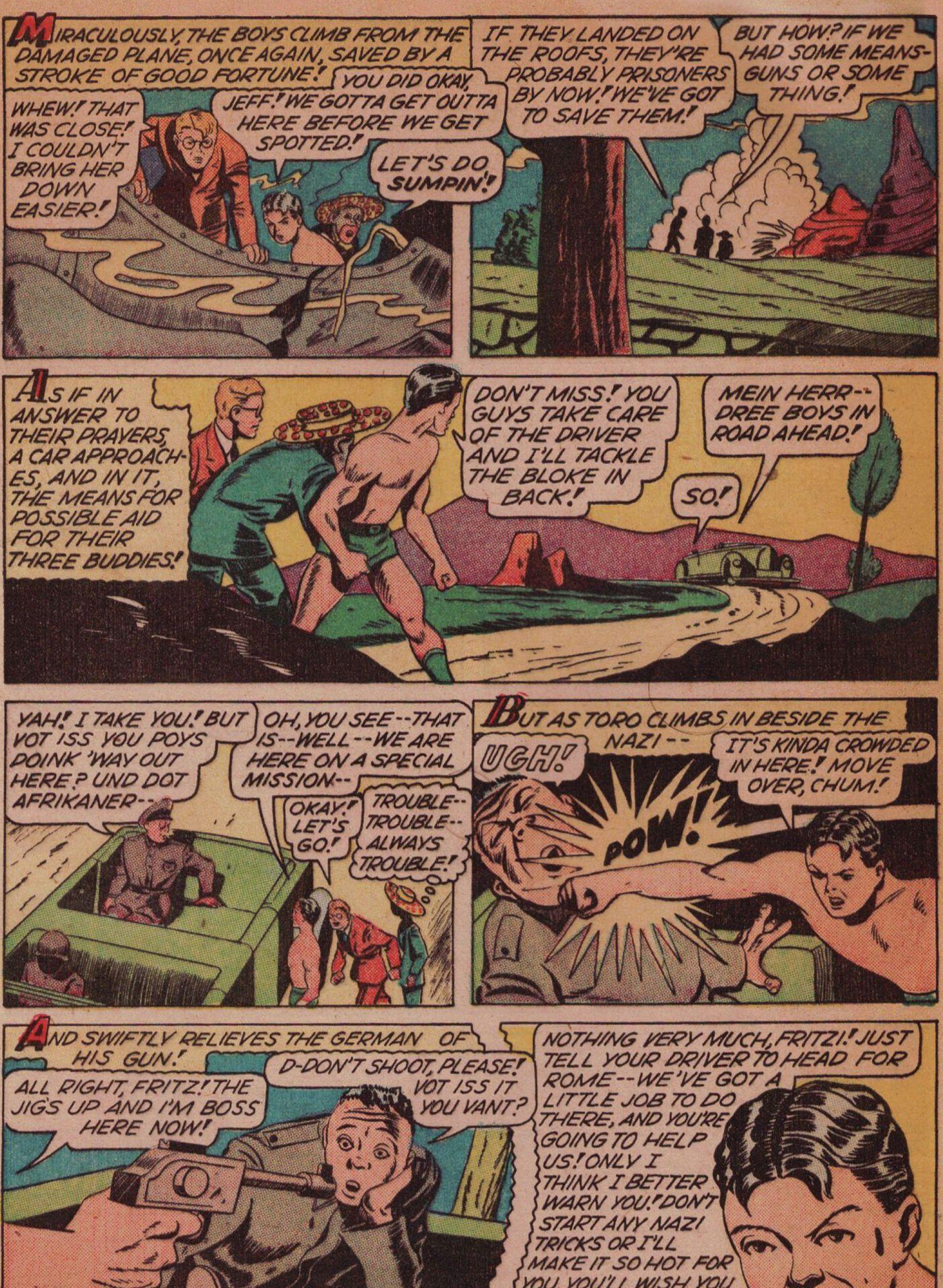
A MAZE OF SMOKE ENVELOPES THE PLANE AS THE **YOUNG ALLIES** VALIANTLY FIGHT TO SAVE THEIR SHIP!
--AND THEN, OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF THE SMOKE, THREE FIGURES COME DOWN FROM THE SKY IN PARACHUTES!
HOLY CATFISH! WE'RE RIGHT OVER THE CITY OF ---
G-GOSH! ALL I SEE ARE TUBBY AND KNUCKLES! I HOPE THE OTHERS ARE OKAY!
THIS SKY IS AWFULLY HIGH UP!
ROME!
OOOH! I CAN'T LOOK!
FELLAS! TRY TO STICK TOGETHER!
I HOPE DEM ROOFS AIN'T AS HARD AS THEY LOOK!
8.

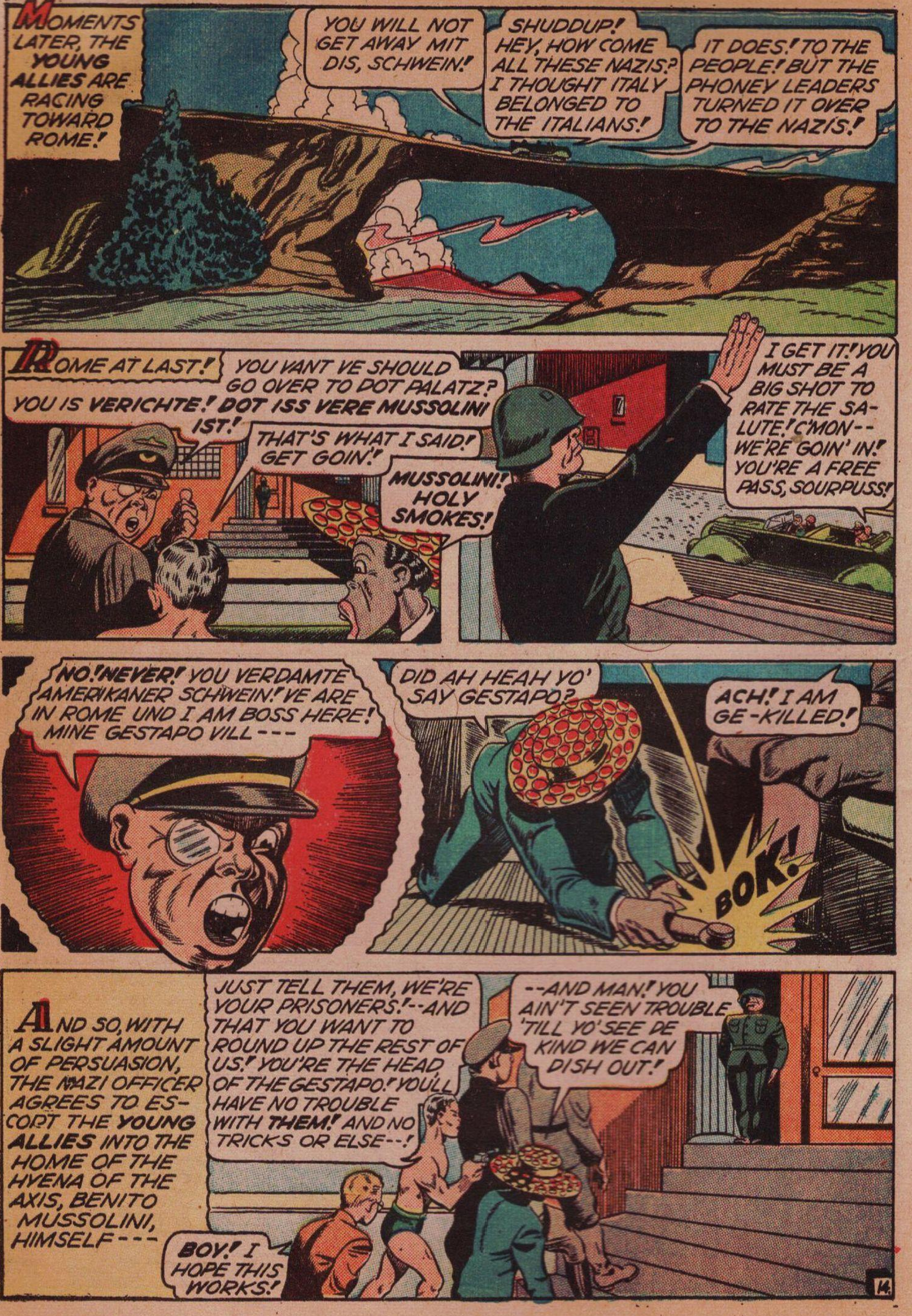

THE DUCE, HIS SUN BATH INTERRUPTED BY THE SKY BATTLE, HOWLS IN GLEE AS HE SEES THE BOMBER HURTLE EARTHWARD!
DATSA GOOD! DATSA FINE! I SHOW DEM DEY CANNOTA DO DIS TO MUSSOLINI! I WANTA ALL DA CREW SHOT EVEN IFFA DEY ARE DEAD!
SI, DUCE!
BUT AN IMPROMTU LANDING PARTY VISITS BENITO!
IT'S A PARACHUTE INVASION!
OOOPS! SORRY, MISTER! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
CALL OUT THE GUARD! QUICK!
HEY! WATSA DA BEEG IDEA?
BOOM!
HEY--LOOK! DERE ARE MORE OF DEMA!
GET YOUR CHUTE OFF QUICK, KNUCKLES! WE'RE IN FOR A MESS OF TROUBLE!
YOU TAKE CARE OF THOSE GUYS, FELLAS! I GOT THIS ONE TIED IN A KNOT!
HEY! LETTA ME OUT! DONJA KNOW WHO I AM?

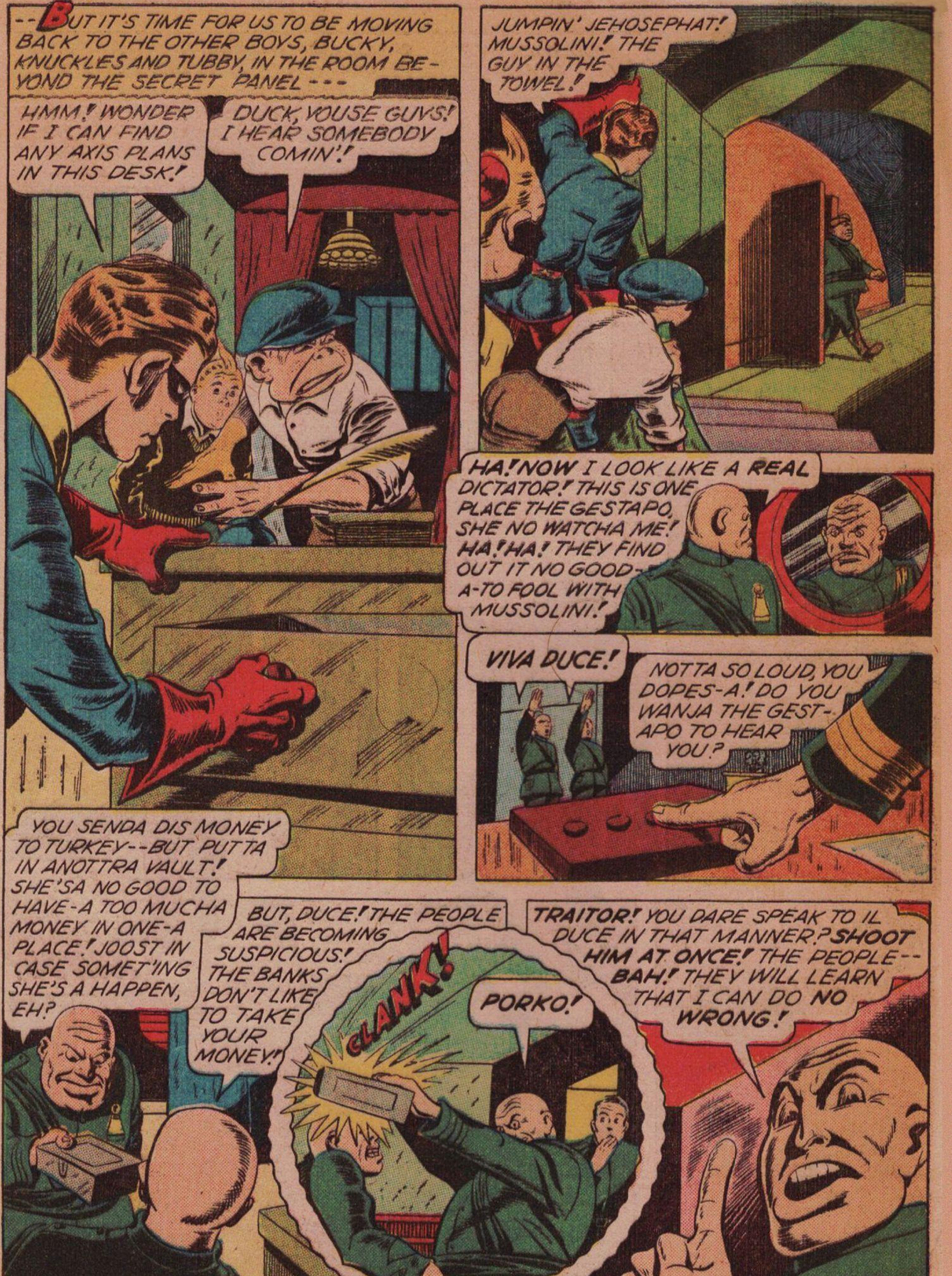

ANIMALLO! I MAKE SAUSAGE FROM YOU!
G'WAN! HERE'S WOT A DIMAGGIO WOULD DO TO A GUY LIKE YOU!
STRIKE TREE! YE'RE OUT, BRUDDER!
OOOH!
CRACK!
HEAD FOR THE DOOR, FELLAS!
POW!
OKAY! BUT YOU'D BETTER HURRY, BUCKY!
DONJA LET 'EMMA ESCAPE!-- OR FOR TWO WEEKS YOU NO GETTA NO DOG BISCUITS TO EAT!
IF DESE GUYS WANNA KETCH US, WE'LL GIVE 'EM A RUN FER DERE MONEY!
CUT THE GAB AND STEP ON IT, KNUCKLES!
HERE'S WHERE I T'INK WE'LL GIT AWAY FROM DESE MUGS!
COME ON, TUBBY! THIS WAY!
PUFF! PUFF! HEY-- WAIT FOR ME!
FASTER, YOU SLOWSA-POKSA! FASTER!
SI, DUCE!

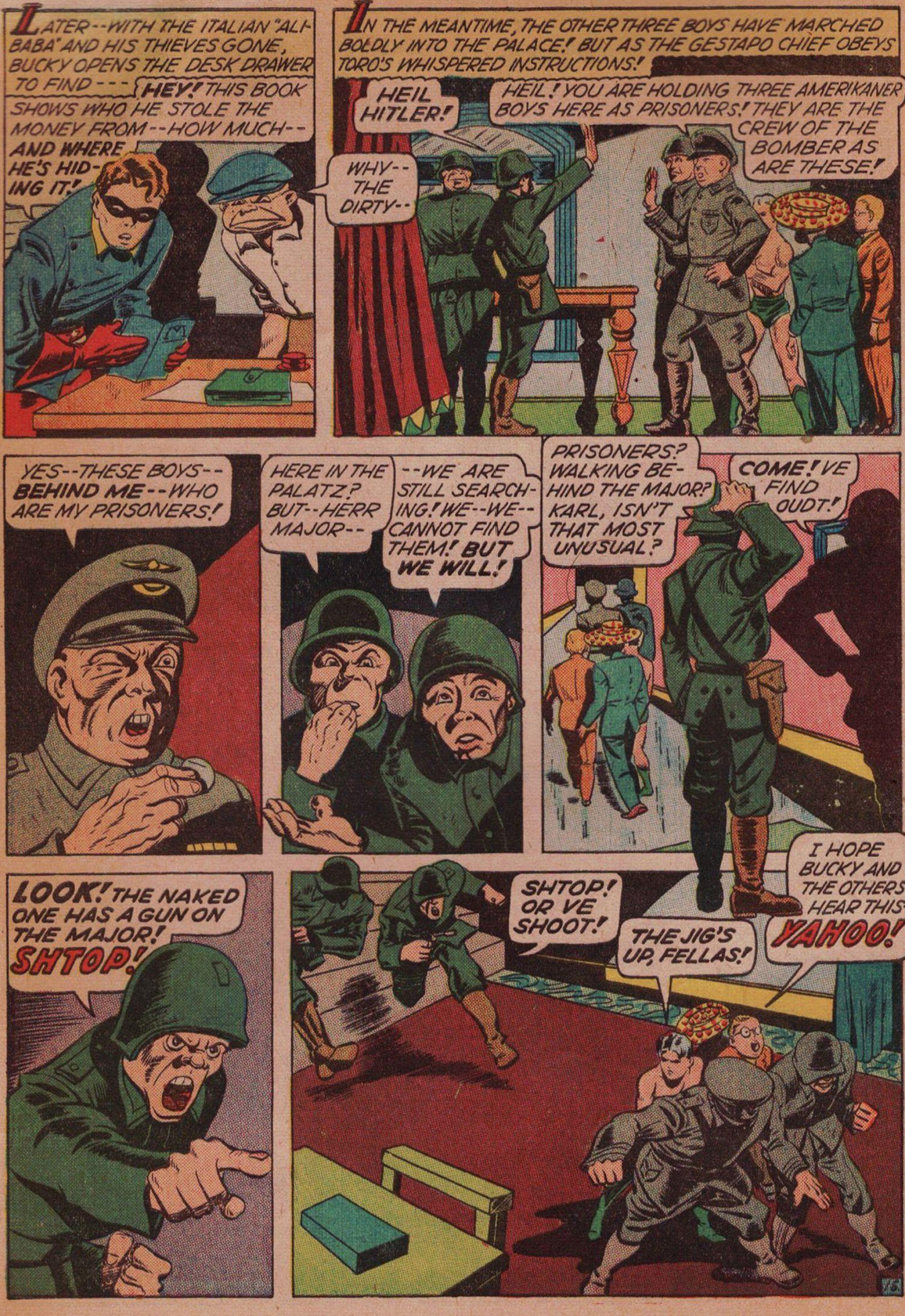

WITH EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED, THE THREE YOUNG ALLIES ZOOM DOWN THE BANNISTER, GAINING DISTANCE FROM THE BARKING GUNS! BUT WATCH KNUCKLES!
HEY! I CAN'T STOP! DAT STATUE! I'M GONNA---
KNUCKLES! LOOK OUT!
AFTER DEM! WATTSA MATTA? YOU NO CAN SHOOT!
BANG!
CRASH!
LOOK! IT HIT AGAINST THE WALL AND OPENED UP A SECRET PANEL!
WOW! DAT STATUE WAS AWFUL HARD!
--IN THE DARKNESS OF THE SECRET TUNNEL--
WE'RE WASTIN' TIME! DEY MUST KNOW ABOUT DIS PLACE!
LET'S TAKE A CHANCE! MAYBE THEY DON'T
G-G-GOSH! IT'S DARK!
I AM SURROUNDED WITH NINCOMPOOPS! FIND DEM, YOU PEEGS OR I'LL MAKE MEAT BALLS OUT OF YOU!
AND SO, FOR THE MOMENT, BUCKY, TUBBY AND KNUCKLES ARE SAFE IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS OF THE SECRET TUNNEL!
BUT--WHAT OF THEIR FRIENDS--TORO, JEFF AND WHITEWASH, WHOM WE LEFT ON THE STRICKEN BOMBER?
LOOK!


The YOUNG ALLIES
DUCE, YOU ARE ONE HIGH-CLASSA DICTATOR, SI?
YOU SAID IT, BENITO!
HOW KIN I?
DON'T MISS, KNUCKLES!
CHAPTER 3 MISSION TO ROME
LET'S LET THE BOYS SHIFT FOR THEMSELVES A LITTLE WHILE AND TURN TO THE MESS OF TROUBLE THEIR FRIENDS HAVE GOTTEN INTO---BACK ON THE CRIPPLED BOMBER, WE SEE--
OOOH! MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED? I WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
OH--NUTTIN' AT ALL--WE JUST GOT SMACKED BY A DIRECT HIT--DASS ALL!
HOLD TIGHTLY, FELLOWS! I'M AFRAID WE ARE GOING TO CRASH!
AND THE VALIANT BOMBER COMES TO A TRAGIC END---
CRASH!

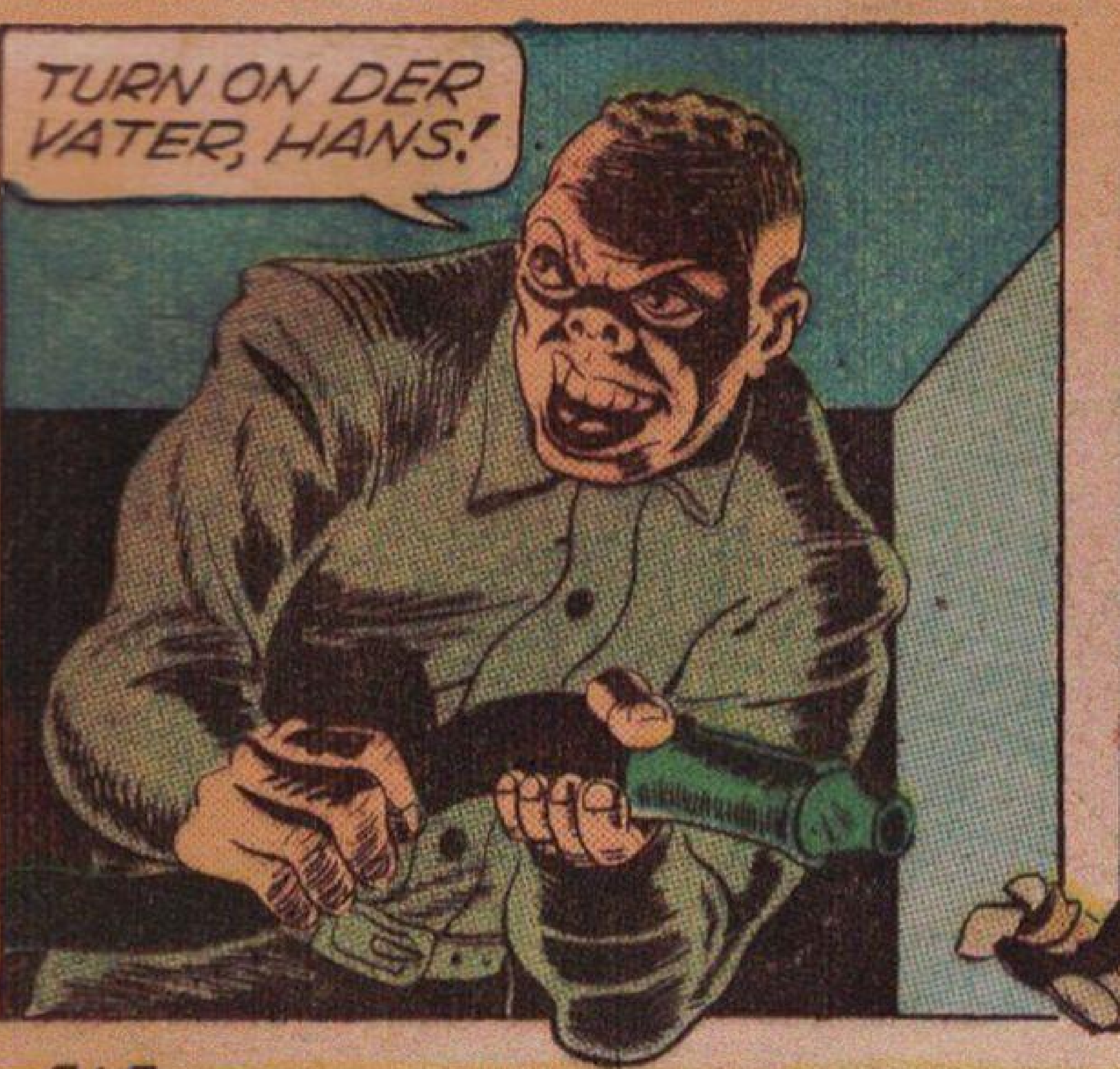

MIRACULOUSLY, THE BOYS CLIMB FROM THE DAMAGED PLANE, ONCE AGAIN, SAVED BY A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I COULDN'T BRING HER DOWN EASIER!
YOU DID OKAY, JEFF! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE WE GET SPOTTED!
LET'S DO SUMPIN'!
IF THEY LANDED ON THE ROOFS, THEY'RE PROBABLY PRISONERS BY NOW! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!
BUT HOW? IF WE HAD SOME MEANS-GUNS OR SOME THING!
AS IF IN ANSWER TO THEIR PRAYERS, A CAR APPROACHES, AND IN IT, THE MEANS FOR POSSIBLE AID FOR THEIR THREE BUDDIES!
DON'T MISS! YOU GUYS TAKE CARE OF THE DRIVER AND I'LL TACKLE THE BLOKE IN BACK!
MEIN HERR-- DREE BOYS IN ROAD AHEAD!
SO!
YAH! I TAKE YOU! BUT VOT ISS YOU POYS POINK 'WAY OUT HERE? UND DOT AFRIKANER--
OH, YOU SEE--THAT IS--WELL--WE ARE HERE ON A SPECIAL MISSION--
OKAY! LET'S GO!
TROUBLE--TROUBLE--ALWAYS TROUBLE!
BUT AS TORO CLIMBS IN BESIDE THE NAZI--
UGH!
POW!
IT'S KINDA CROWDED IN HERE! MOVE OVER, CHUM!
AND SWIFTLY RELIEVES THE GERMAN OF HIS GUN!
ALL RIGHT, FRITZ! THE JIG'S UP AND I'M BOSS HERE NOW!
D-DON'T SHOOT, PLEASE! VOT ISS IT YOU VANT?
NOTHING VERY MUCH, FRITZI! JUST TELL YOUR DRIVER TO HEAD FOR ROME--WE'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO THERE, AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US! ONLY I THINK I BETTER WARN YOU! DON'T START ANY NAZI TRICKS OR I'LL MAKE IT SO HOT FOR YOU, YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE IN THE PEACE AND QUIET OF A CONCENTRATION CAMP! LET'S GO!

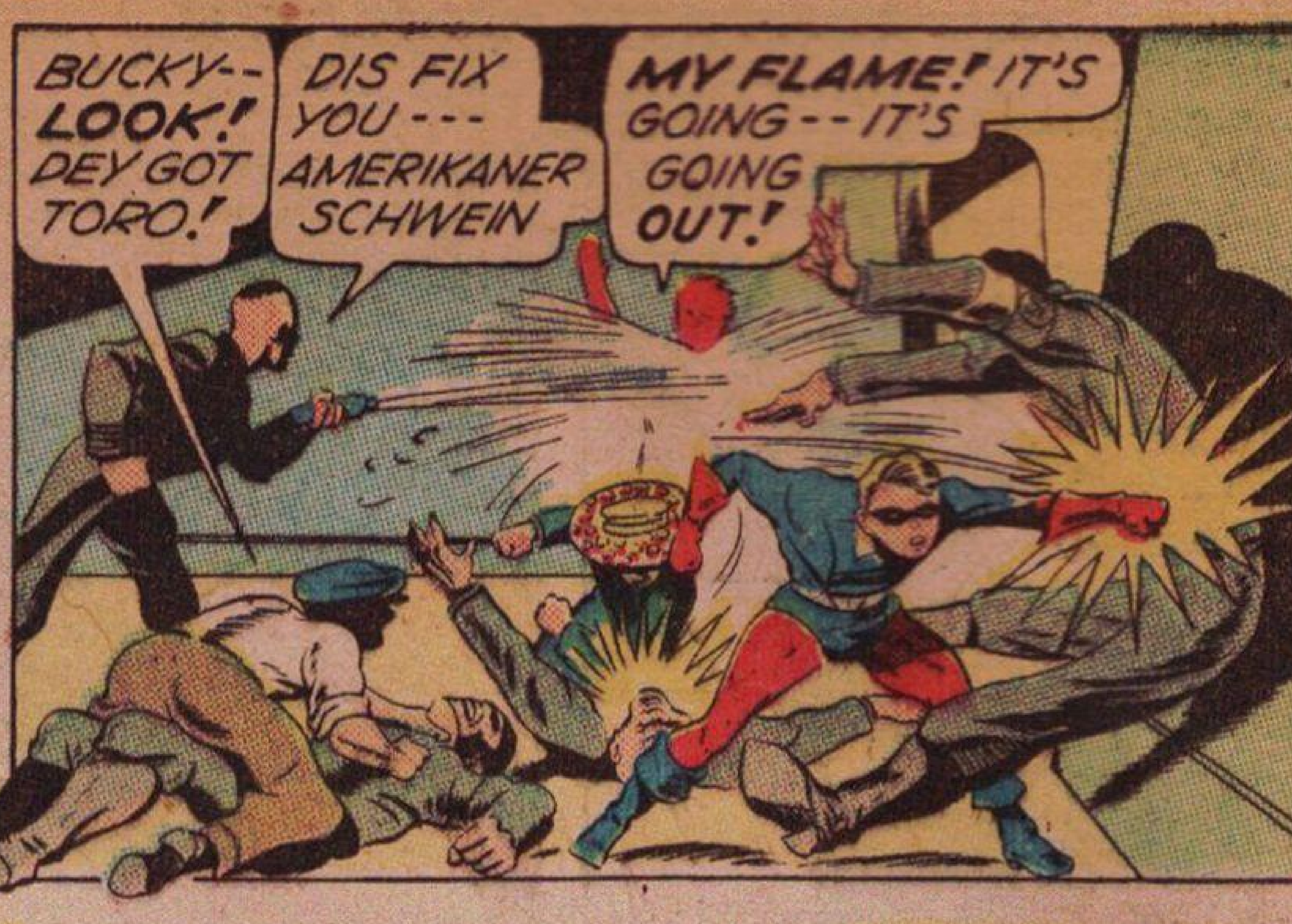

MOMENTS LATER, THE **YOUNG ALLIES** ARE RACING TOWARD ROME!
YOU WILL NOT GET AWAY MIT DIS, SCHWEIN!
SHUDDUP! HEY, HOW COME ALL THESE NAZIS? I THOUGHT ITALY BELONGED TO THE ITALIANS!
IT DOES! TO THE PEOPLE! BUT THE PHONEY LEADERS TURNED IT OVER TO THE NAZIS!
ROME AT LAST! YOU VANT VE SHOULD GO OVER TO DOT PALATZ?
YOU IS **VERICHTE! DOT ISS VERE MUSSOLINI** IST!
THAT'S WHAT I SAID! GET GOIN'!
MUSSOLINI! HOLY SMOKES!
I GET IT! YOU MUST BE A BIG SHOT TO RATE THE SALUTE! C'MON-- WE'RE GOIN' IN! YOU'RE A FREE PASS, SOURPUSS!
NO! NEVER! YOU VERDAMTE AMERIKANER SCHWEIN! VE ARE IN ROME UND I AM BOSS HERE! MINE GESTAPO VILL---
DID AH HEAH YO' SAY GESTAPO?
ACH! I AM GE-KILLED!
BOK!
AND SO, WITH A SLIGHT AMOUNT OF PERSUASION, THE NAZI OFFICER AGREES TO ESCORT THE **YOUNG ALLIES** INTO THE HOME OF THE HYENA OF THE AXIS, BENITO MUSSOLINI, HIMSELF---
JUST TELL THEM, WE'RE YOUR PRISONERS!--AND THAT YOU WANT TO ROUND UP THE REST OF US! YOU'RE THE HEAD OF THE GESTAPO! YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH **THEM!** AND NO TRICKS OR ELSE--!
--AND MAN! YOU AIN'T SEEN TROUBLE 'TILL YO' SEE DE KIND WE CAN DISH OUT!
BOY! I HOPE THIS WORKS!

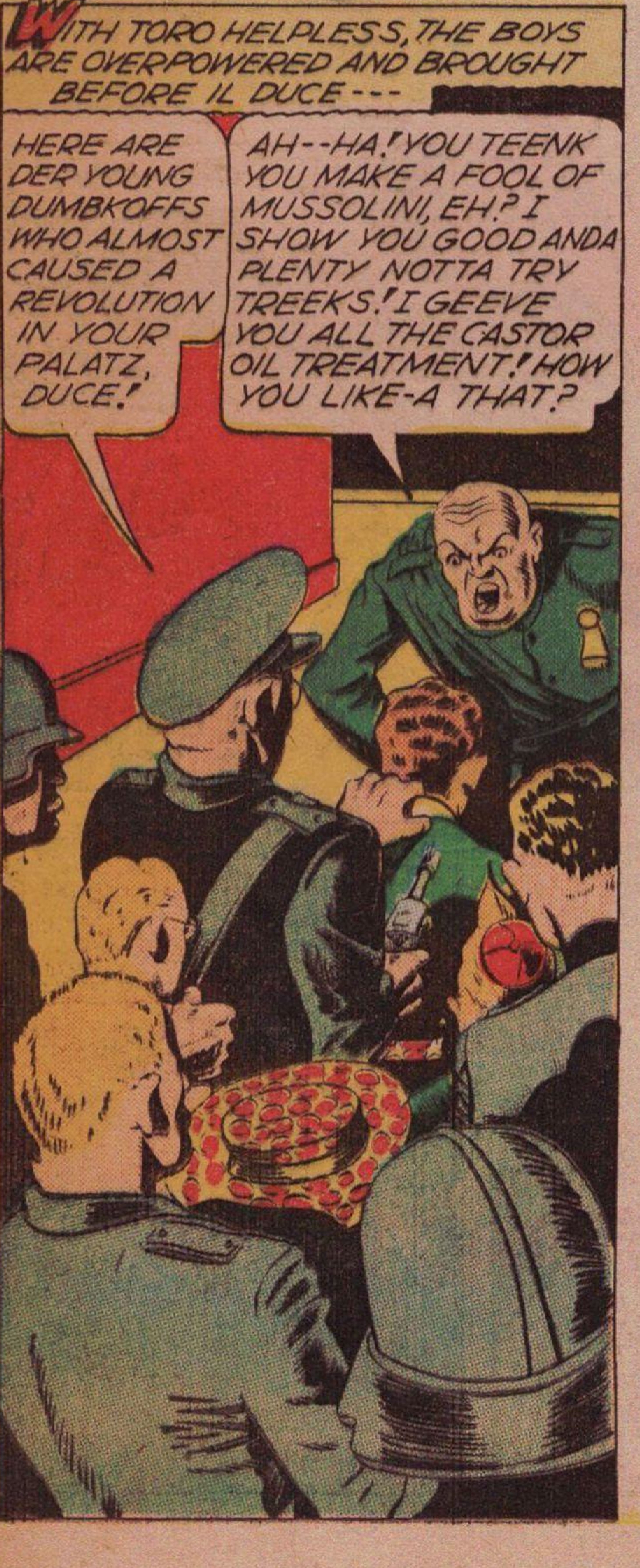

--BUT IT'S TIME FOR US TO BE MOVING BACK TO THE OTHER BOYS, BUCKY, KNUCKLES AND TUBBY, IN THE ROOM BEYOND THE SECRET PANEL---
HMM! WONDER IF I CAN FIND ANY AXIS PLANS IN THIS DESK!
DUCK, YOUSE GUYS! I HEAR SOMEBODY COMIN'!
JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! MUSSOLINI! THE GUY IN THE TOWEL!
HA! NOW I LOOK LIKE A REAL DICTATOR! THIS IS ONE PLACE THE GESTAPO, SHE NO WATCHA ME! HA! HA! THEY FIND OUT IT NO GOOD-A-TO FOOL WITH MUSSOLINI!
VIVA DUCE!
NOTTA SO LOUD, YOU DOPES-A! DO YOU WANJA THE GESTAPO TO HEAR YOU?
YOU SENDA DIS MONEY TO TURKEY--BUT PUTTA IN ANOTTRA VAULT! SHE'SA NO GOOD TO HAVE-A TOO MUCHA MONEY IN ONE-A PLACE! JOOST IN CASE SOMET'ING SHE'S A HAPPEN, EH?
BUT, DUCE! THE PEOPLE ARE BECOMING SUSPICIOUS! THE BANKS DON'T LIKE TO TAKE YOUR MONEY!
CLANK!
PORKO!
TRAITOR! YOU DARE SPEAK TO IL DUCE IN THAT MANNER? SHOOT HIM AT ONCE! THE PEOPLE--BAH! THEY WILL LEARN THAT I CAN DO NO WRONG!

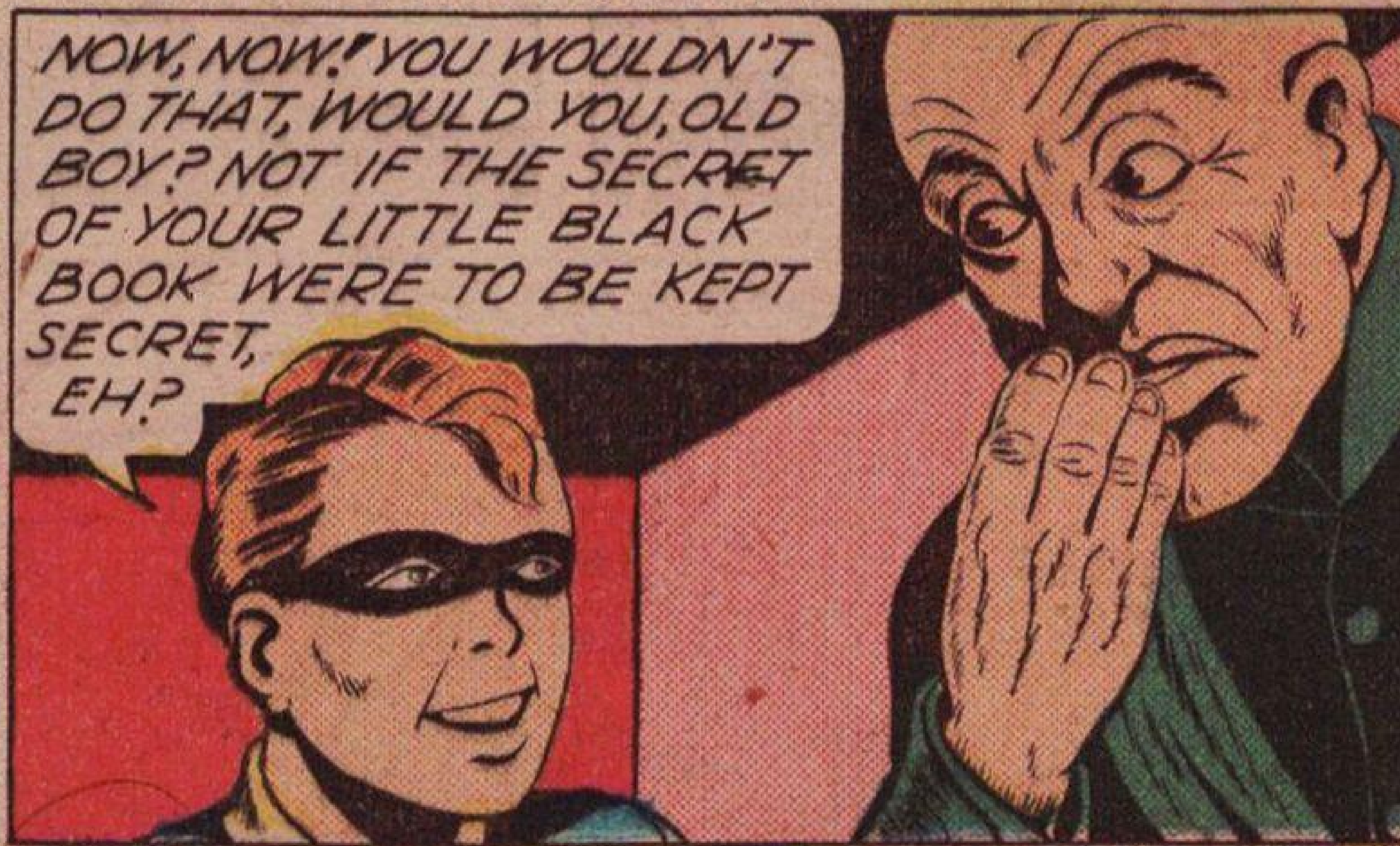

LATER--WITH THE ITALIAN "ALI-BABA" AND HIS THIEVES GONE, BUCKY OPENS THE DESK DRAWER TO FIND---
HEY! THIS BOOK SHOWS WHO HE STOLE THE MONEY FROM--HOW MUCH--AND WHERE HE'S HIDING IT!
WHY--THE DIRTY--
IN THE MEANTIME, THE OTHER THREE BOYS HAVE MARCHED BOLDLY INTO THE PALACE! BUT AS THE GESTAPO CHIEF OBEYS TORO'S WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL! YOU ARE HOLDING THREE AMERIKANER BOYS HERE AS PRISONERS! THEY ARE THE CREW OF THE BOMBER AS ARE THESE!
YES--THESE BOYS--BEHIND ME--WHO ARE MY PRISONERS!
HERE IN THE PALATZ? BUT--HERR MAJOR--
--WE ARE STILL SEARCHING! WE--WE--CANNOT FIND THEM! BUT WE WILL!
PRISONERS? WALKING BEHIND THE MAJOR? KARL, ISN'T THAT MOST UNUSUAL?
COME! VE FIND OUDT!
LOOK! THE NAKED ONE HAS A GUN ON THE MAJOR! SHTOP!
SHTOP! OR VE SHOOT!
THE JIG'S UP, FELLAS!
I HOPE BUCKY AND THE OTHERS HEAR THIS--YAHOO!

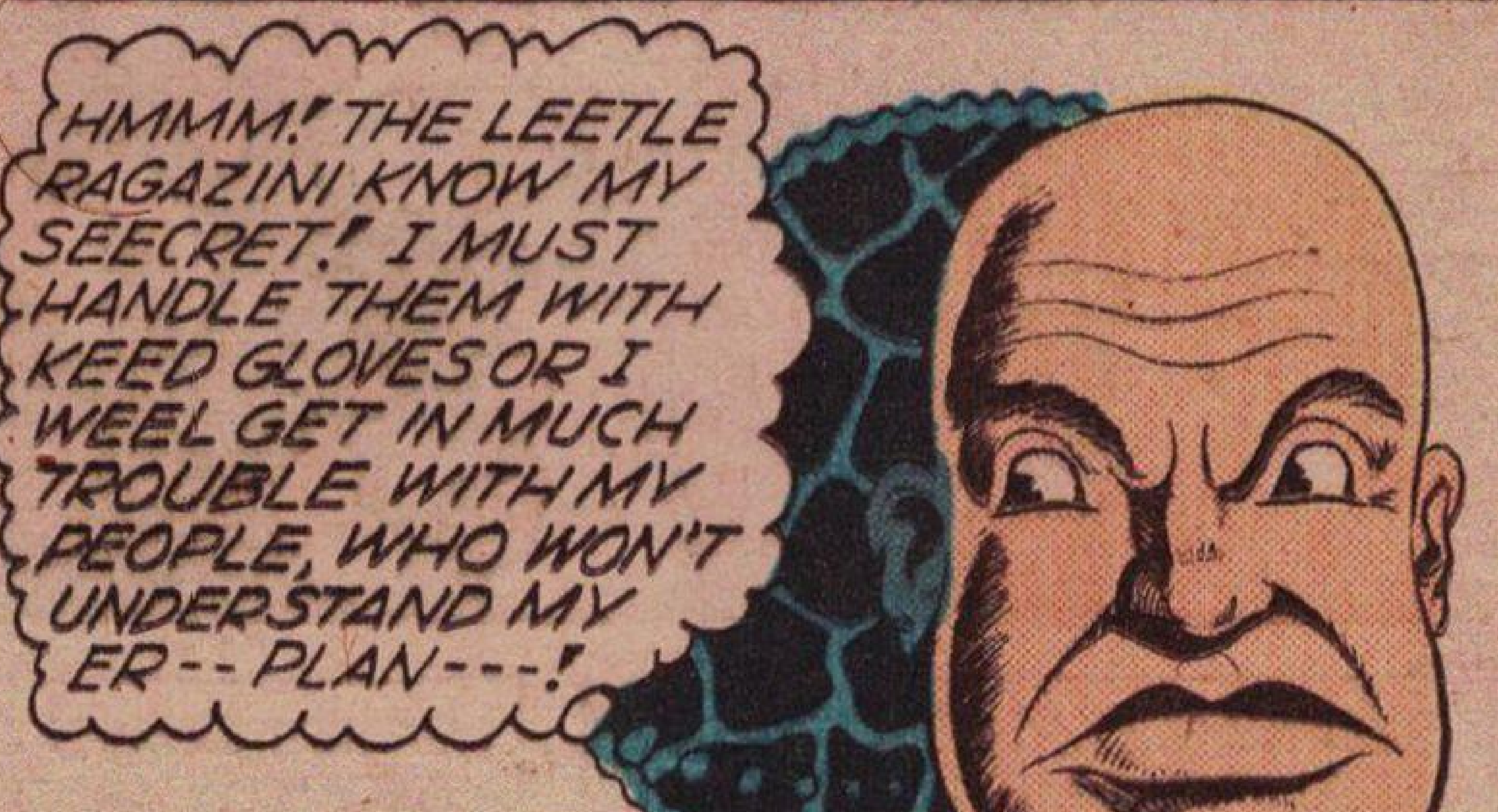
--AND IN THE ROOM BEYOND THE SECRET PANEL-
HEY, FELLAS! LISTEN!
YAHOO!
IT'S THEM!
STAND BY FOR ACTION!
VOT ISS?
BUCKY!
IT WORKED!
ACTION--PLUS! .... AS THE SIX YOUNG ALLIES ARE RE-UNITED AND BATTLE WITH THE FURY BORN OF SHEER HATRED, HATRED FOR WHAT THE ENEMY STANDS FOR---!
DROP THAT POP GUN, BUD! YOU'LL HURT SOMEBODY!
POW!
OW--OOF!
CRACK!
TORO QUICKLY BECOMES A MASS OF FLAMES AND HE MAKES THINGS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE NAZI MAZOR---
YEOW!
VOT ISS GOING ON HERE? ARE DOSE SOLDIERS HELPLESS AGAINST DOSE KINDER?
IT ISS DER FIRE BOY, CAPTAIN! VE CAN DO NODDING!
DUMPHKOPF! GET DER VATER HOSE! I VILL SHOW YOU HOW TO HANDLE FIRE BOYS!
JA, MEIN HERR!

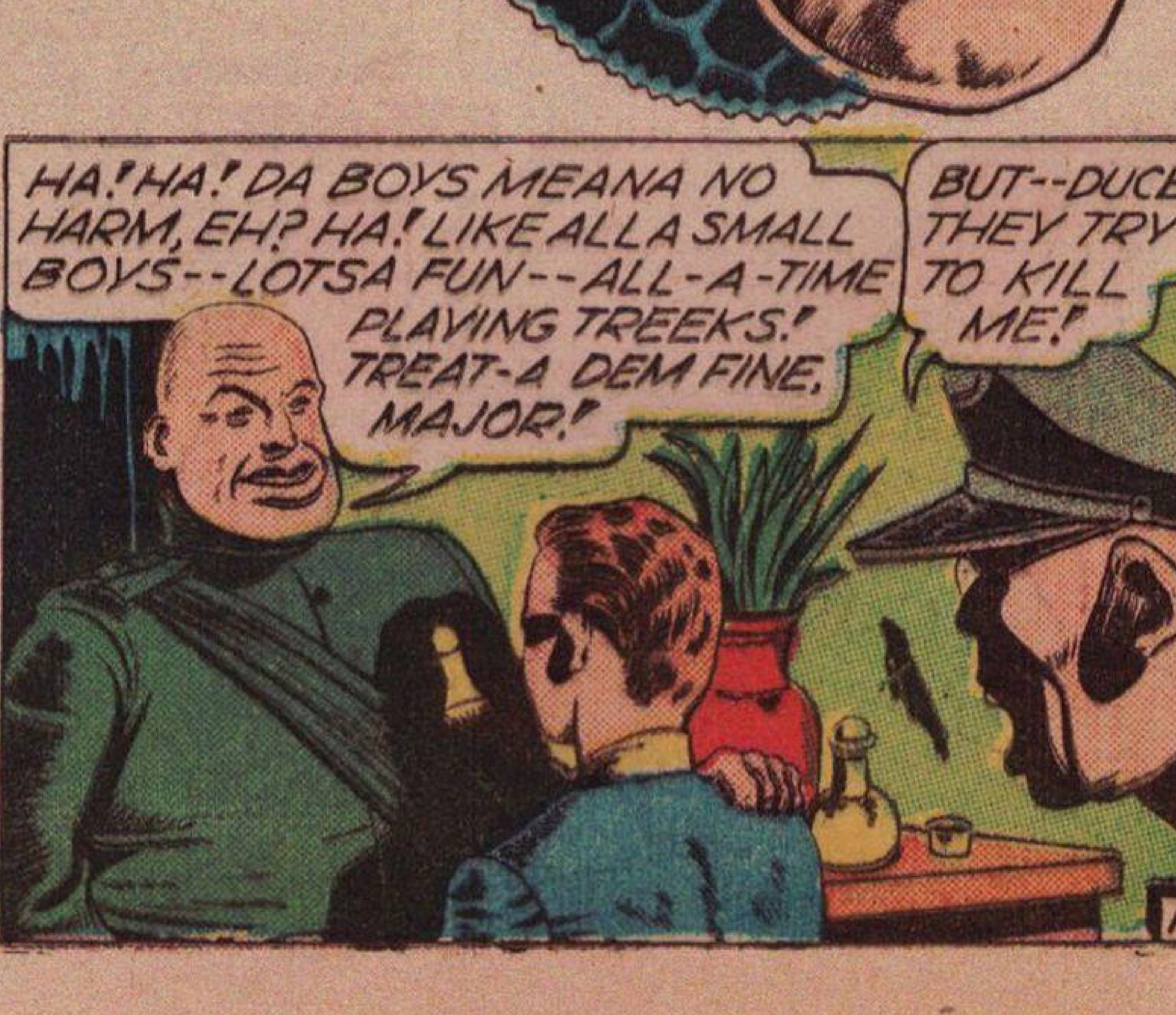

TURN ON DER VATER, HANS!

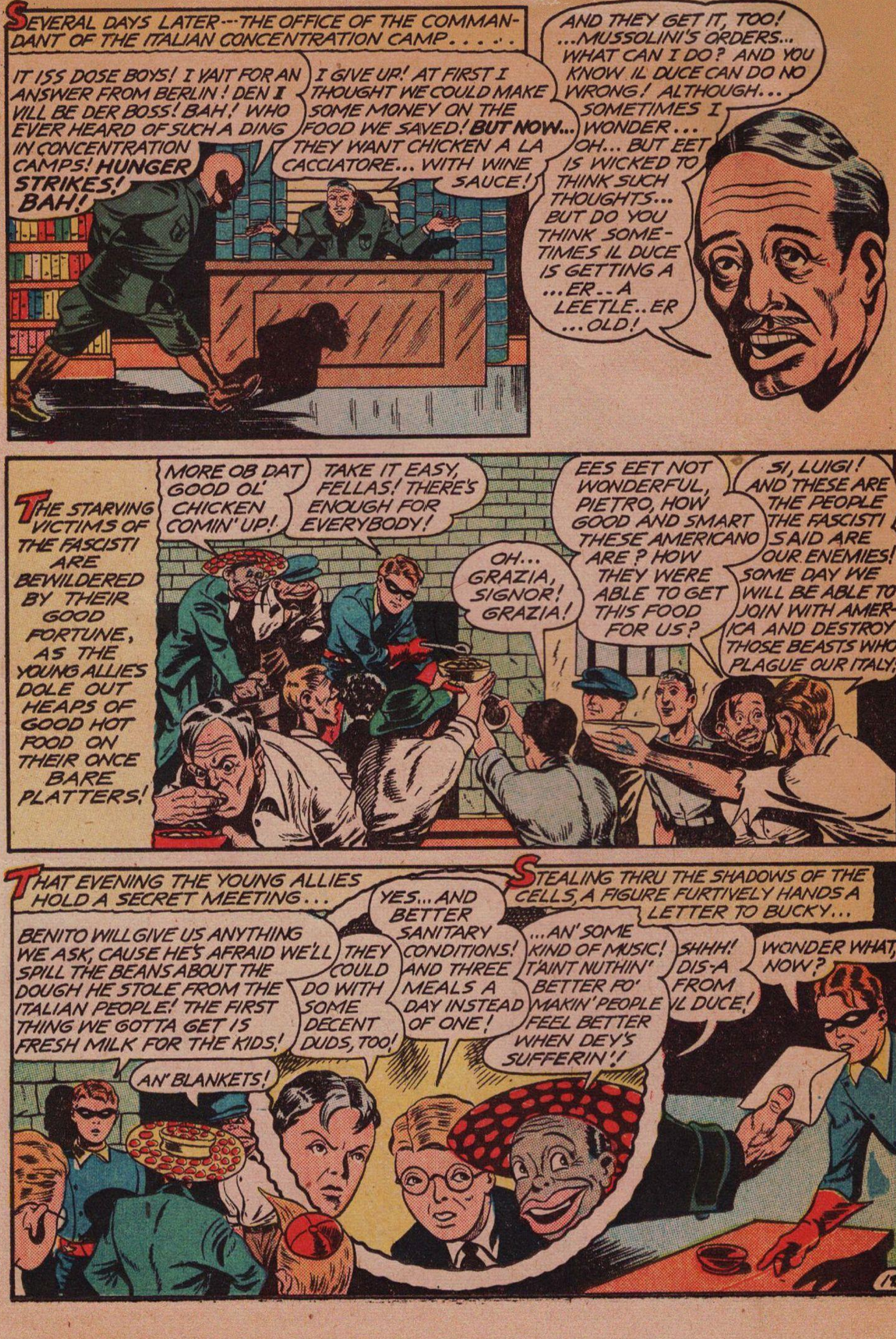

BUCKY--**LOOK!** DEY GOT TORO!
DIS FIX YOU--- AMERIKANER SCHWEIN
MY FLAME! IT'S GOING--IT'S GOING **OUT!**

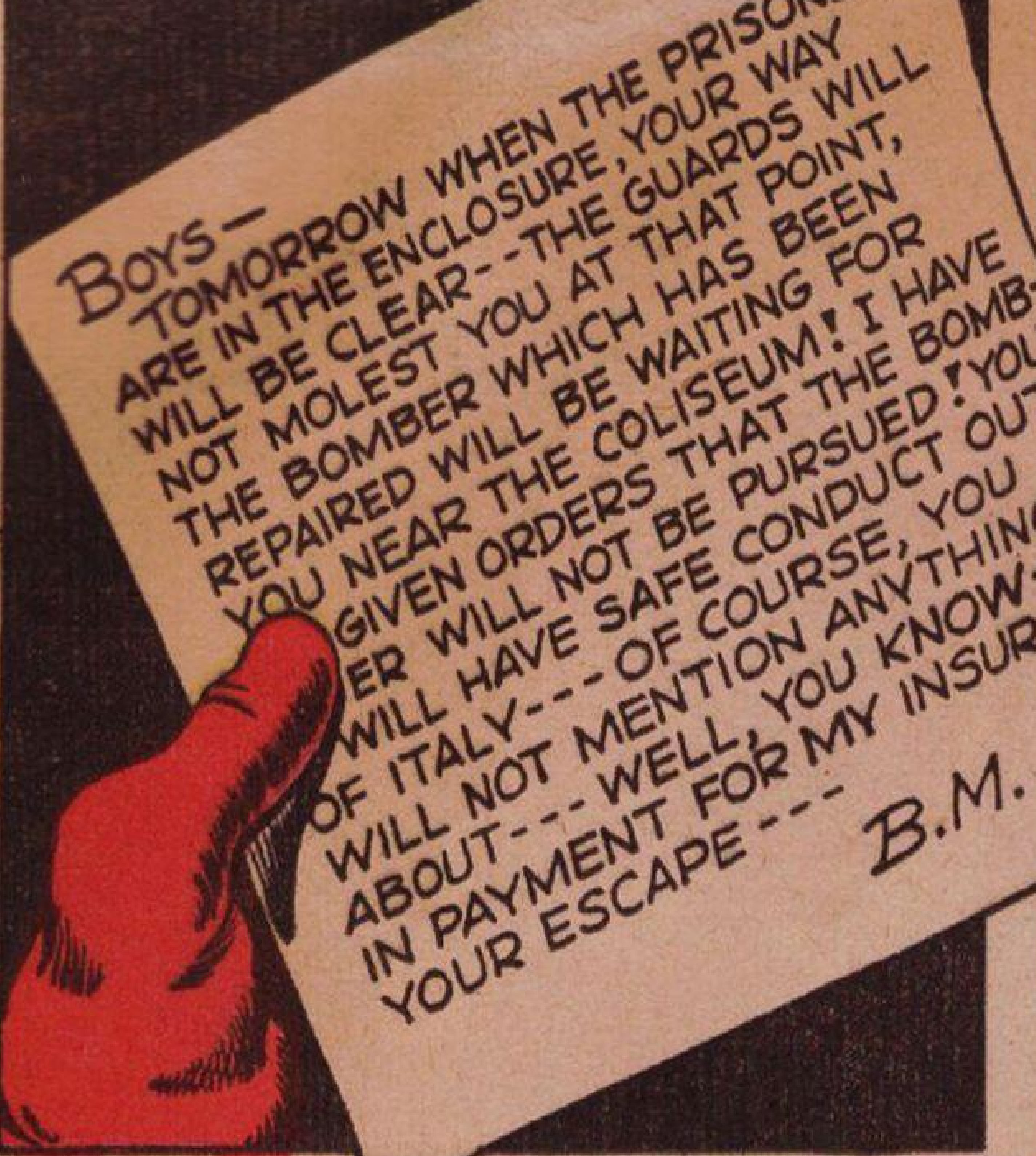

WITH TORO HELPLESS, THE BOYS ARE OVERPOWERED AND BROUGHT BEFORE IL DUCE---
HERE ARE DER YOUNG DUMBKOFFS WHO ALMOST CAUSED A REVOLUTION IN YOUR PALATZ, DUCE!
AH--HA! YOU TEENK YOU MAKE A FOOL OF MUSSOLINI, EH? I SHOW YOU GOOD ANDA PLENTY NOTTA TRY TREEKS! I GEEVE YOU ALL THE CASTOR OIL TREATMENT! HOW YOU LIKE-A THAT?

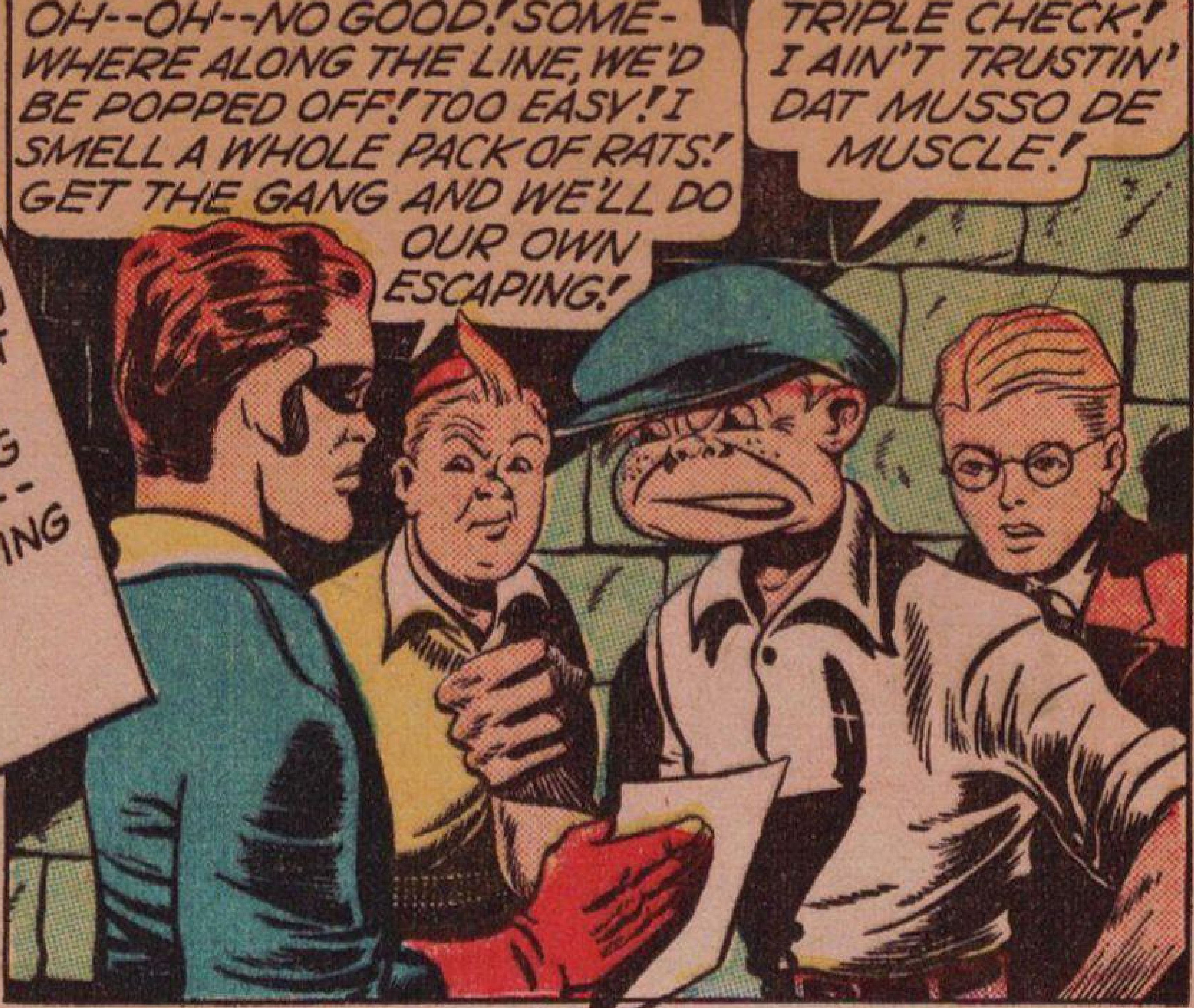

NOW, NOW! YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT, WOULD YOU, OLD BOY? NOT IF THE SECRET OF YOUR LITTLE BLACK BOOK WERE TO BE KEPT SECRET, EH?

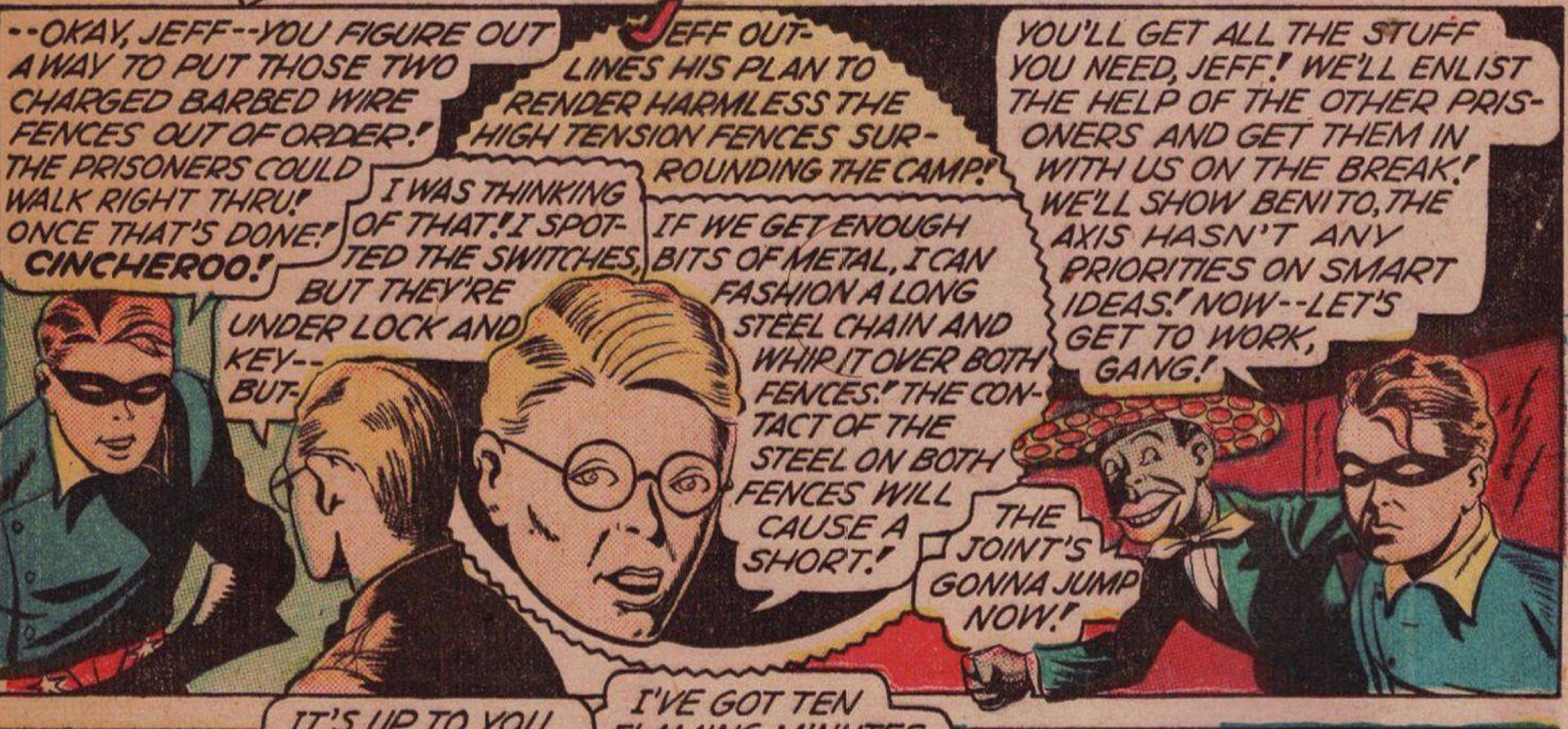

HMMM! THE LEETLE RAGAZINI KNOW MY SEECRET! I MUST HANDLE THEM WITH KEED GLOVES OR I WEEL GET IN MUCH TROUBLE WITH MY PEOPLE, WHO WON'T UNDERSTAND MY ER--PLAN---!

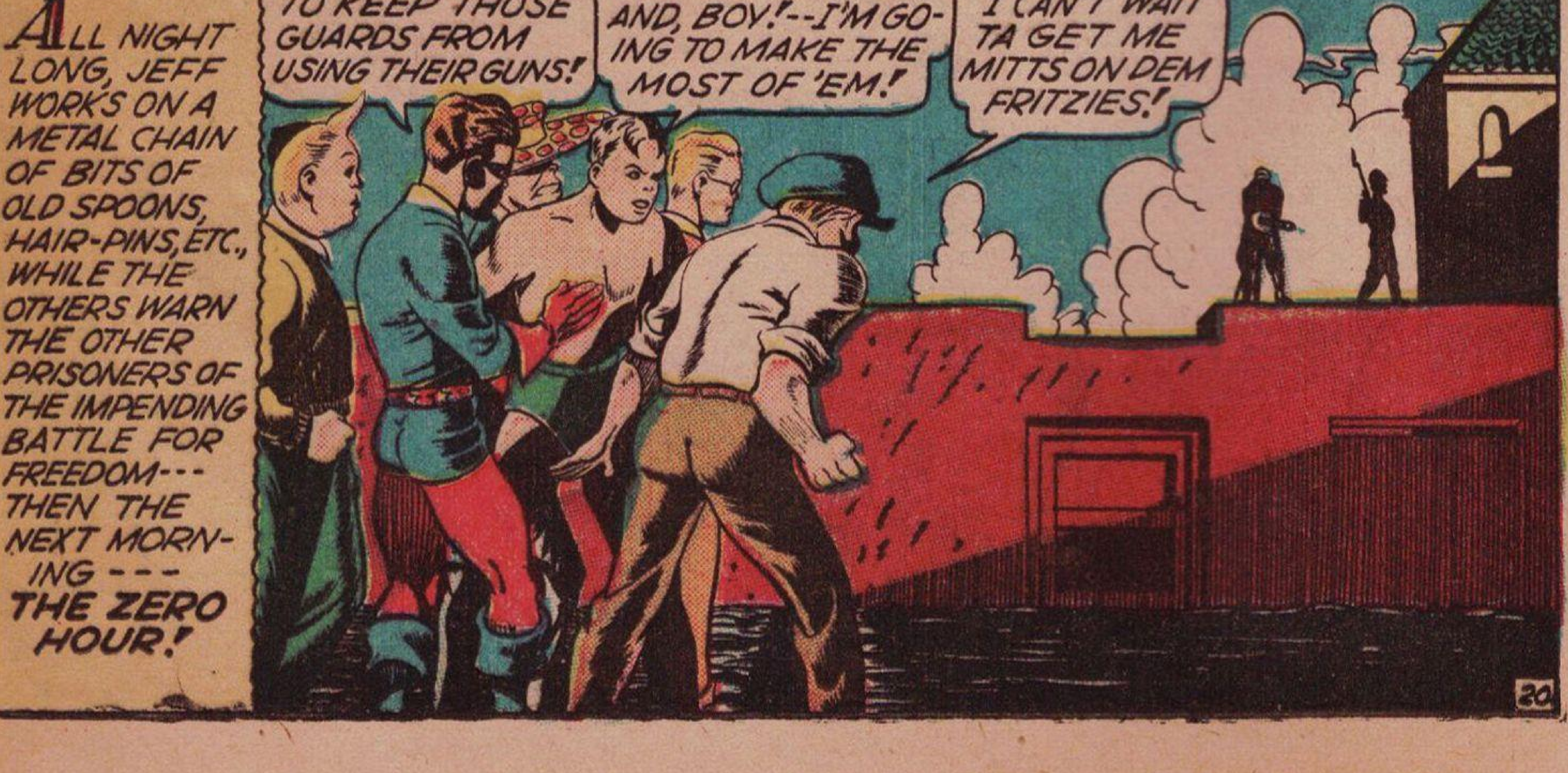

HA! HA! DA BOYS MEANA NO HARM, EH? HA! LIKE ALLA SMALL BOYS--LOTSA FUN--ALL-A-TIME PLAYING TREEKS! TREAT-A DEM FINE, MAJOR!
BUT--DUCE! THEY TRY TO KILL ME!

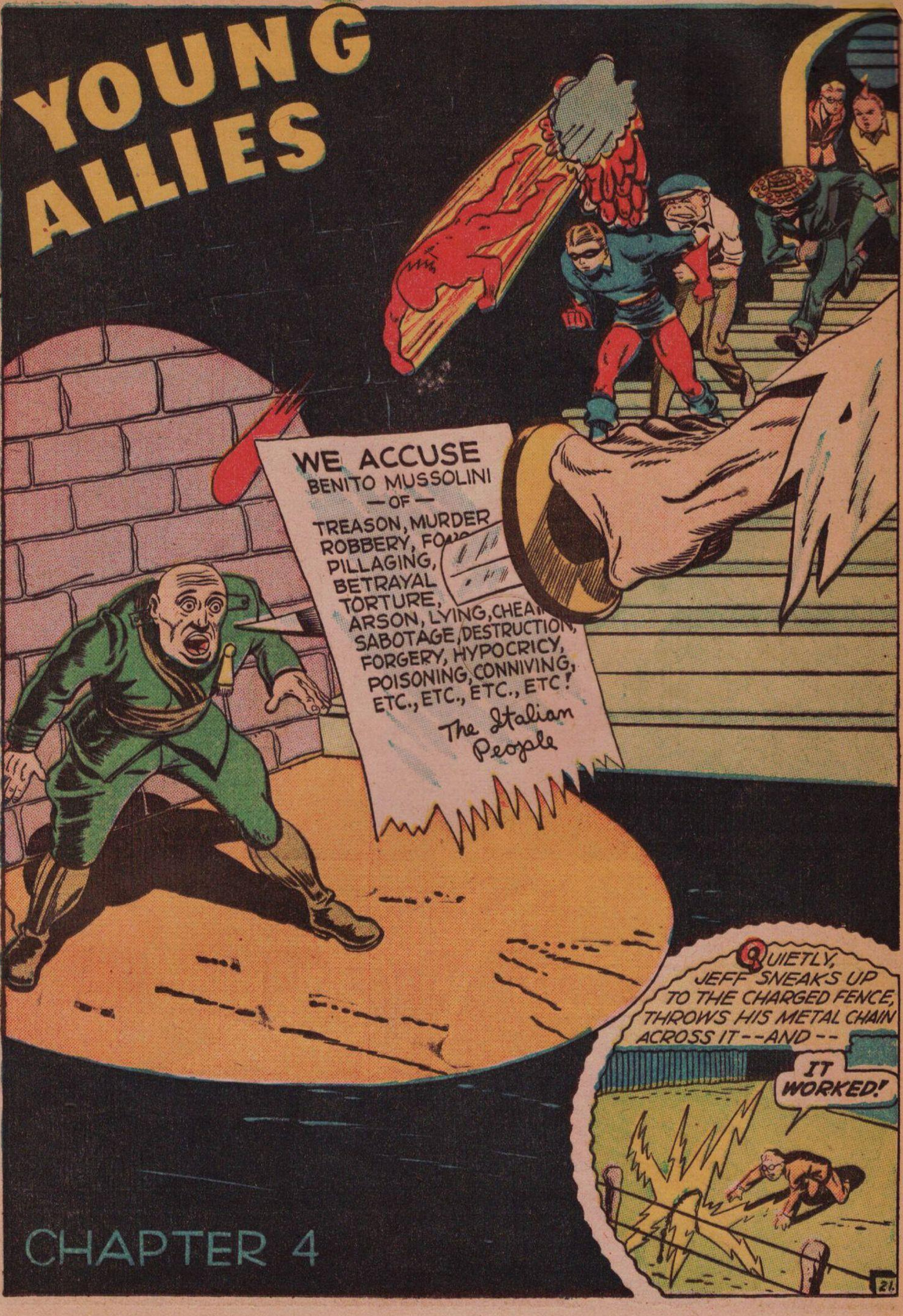

SEVERAL DAYS LATER---THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT OF THE ITALIAN CONCENTRATION CAMP . . . .
IT ISS DOSE BOYS! I VAIT FOR AN ANSWER FROM BERLIN! DEN I VILL BE DER BOSS! BAH! WHO EVER HEARD OF SUCH A DING IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS! HUNGER STRIKES! BAH!
I GIVE UP! AT FIRST I THOUGHT WE COULD MAKE SOME MONEY ON THE FOOD WE SAVED! BUT NOW... THEY WANT CHICKEN A LA CACCIATORE... WITH WINE SAUCE!
AND THEY GET IT, TOO! ...MUSSOLINI'S ORDERS... WHAT CAN I DO? AND YOU KNOW IL DUCE CAN DO NO WRONG! ALTHOUGH... SOMETIMES I WONDER... OH... BUT EET IS WICKED TO THINK SUCH THOUGHTS... BUT DO YOU THINK SOMETIMES IL DUCE IS GETTING A ...ER.. A LEETLE..ER ...OLD!
THE STARVING VICTIMS OF THE FASCISTI ARE BEWILDERED BY THEIR GOOD FORTUNE, AS THE YOUNG ALLIES DOLE OUT HEAPS OF GOOD HOT FOOD ON THEIR ONCE BARE PLATTERS!
MORE OB DAT GOOD OL' CHICKEN COMIN' UP!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLAS! THERE'S ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY!
OH... GRAZIA, SIGNOR! GRAZIA!
EES EET NOT WONDERFUL, PIETRO, HOW GOOD AND SMART THESE AMERICANO ARE? HOW THEY WERE ABLE TO GET THIS FOOD FOR US?
SI, LUIGI! AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE THE FASCISTI SAID ARE OUR ENEMIES! SOME DAY WE WILL BE ABLE TO JOIN WITH AMERICA AND DESTROY THOSE BEASTS WHO PLAGUE OUR ITALY!
THAT EVENING THE YOUNG ALLIES HOLD A SECRET MEETING...
BENITO WILL GIVE US ANYTHING WE ASK, CAUSE HE'S AFRAID WE'LL SPILL THE BEANS ABOUT THE DOUGH HE STOLE FROM THE ITALIAN PEOPLE! THE FIRST THING WE GOTTA GET IS FRESH MILK FOR THE KIDS!
AN' BLANKETS!
THEY COULD DO WITH SOME DECENT DUDS, TOO!
YES... AND BETTER SANITARY CONDITIONS! AND THREE MEALS A DAY INSTEAD OF ONE!
...AN' SOME KIND OF MUSIC! T'AINT NUTHIN' BETTER FO' MAKIN' PEOPLE FEEL BETTER WHEN DEY'S SUFFERIN'!
STEALING THRU THE SHADOWS OF THE CELLS, A FIGURE FURTIVELY HANDS A LETTER TO BUCKY...
SHHH! DIS-A FROM IL DUCE!
WONDER WHAT, NOW?

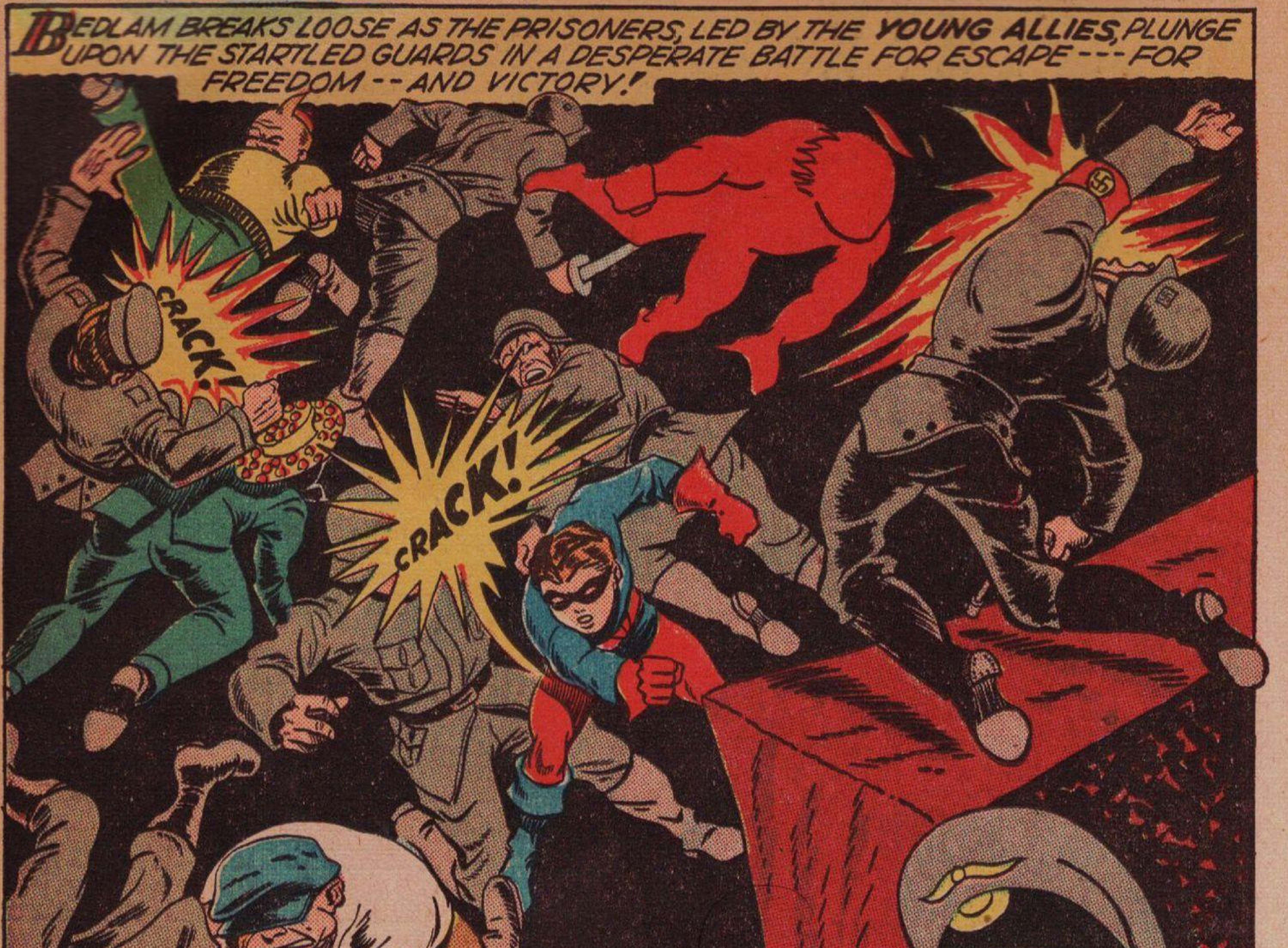

BOYS—
TOMORROW WHEN THE PRISONE
ARE IN THE ENCLOSURE, YOUR WAY
WILL BE CLEAR--THE GUARDS WILL
NOT MOLEST YOU AT THAT POINT,
THE BOMBER WHICH HAS BEEN
REPAIRED WILL BE WAITING FOR
YOU NEAR THE COLISEUM! I HAVE
GIVEN ORDERS THAT THE BOMB-
ER WILL NOT BE PURSUED! YOU
WILL HAVE SAFE CONDUCT OUT
OF ITALY---OF COURSE, YOU
WILL NOT MENTION ANYTHING
ABOUT---WELL, YOU KNOW--
IN PAYMENT FOR MY INSURING
YOUR ESCAPE---
B.M.

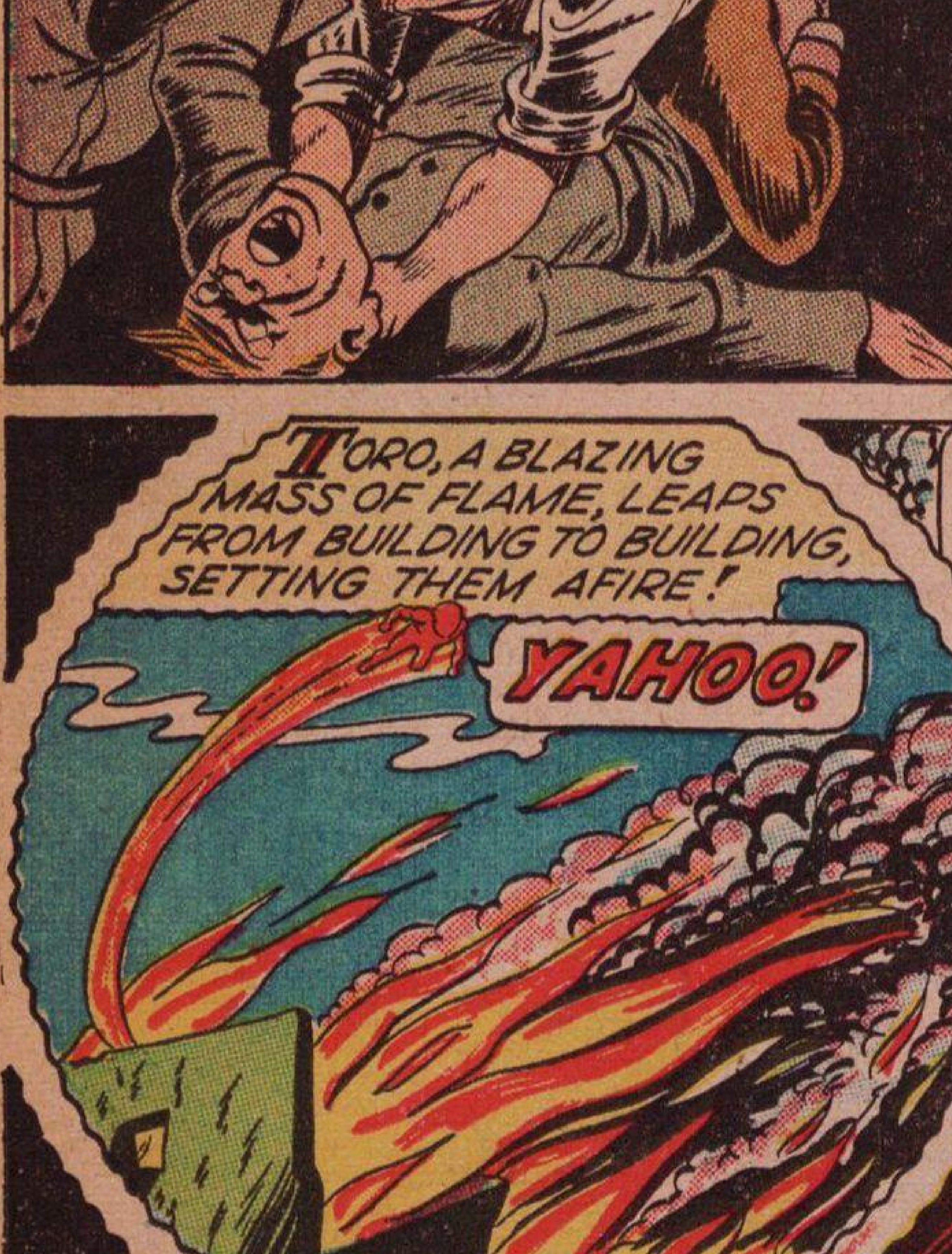

OH--OH--NO GOOD! SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, WE'D BE POPPED OFF! TOO EASY! I SMELL A WHOLE PACK OF RATS! GET THE GANG AND WE'LL DO OUR OWN ESCAPING!
TRIPLE CHECK! I AIN'T TRUSTIN' DAT MUSSO DE MUSCLE!

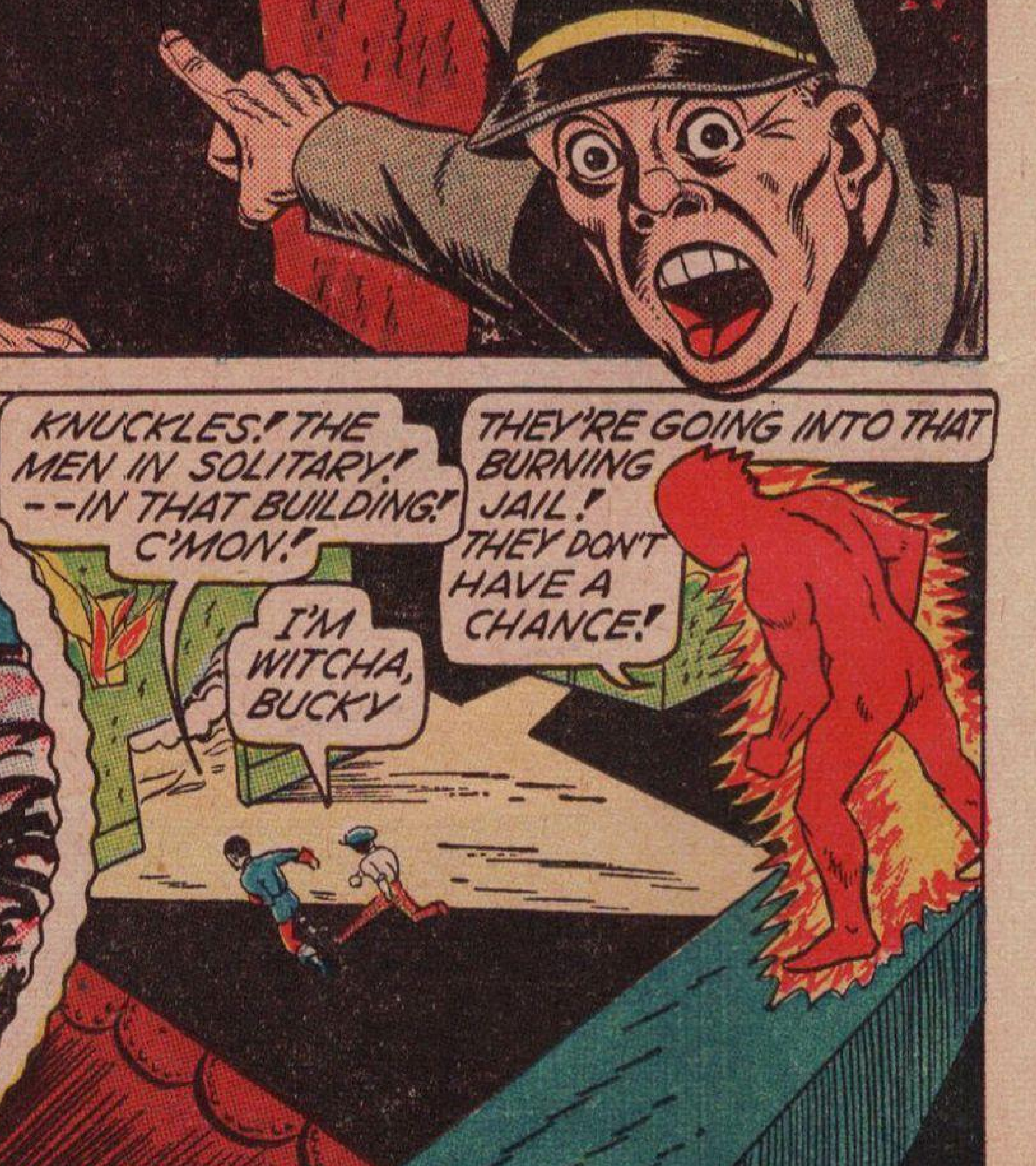

--OKAY, JEFF--YOU FIGURE OUT A WAY TO PUT THOSE TWO CHARGED BARBED WIRE FENCES OUT OF ORDER! THE PRISONERS COULD WALK RIGHT THRU! ONCE THAT'S DONE! CINCHEROO!
JEFF OUTLINES HIS PLAN TO RENDER HARMLESS THE HIGH TENSION FENCES SURROUNDING THE CAMP!
I WAS THINKING OF THAT! I SPOTTED THE SWITCHES, BUT THEY'RE UNDER LOCK AND KEY--BUT-
IF WE GET ENOUGH BITS OF METAL, I CAN FASHION A LONG STEEL CHAIN AND WHIP IT OVER BOTH FENCES! THE CONTACT OF THE STEEL ON BOTH FENCES WILL CAUSE A SHORT!
YOU'LL GET ALL THE STUFF YOU NEED, JEFF! WE'LL ENLIST THE HELP OF THE OTHER PRISONERS AND GET THEM IN WITH US ON THE BREAK! WE'LL SHOW BENITO, THE AXIS HASN'T ANY PRIORITIES ON SMART IDEAS! NOW--LET'S GET TO WORK, GANG!
THE JOINT'S GONNA JUMP NOW!


ALL NIGHT LONG, JEFF WORKS ON A METAL CHAIN OF BITS OF OLD SPOONS, HAIR-PINS, ETC., WHILE THE OTHERS WARN THE OTHER PRISONERS OF THE IMPENDING BATTLE FOR FREEDOM---THEN THE NEXT MORNING---THE ZERO HOUR!
IT'S UP TO YOU TO KEEP THOSE GUARDS FROM USING THEIR GUNS!
I'VE GOT TEN FLAMING MINUTES, AND, BOY!--I'M GOING TO MAKE THE MOST OF 'EM!
I CAN'T WAIT TA GET ME MITTS ON DEM FRITZIES!

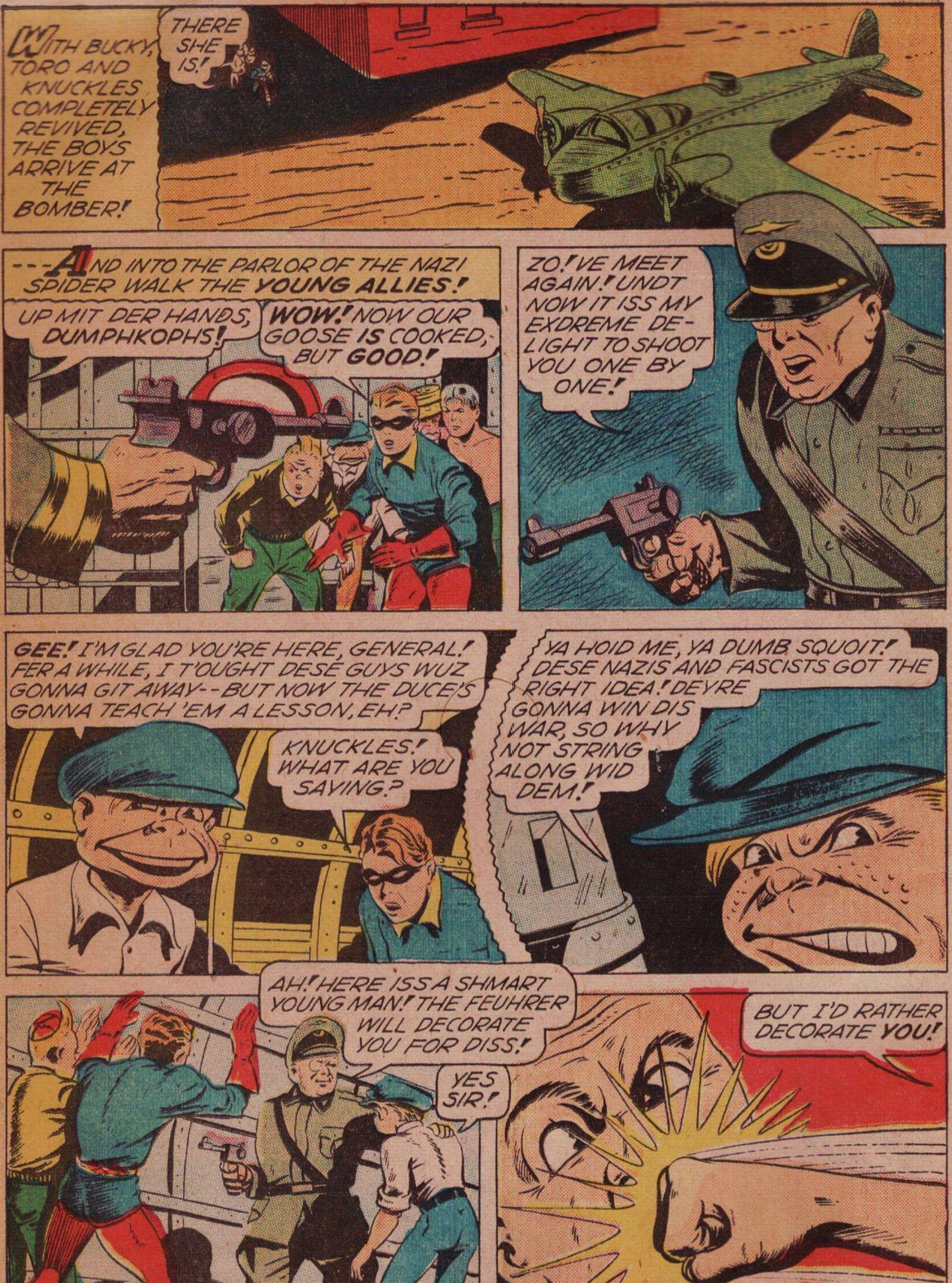

YOUNG ALLIES
WE ACCUSE
BENITO MUSSOLINI
—OF—
TREASON, MURDER
ROBBERY, FO
PILLAGING,
BETRAYAL
TORTURE,
ARSON, LYING, CHEAT
SABOTAGE, DESTRUCTION
FORGERY, HYPOCRICY,
POISONING, CONNIVING,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC!
The Italian People
QUIETLY, JEFF SNEAKS UP TO THE CHARGED FENCE, THROWS HIS METAL CHAIN ACROSS IT--AND--
IT WORKED!
CHAPTER 4


BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE AS THE PRISONERS, LED BY THE **YOUNG ALLIES**, PLUNGE UPON THE STARTLED GUARDS IN A DESPERATE BATTLE FOR ESCAPE --- FOR FREEDOM -- AND VICTORY!
CRACK!
CRACK!

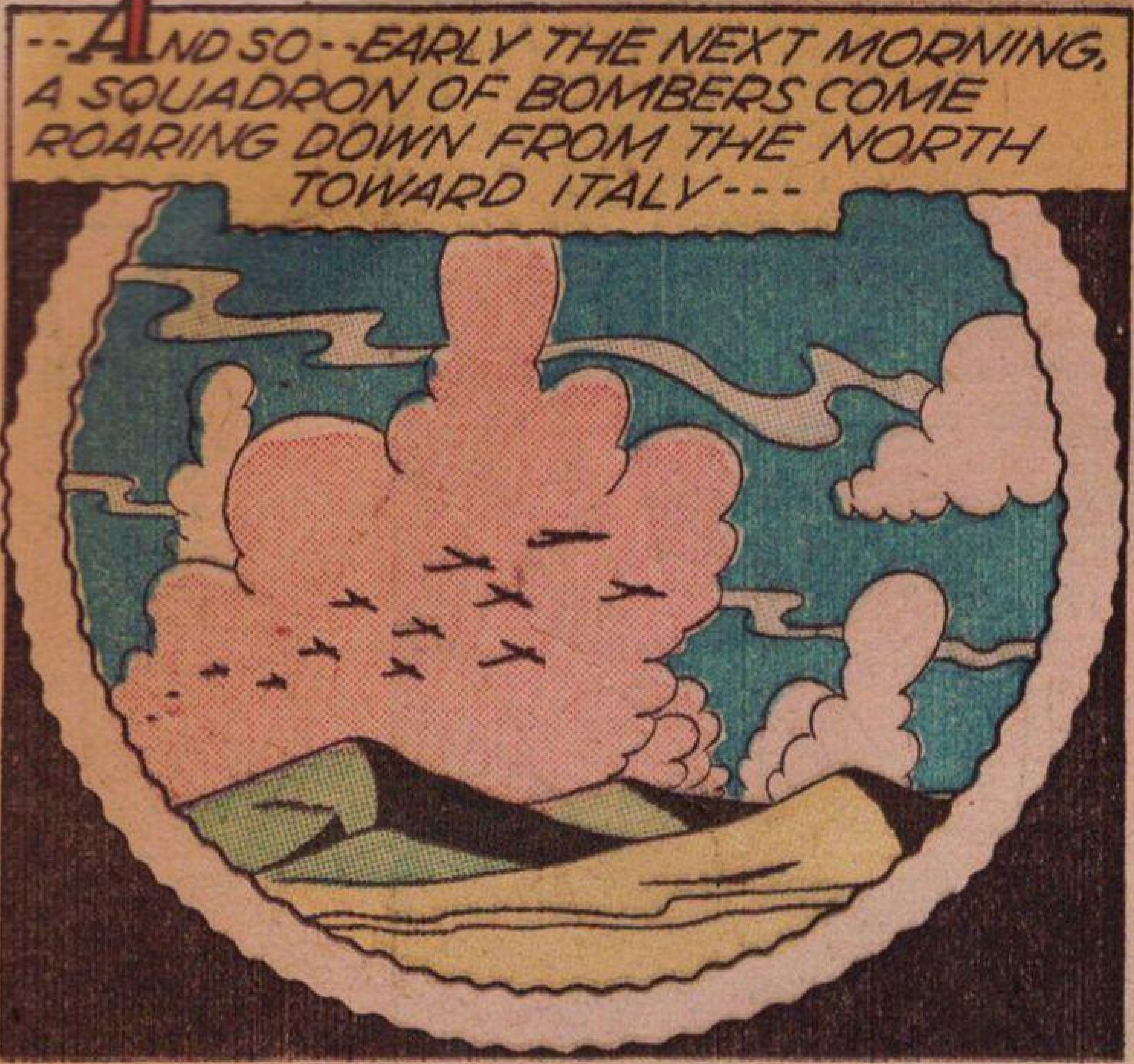

TORO, A BLAZING MASS OF FLAME, LEAPS FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING, SETTING THEM AFIRE!
YAHOO!

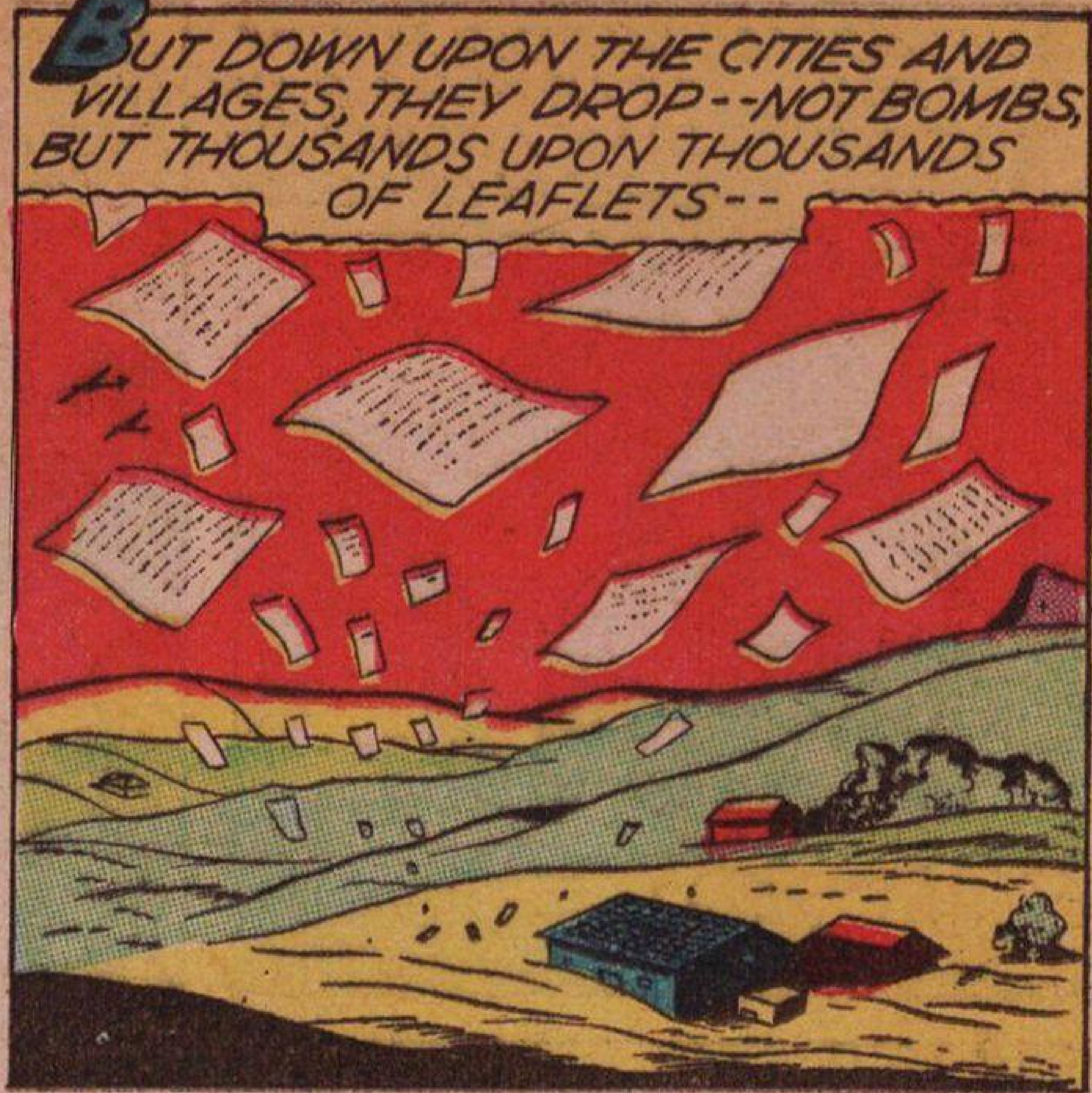

KNUCKLES! THE MEN IN SOLITARY! --IN THAT BUILDING! C'MON!
I'M WITCHA, BUCKY
THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT BURNING JAIL! THEY DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

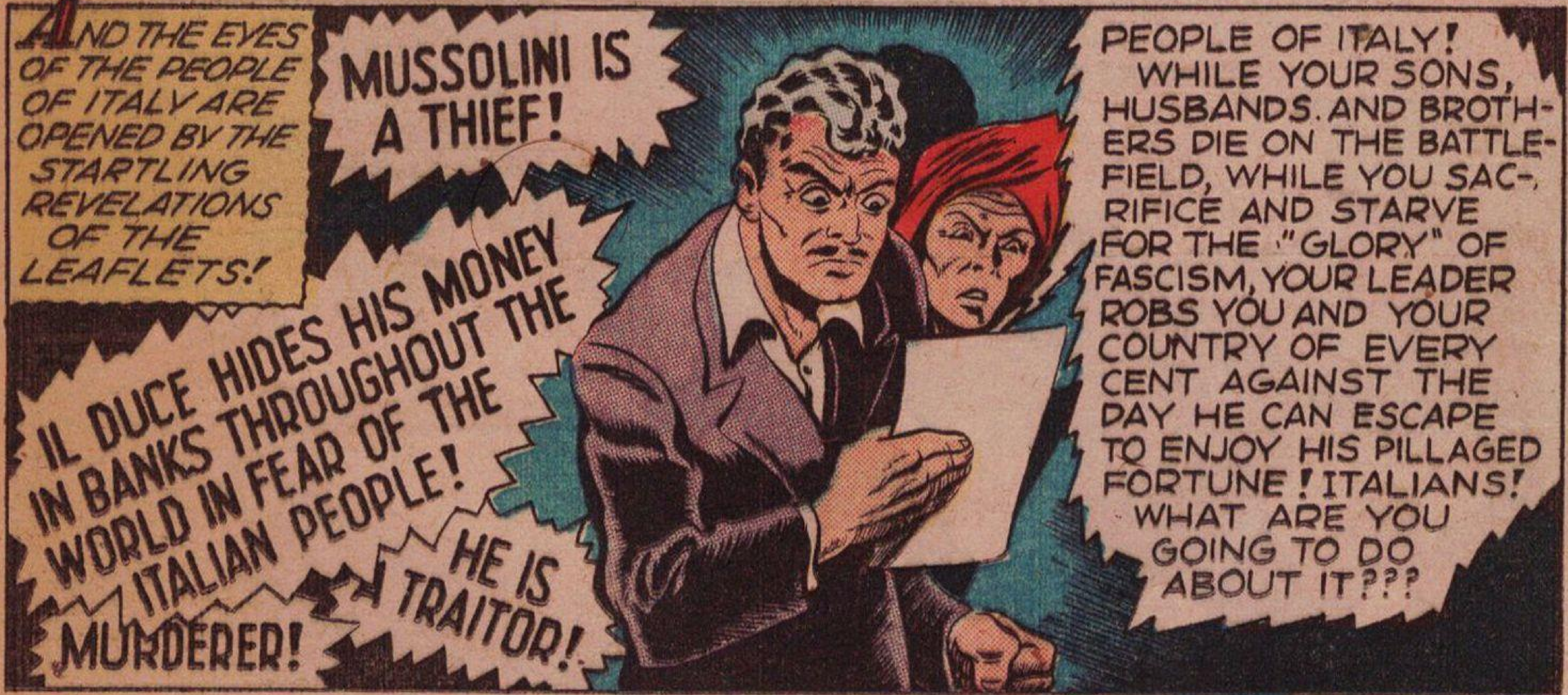
BUCKY OPENS THE CELL DOORS AND THE PRISONERS RUSH OUT IN A MAD RUSH TO ESCAPE THE INFERNO!
BUT BUCKY AND KNUCKLES ARE OVERCOME BY THE SMOKE AND LEFT BEHIND IN THE FLAMING CELL BLOCK WHERE TORO FINDS THEM!
I CAN'T HELP THEM WHILE I'M LIKE THIS! GOSH! I GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING-- FAST!
THIS DOOR WILL DO IT! THEY'RE ONLY OUT FROM SMOKE! I'LL LAY THEM DOWN ON IT AND DRAG 'EM OUT!
AND SO, THE VALIANT TORO DRAGS HIS TWO PALS TO THE EXIT!
TIME UP! JUST AS TORO GETS THE BOYS OUTSIDE, HIS FLAME GOES OUT AND HE COLLAPSES ACROSS THEIR BODIES--
HOLY SMOKE! NOW THEY'RE ALL OUT COLD!
WE-ALL GOTTA GET OUTTA HEAH! LET'S GET DAT CAR AND BEAT IT--QUICK-LIKE!
YES--BUT HURRY!
LET US NOW, FOR THE MOMENT, GO BACK TO OUR TWO FRIENDS- MUSSOLINI AND THE NAZI MAJOR--
--AS LONG AS DEY VILL DIE, I AM SATISFIED!
HA! MUSSOLINI ALWAYS SHE'S HAVE DA REASON! NEVER MAKE-A DA MOVE UNTIL IT FIT WITH-A PLANS, EH? 'SCUSE PLEASE--- THE PHONE!
RING!
WHAT!?! ESCAPED?! WITH THE WHOLE CAMP? ALL DA PRISONERS? CATCH-A DEM! BUT SHOOT!--SHOOT TO KILL! THEY MUST NOT GET AWAY!
DEY VILL TRY UNDT REACH DER BOMBER-YAH! DOT'S VERE I VILL CATCH DEM!

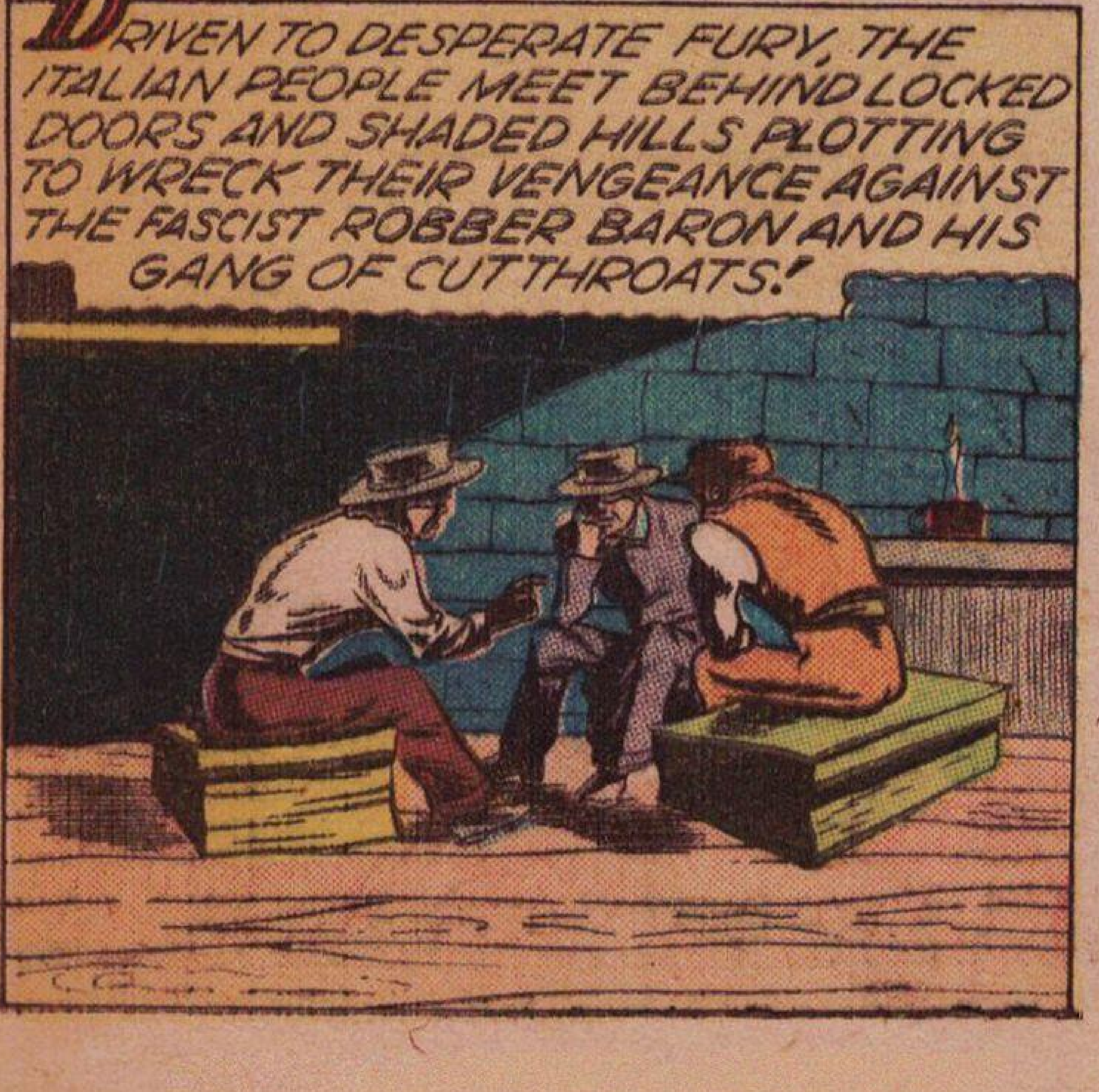

WITH BUCKY, TORO AND KNUCKLES COMPLETELY REVIVED, THE BOYS ARRIVE AT THE BOMBER!
THERE SHE IS!
---AND INTO THE PARLOR OF THE NAZI SPIDER WALK THE YOUNG ALLIES!
UP MIT DER HANDS, DUMPHKOPHS!
WOW! NOW OUR GOOSE IS COOKED, BUT GOOD!
ZO! VE MEET AGAIN! UNDT NOW IT ISS MY EXDREME DELIGHT TO SHOOT YOU ONE BY ONE!
GEE! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, GENERAL! FER A WHILE, I T'OUGHT DESE GUYS WUZ GONNA GIT AWAY--BUT NOW THE DUCE'S GONNA TEACH 'EM A LESSON, EH?
KNUCKLES! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
YA HOID ME, YA DUMB SQUOIT! DESE NAZIS AND FASCISTS GOT THE RIGHT IDEA! DEYRE GONNA WIN DIS WAR, SO WHY NOT STRING ALONG WID DEM!
AH! HERE ISS A SHMART YOUNG MAN! THE FEUHRER WILL DECORATE YOU FOR DISS!
YES SIR!
BUT I'D RATHER DECORATE YOU!

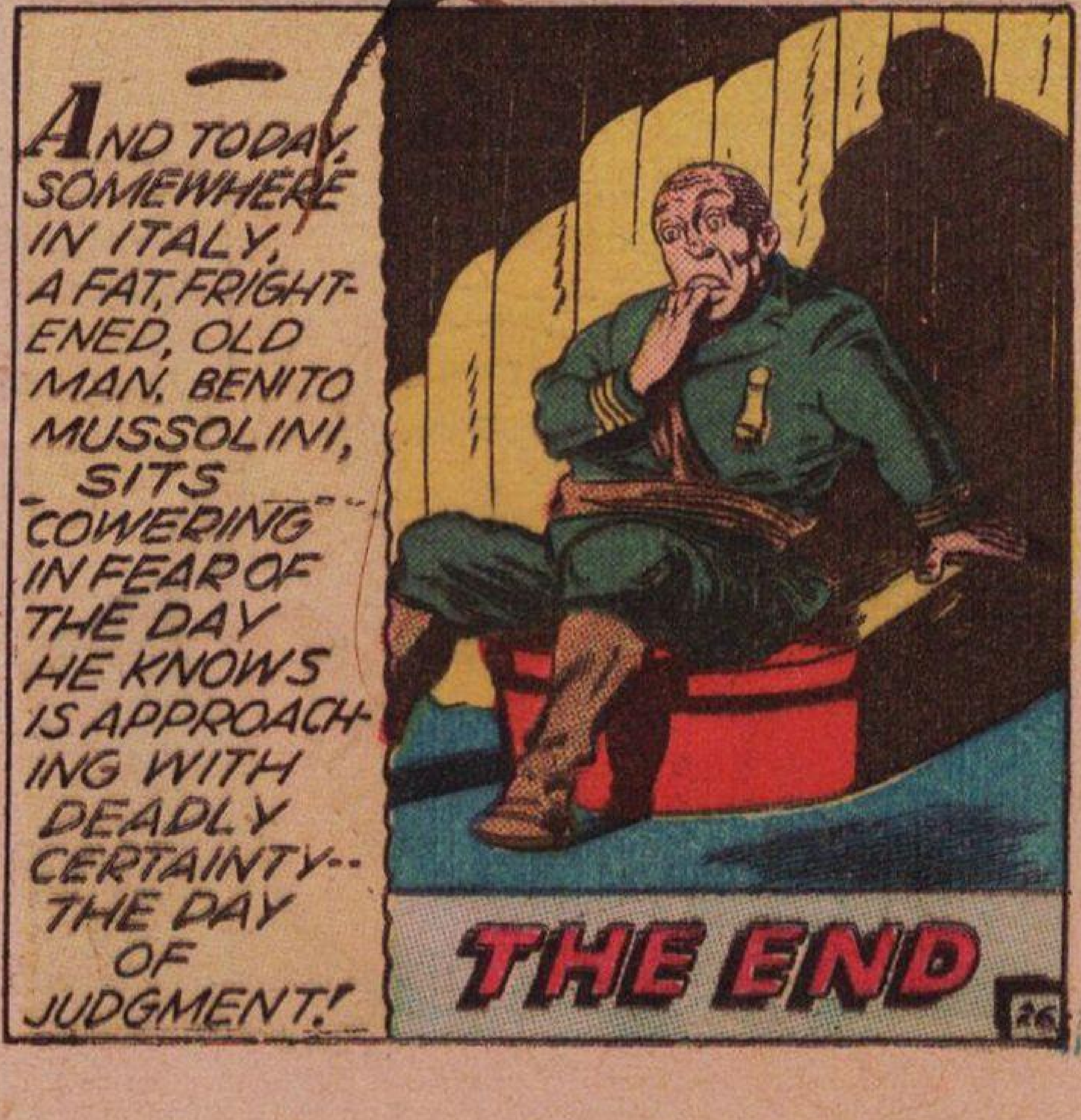
KAMERAD! VHY HAFF YOU DONE DISS TO ME?
KAMERAD, NUTTIN! GIT UP, YA DUMB JOIK, SO ME FRIENDS CAN TIE YA UP GOOD!
I SEEN DAT LOOK IN YER EYE BEFORE! I BETCHA YA T'OUGHT I TURNED NAZI, DIDN'T CHA?
WHO-- M-ME? NOT ME, KNUCKLES! I KNOWED YO' WUZ FOOLIN' ALL DA TIME!
OKAY, JEFF! ROLL 'EM AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
SHE'S ROLLING!
AND SO THE HUGE BOMBER TAKES OFF--JUST AS MUSSOLINI AND HIS COHORTS COME UPON THE FIELD---!
NO LET 'EM GETTA 'WAY! SHOOT!--SHOOT! YOU FOOLS--- SHOOT!
BANG!
BOO! HOO! THEY--THEY GOTTA 'AWAY! OOH! WHAT'SA GONNA HAPPENIN' NOW? OOOH! MY EMPIRE! OOOH! BOOH! HOO! BOOH! HOOOH!
THE YOUNG ALLIES FINALLY REACH A UNITED NATIONS BASE AND REPORT THEIR FINDING TO THE CHIEF---
--AND HERE, SIR, IS THE LIST OF MONEY MUSSOLINI HAS BEEN ROBBING FROM THE ITALIAN PEOPLE!
BOYS--THIS IS THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON WE HAVE AGAINST FASCIST ITALY! WAIT--YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN!
M

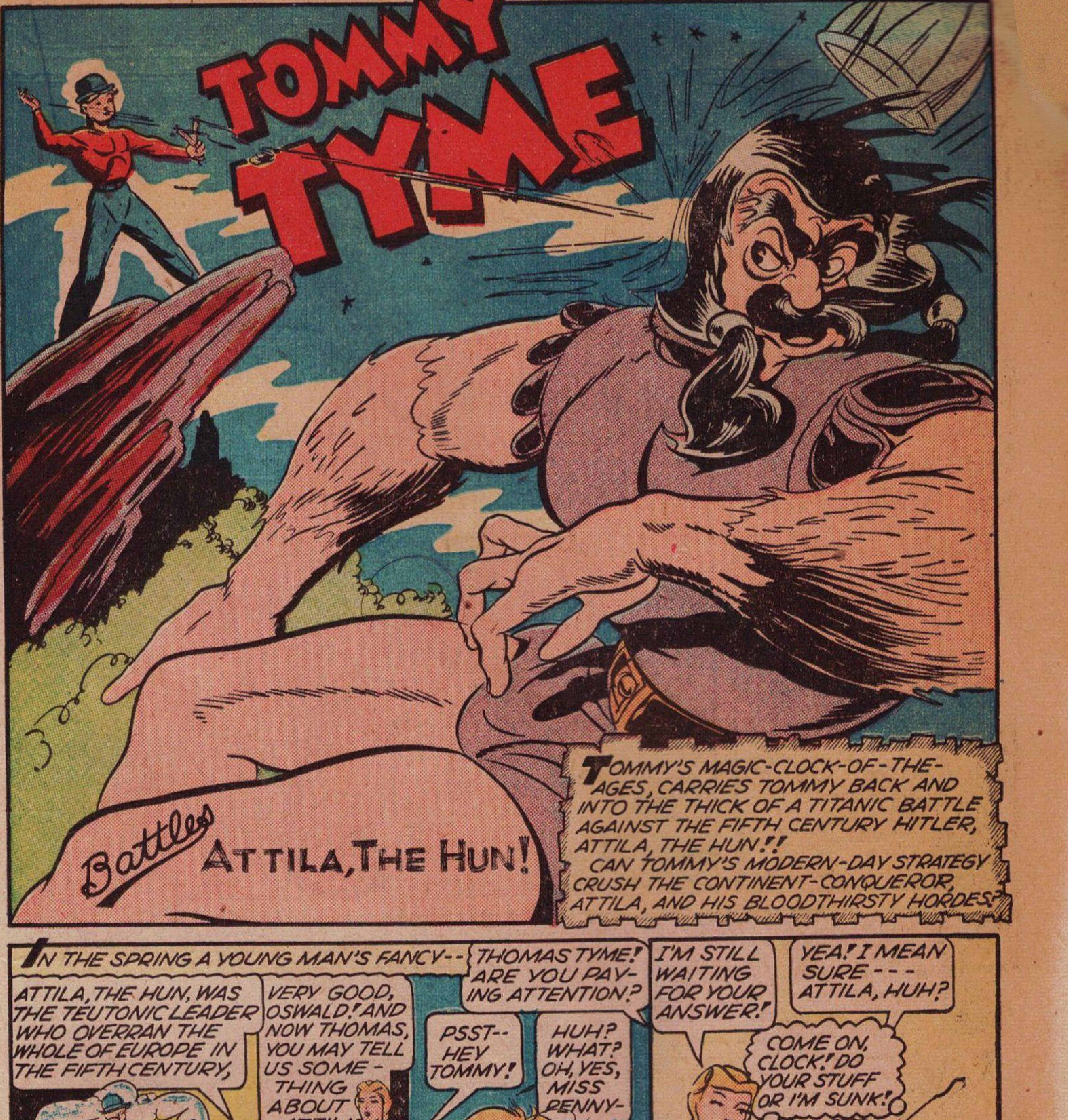

--AND SO--EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A SQUADRON OF BOMBERS COME ROARING DOWN FROM THE NORTH TOWARD ITALY---

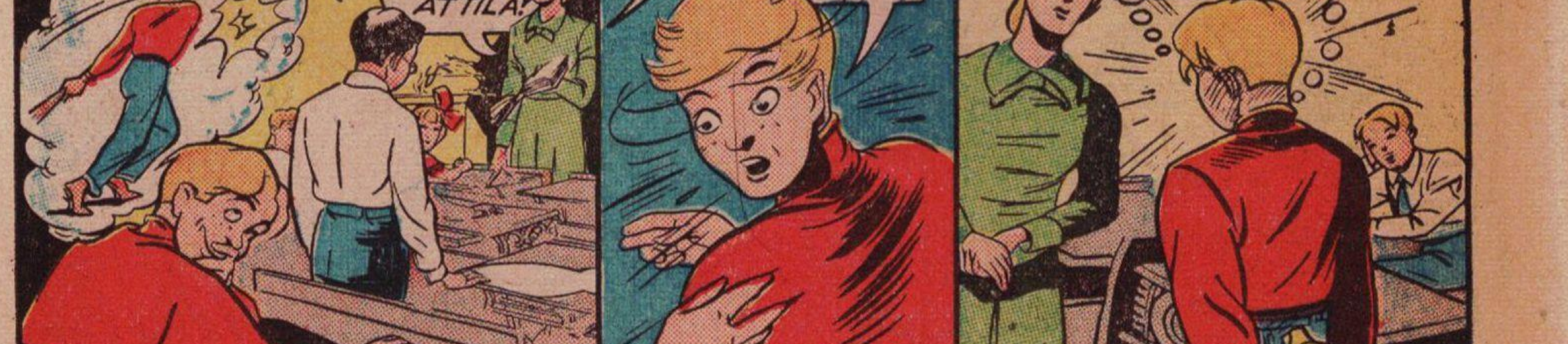

BUT DOWN UPON THE CITIES AND VILLAGES, THEY DROP--NOT BOMBS, BUT THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF LEAFLETS--

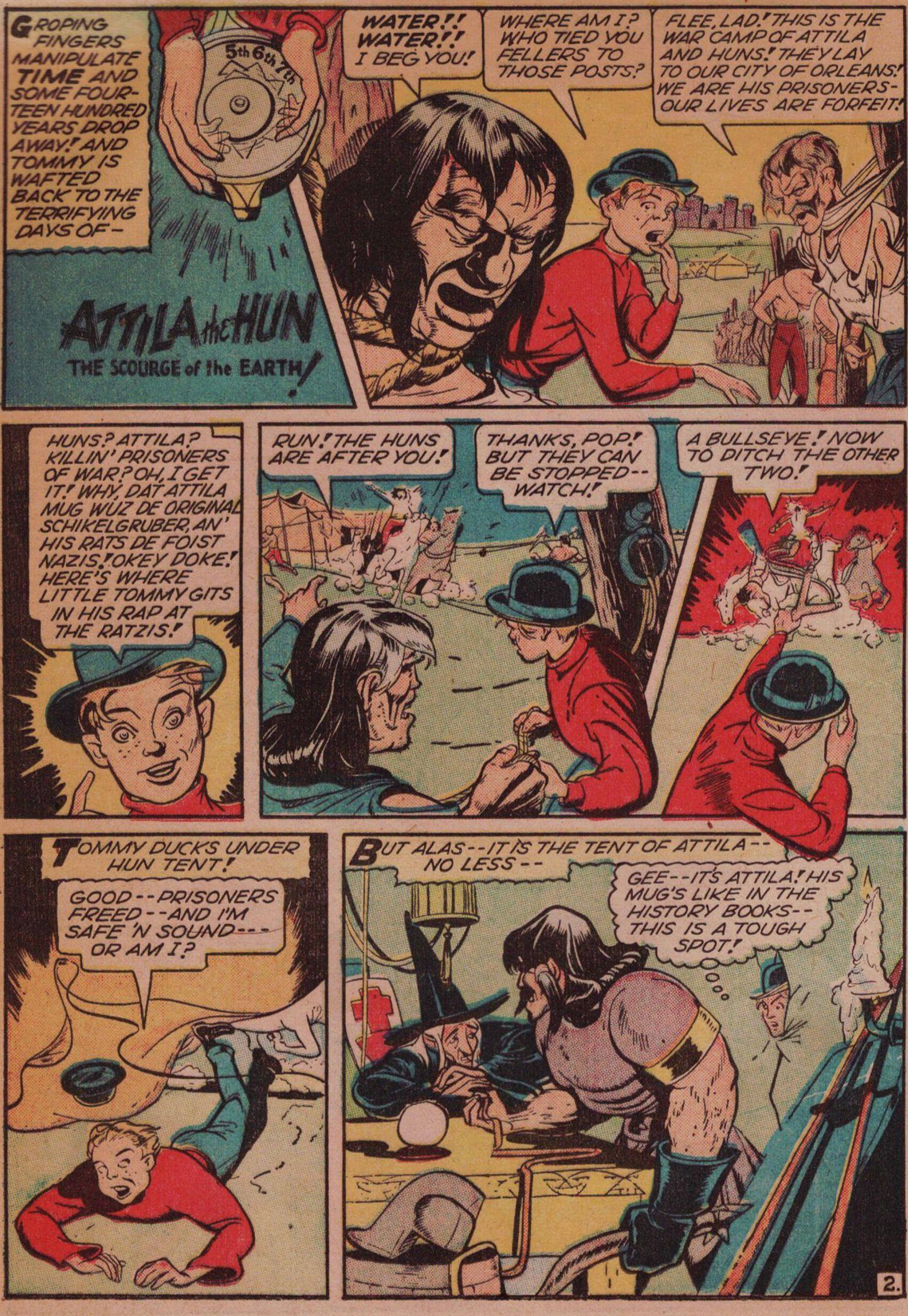

AND THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE OF ITALY ARE OPENED BY THE STARTLING REVELATIONS OF THE LEAFLETS!
MUSSOLINI IS A THIEF!
IL DUCE HIDES HIS MONEY IN BANKS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD IN FEAR OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE!
HE IS A TRAITOR!
MURDERER!
PEOPLE OF ITALY! WHILE YOUR SONS, HUSBANDS. AND BROTHERS DIE ON THE BATTLEFIELD, WHILE YOU SACRIFICE AND STARVE FOR THE "GLORY" OF FASCISM, YOUR LEADER ROBS YOU AND YOUR COUNTRY OF EVERY CENT AGAINST THE DAY HE CAN ESCAPE TO ENJOY HIS PILLAGED FORTUNE! ITALIANS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT???

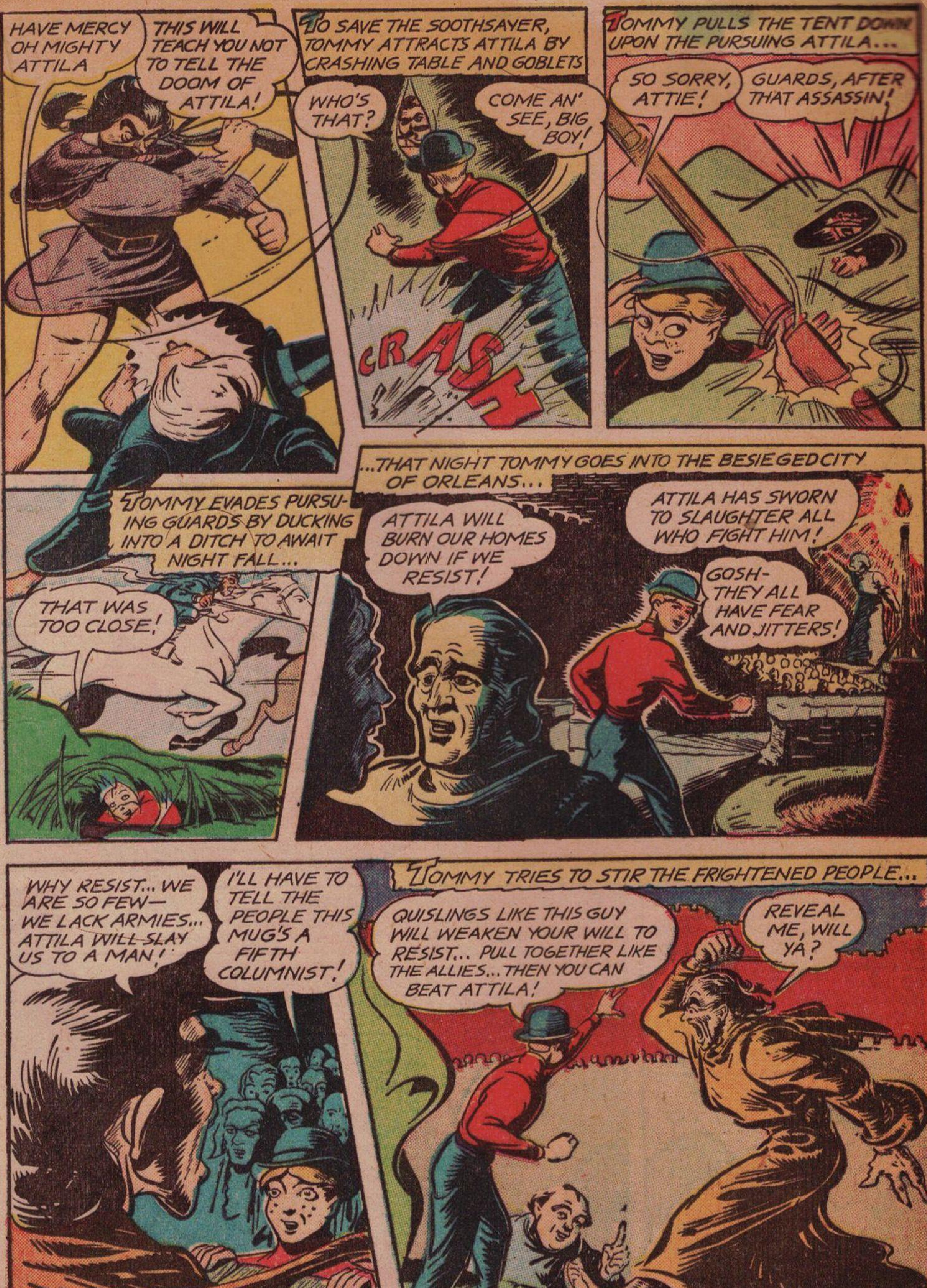

DRIVEN TO DESPERATE FURY, THE ITALIAN PEOPLE MEET BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND SHADED HILLS PLOTTING TO WRECK THEIR VENGEANCE AGAINST THE FASCIST ROBBER BARON AND HIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS!


AND TODAY, SOMEWHERE IN ITALY, A FAT, FRIGHTENED, OLD MAN, BENITO MUSSOLINI, SITS COWERING IN FEAR OF THE DAY HE KNOWS IS APPROACHING WITH DEADLY CERTAINTY--THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!
THE END


TOMMY TYME
Battles ATTILA, THE HUN!
TOMMY'S MAGIC-CLOCK-OF-THE-AGES, CARRIES TOMMY BACK AND INTO THE THICK OF A TITANIC BATTLE AGAINST THE FIFTH CENTURY HITLER, ATTILA, THE HUN!!
CAN TOMMY'S MODERN-DAY STRATEGY CRUSH THE CONTINENT-CONQUEROR, ATTILA, AND HIS BLOODTHIRSTY HORDES?


IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY--
ATTILA, THE HUN, WAS THE TEUTONIC LEADER WHO OVERRAN THE WHOLE OF EUROPE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY,
VERY GOOD, OSWALD! AND NOW THOMAS, YOU MAY TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT ATTILA!
THOMAS TYME! ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION?
PSST-- HEY TOMMY!
HUH? WHAT? OH, YES, MISS PENNY-
I'M STILL WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWER!
YEA! I MEAN SURE --- ATTILA, HUH?
COME ON, CLOCK! DO YOUR STUFF OR I'M SUNK!


GROPING FINGERS MANIPULATE TIME AND SOME FOURTEEN HUNDRED YEARS DROP AWAY! AND TOMMY IS WAFTED BACK TO THE TERRIFYING DAYS OF –
5th 6th 7th
ATTILA the HUN
THE SCOURGE of the EARTH!
WATER!! WATER!! I BEG YOU!
WHERE AM I? WHO TIED YOU FELLERS TO THOSE POSTS?
FLEE, LAD! THIS IS THE WAR CAMP OF ATTILA AND HUNS! THEY LAY TO OUR CITY OF ORLEANS! WE ARE HIS PRISONERS- OUR LIVES ARE FORFEIT!
HUNS? ATTILA? KILLIN' PRISONERS OF WAR? OH, I GET IT! WHY, DAT ATTILA MUG WUZ DE ORIGINAL SCHIKELGRUBER, AN' HIS RATS DE FOIST NAZIS! OKEY DOKE! HERE'S WHERE LITTLE TOMMY GITS IN HIS RAP AT THE RATZIS!
RUN! THE HUNS ARE AFTER YOU!
THANKS, POP! BUT THEY CAN BE STOPPED-- WATCH!
A BULLSEYE! NOW TO DITCH THE OTHER TWO!
TOMMY DUCKS UNDER HUN TENT!
GOOD--PRISONERS FREED--AND I'M SAFE 'N SOUND--- OR AM I?
BUT ALAS--IT IS THE TENT OF ATTILA-- NO LESS--
GEE--IT'S ATTILA! HIS MUG'S LIKE IN THE HISTORY BOOKS-- THIS IS A TOUGH SPOT!


HAVE MERCY OH MIGHTY ATTILA
THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO TELL THE DOOM OF ATTILA!
TO SAVE THE SOOTHSAYER, TOMMY ATTRACTS ATTILA BY CRASHING TABLE AND GOBLETS
WHO'S THAT?
COME AN' SEE, BIG BOY!
CRASH
TOMMY PULLS THE TENT DOWN UPON THE PURSUING ATTILA...
SO SORRY, ATTIE!
GUARDS, AFTER THAT ASSASSIN!
TOMMY EVADES PURSUING GUARDS BY DUCKING INTO A DITCH TO AWAIT NIGHT FALL...
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!
...THAT NIGHT TOMMY GOES INTO THE BESIEGED CITY OF ORLEANS...
ATTILA WILL BURN OUR HOMES DOWN IF WE RESIST!
ATTILA HAS SWORN TO SLAUGHTER ALL WHO FIGHT HIM!
GOSH- THEY ALL HAVE FEAR AND JITTERS!
WHY RESIST... WE ARE SO FEW— WE LACK ARMIES... ATTILA WILL SLAY US TO A MAN!
I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE PEOPLE THIS MUG'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST!
TOMMY TRIES TO STIR THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE...
QUISLINGS LIKE THIS GUY WILL WEAKEN YOUR WILL TO RESIST... PULL TOGETHER LIKE THE ALLIES... THEN YOU CAN BEAT ATTILA!
REVEAL ME, WILL YA?
3

GROPING FINGERS MANIPULATE TIME AND SOME FOURTEEN HUNDRED YEARS DROP AWAY! AND TOMMY IS WAFTED BACK TO THE TERRIFYING DAYS OF -
5th 6th 7th
ATTILA the HUN
THE SCOURGE of the EARTH!
WATER!! WATER!! I BEG YOU!
WHERE AM I? WHO TIED YOU FELLERS TO THOSE POSTS?
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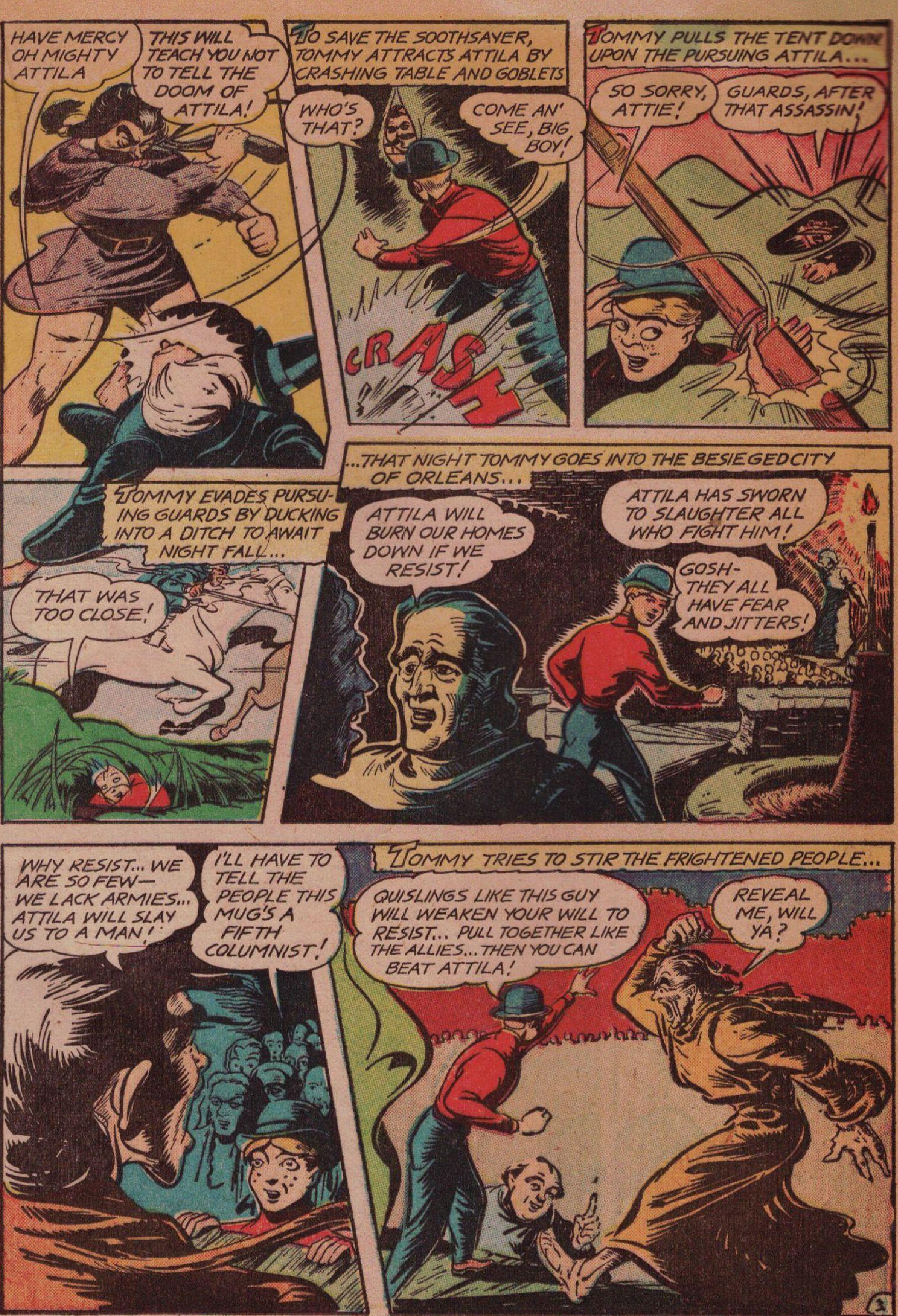
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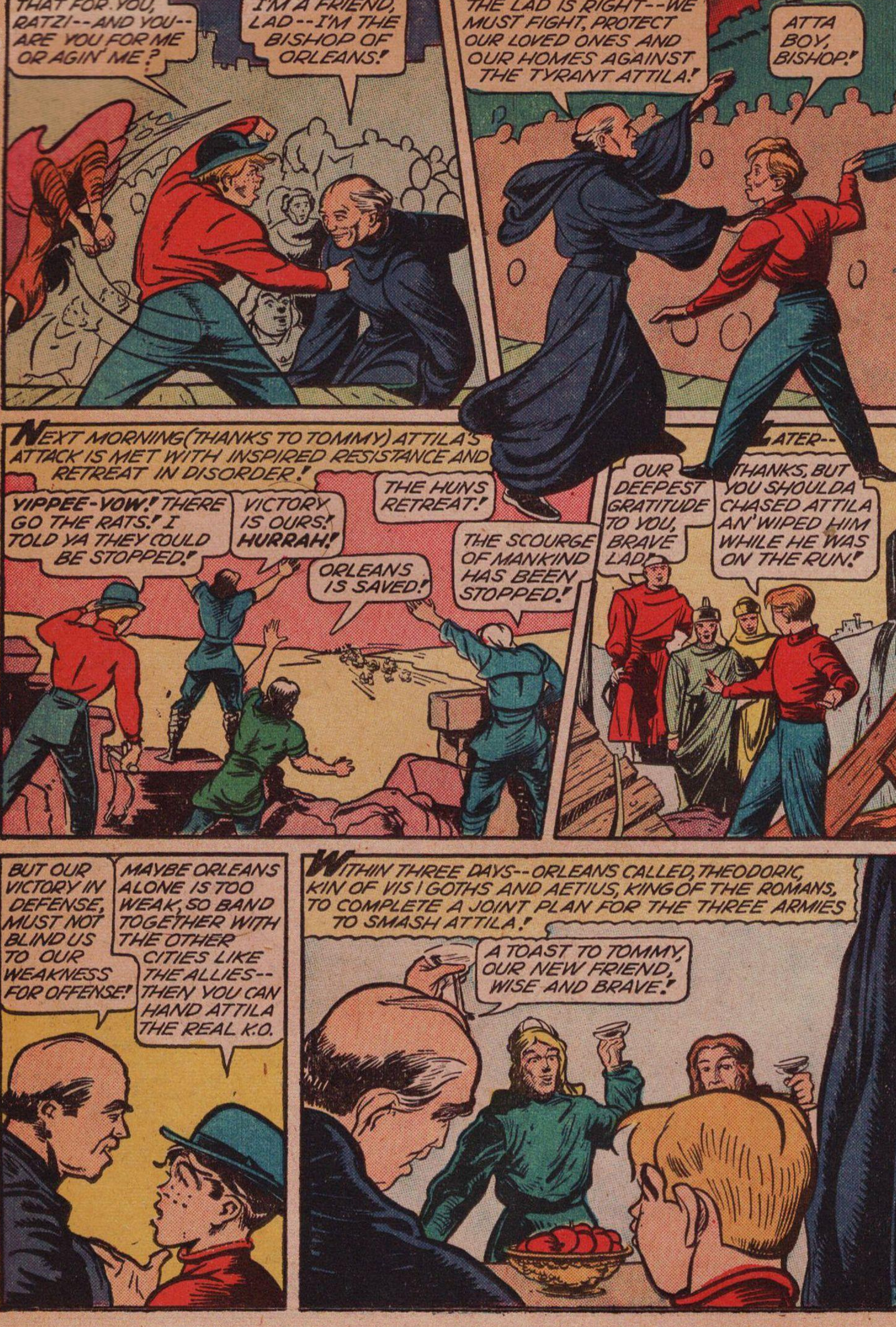
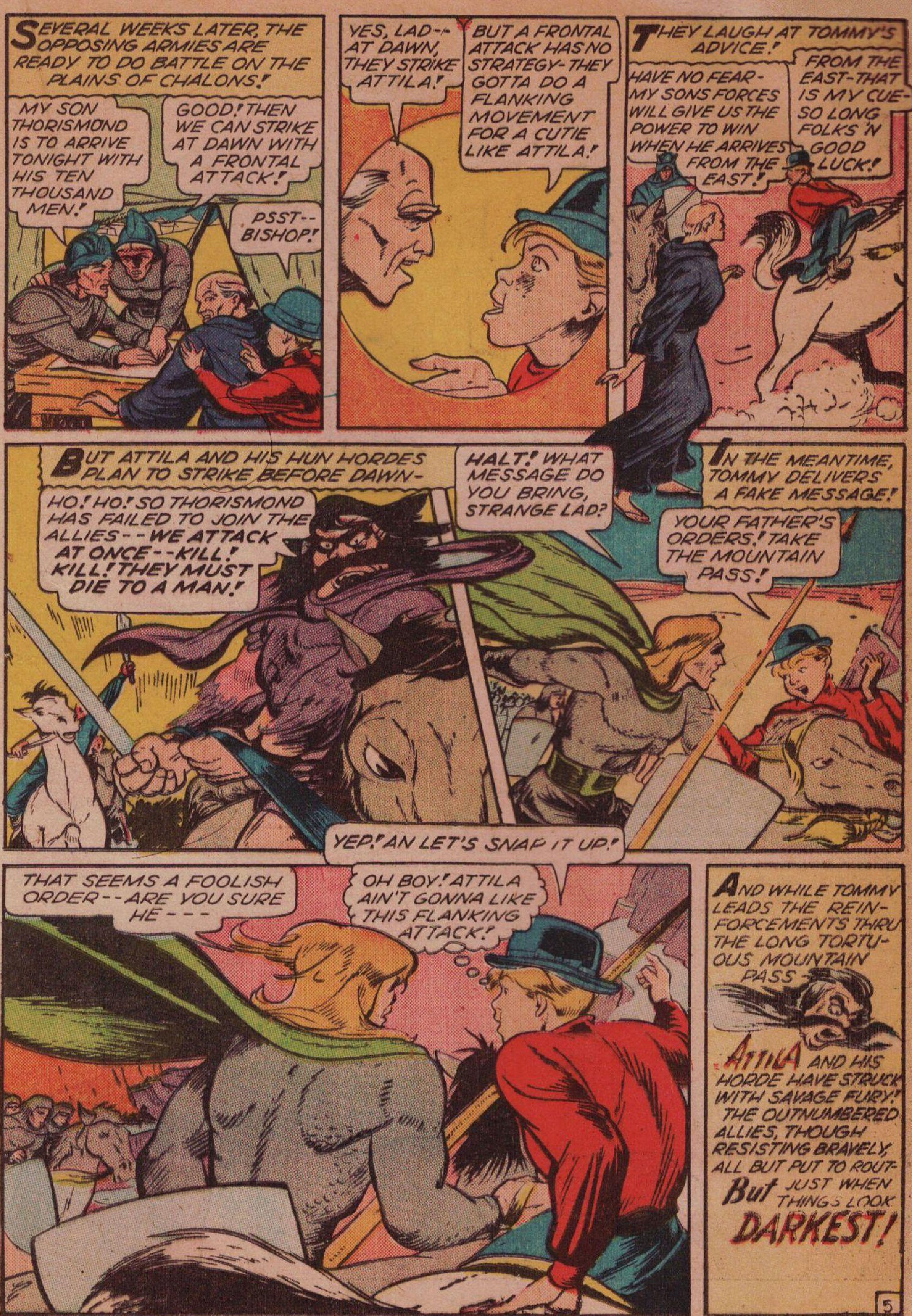
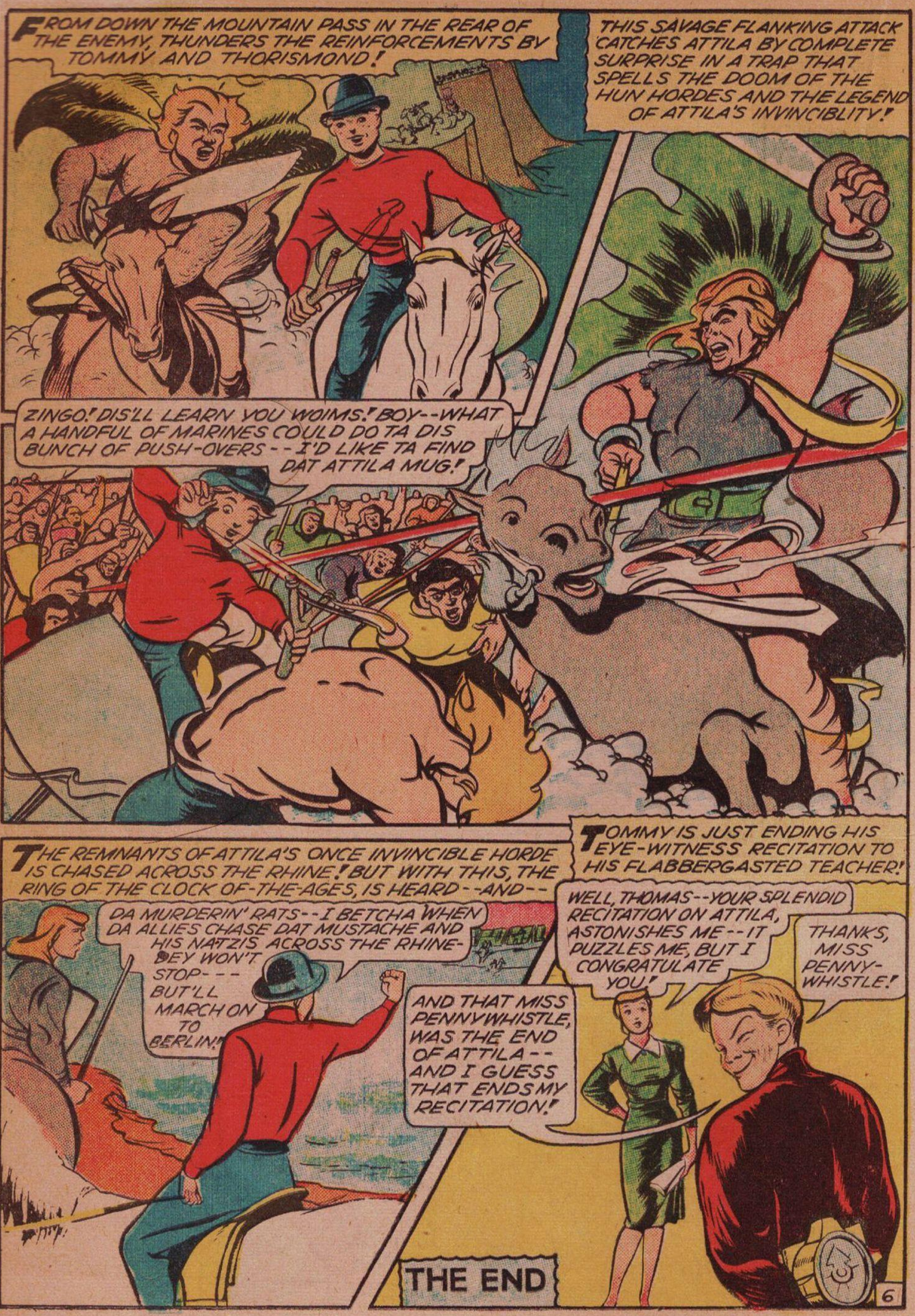

THAT FOR YOU, RATZI--AND YOU--ARE YOU FOR ME OR AGIN' ME?
I'M A FRIEND, LAD--I'M THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS!
THE LAD IS RIGHT--WE MUST FIGHT, PROTECT OUR LOVED ONES AND OUR HOMES AGAINST THE TYRANT ATTILA!
ATTA BOY, BISHOP!
NEXT MORNING (THANKS TO TOMMY) ATTILA'S ATTACK IS MET WITH INSPIRED RESISTANCE AND RETREAT IN DISORDER!
YIPPEE-VOW! THERE GO THE RATS! I TOLD YA THEY COULD BE STOPPED!
VICTORY IS OURS! HURRAH!
THE HUNS RETREAT!
ORLEANS IS SAVED!
THE SCOURGE OF MANKIND HAS BEEN STOPPED!
LATER--
OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE TO YOU, BRAVE LAD!
THANKS, BUT YOU SHOULDA CHASED ATTILA AN' WIPED HIM WHILE HE WAS ON THE RUN!
BUT OUR VICTORY IN DEFENSE, MUST NOT BLIND US TO OUR WEAKNESS FOR OFFENSE!
MAYBE ORLEANS ALONE IS TOO WEAK, SO BAND TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER CITIES LIKE THE ALLIES--THEN YOU CAN HAND ATTILA THE REAL K.O.
WITHIN THREE DAYS--ORLEANS CALLED, THEODORIC, KIN OF VISIGOTHS AND AETIUS, KING OF THE ROMANS, TO COMPLETE A JOINT PLAN FOR THE THREE ARMIES TO SMASH ATTILA!
A TOAST TO TOMMY, OUR NEW FRIEND, WISE AND BRAVE!
4

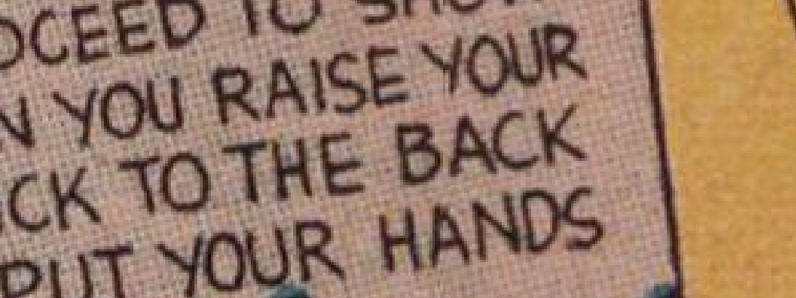

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE OPPOSING ARMIES ARE READY TO DO BATTLE ON THE PLAINS OF CHALONS!
MY SON THORISMOND IS TO ARRIVE TONIGHT WITH HIS TEN THOUSAND MEN!
GOOD! THEN WE CAN STRIKE AT DAWN WITH A FRONTAL ATTACK!
PSST-- BISHOP!
YES, LAD-- AT DAWN, THEY STRIKE ATTILA!
BUT A FRONTAL ATTACK HAS NO STRATEGY- THEY GOTTA DO A FLANKING MOVEMENT FOR A CUTIE LIKE ATTILA!
THEY LAUGH AT TOMMY'S ADVICE!
HAVE NO FEAR- MY SONS FORCES WILL GIVE US THE POWER TO WIN WHEN HE ARRIVES FROM THE EAST!
FROM THE EAST-THAT IS MY CUE- SO LONG FOLKS 'N GOOD LUCK!
BUT ATTILA AND HIS HUN HORDES PLAN TO STRIKE BEFORE DAWN-
HO! HO! SO THORISMOND HAS FAILED TO JOIN THE ALLIES--WE ATTACK AT ONCE--KILL! KILL! THEY MUST DIE TO A MAN!
HALT! WHAT MESSAGE DO YOU BRING, STRANGE LAD?
IN THE MEANTIME, TOMMY DELIVERS A FAKE MESSAGE!
YOUR FATHER'S ORDERS! TAKE THE MOUNTAIN PASS!
YEP! AN LET'S SNAP IT UP!
THAT SEEMS A FOOLISH ORDER--ARE YOU SURE HE---
OH BOY! ATTILA AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS FLANKING ATTACK!
AND WHILE TOMMY LEADS THE REIN-FORCEMENTS THRU THE LONG TORTUOUS MOUNTAIN PASS-
ATTILA AND HIS HORDE HAVE STRUCK WITH SAVAGE FURY! THE OUTNUMBERED ALLIES, THOUGH RESISTING BRAVELY, ALL BUT PUT TO ROUT.
But JUST WHEN THINGS LOOK DARKEST!
5


FROM DOWN THE MOUNTAIN PASS IN THE REAR OF THE ENEMY, THUNDERS THE REINFORCEMENTS BY TOMMY AND THORISMOND!
THIS SAVAGE FLANKING ATTACK CATCHES ATTILA BY COMPLETE SURPRISE IN A TRAP THAT SPELLS THE DOOM OF THE HUN HORDES AND THE LEGEND OF ATTILA'S INVINCIBLITY!
ZINGO! DIS'LL LEARN YOU WOIMS! BOY--WHAT A HANDFUL OF MARINES COULD DO TA DIS BUNCH OF PUSH-OVERS--I'D LIKE TA FIND DAT ATTILA MUG!
THE REMNANTS OF ATTILA'S ONCE INVINCIBLE HORDE IS CHASED ACROSS THE RHINE! BUT WITH THIS, THE RING OF THE CLOCK OF-THE-AGES, IS HEARD--AND--
DA MURDERIN' RATS--I BETCHA WHEN DA ALLIES CHASE DAT MUSTACHE AND HIS NATZIS ACROSS THE RHINE-DEY WON'T STOP---BUT'LL MARCH ON TO BERLIN!
TOMMY IS JUST ENDING HIS EYE-WITNESS RECITATION TO HIS FLABBERGASTED TEACHER!
WELL, THOMAS--YOUR SPLENDID RECITATION ON ATTILA, ASTONISHES ME--IT PUZZLES ME, BUT I CONGRATULATE YOU!
THANKS, MISS PENNY-WHISTLE!
AND THAT MISS PENNYWHISTLE, WAS THE END OF ATTILA--AND I GUESS THAT ENDS MY RECITATION!
THE END

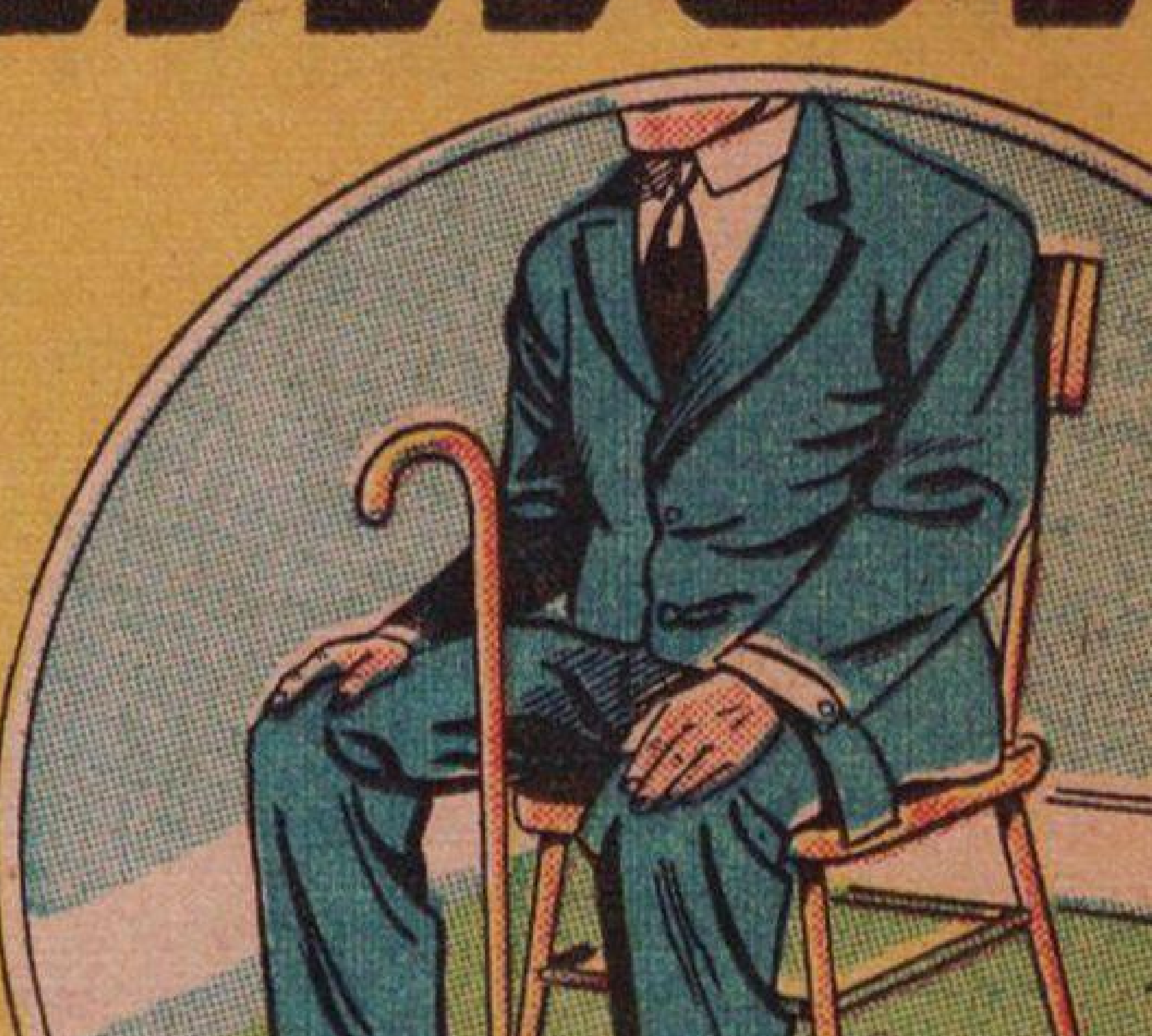
Make-believe MAGIC

The VANISHING CARD

MOISTEN THE BACK OF LEFT HAND, AND PLACE A PACK OF SHUFFLED CARDS FACE DOWNWARD ON TABLE. HAVE THE AUDIENCE LOOK AT TOP CARD · THEN REQUEST SOMEONE TO TRY AND HOLD THE CARDS DOWN, BY PRESSING HEAVILY UPON THEM WITH BOTH HANDS.—SUGGEST THAT THEY ARE NOT DOING IT RIGHT. · THEN PROCEED TO SHOW WITH YOUR OWN HANDS, WHEN YOU RAISE YOUR HAND THE TOP CARD WILL STICK TO THE BACK OF YOUR MOISTENED HAND. PUT YOUR HANDS CARELESSLY BEHIND BACK AND REMOVE THE CARD. NOW WHEN THE PERSON TRIES AGAIN TO HOLD THE CARDS DOWN CAREFULLY SLIP IT UNNOTICED INTO THEIR POCKET. THEN ANNOUNCE THAT THE TOP CARD WHICH IS BEING HELD DOWN WILL FLY OUT OF THE PACK AND INTO THE POCKET OF THE PERSON HOLDING THE PACK DOWN. TO EVERYBODY'S SURPRISE THE CARD WILL BE FOUND IN THE POCKET OF THE HOLDER

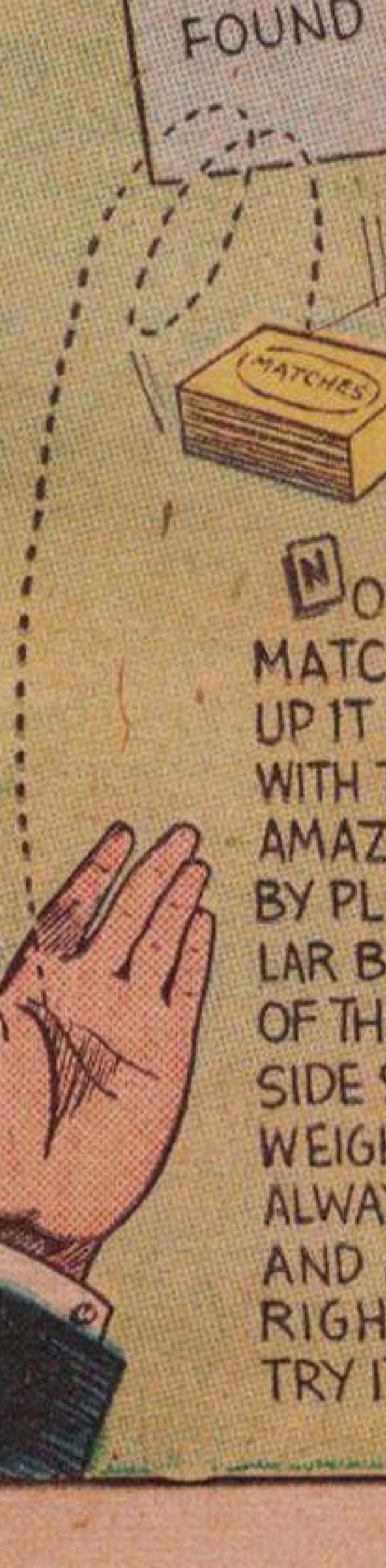


CANE STANDING ON END



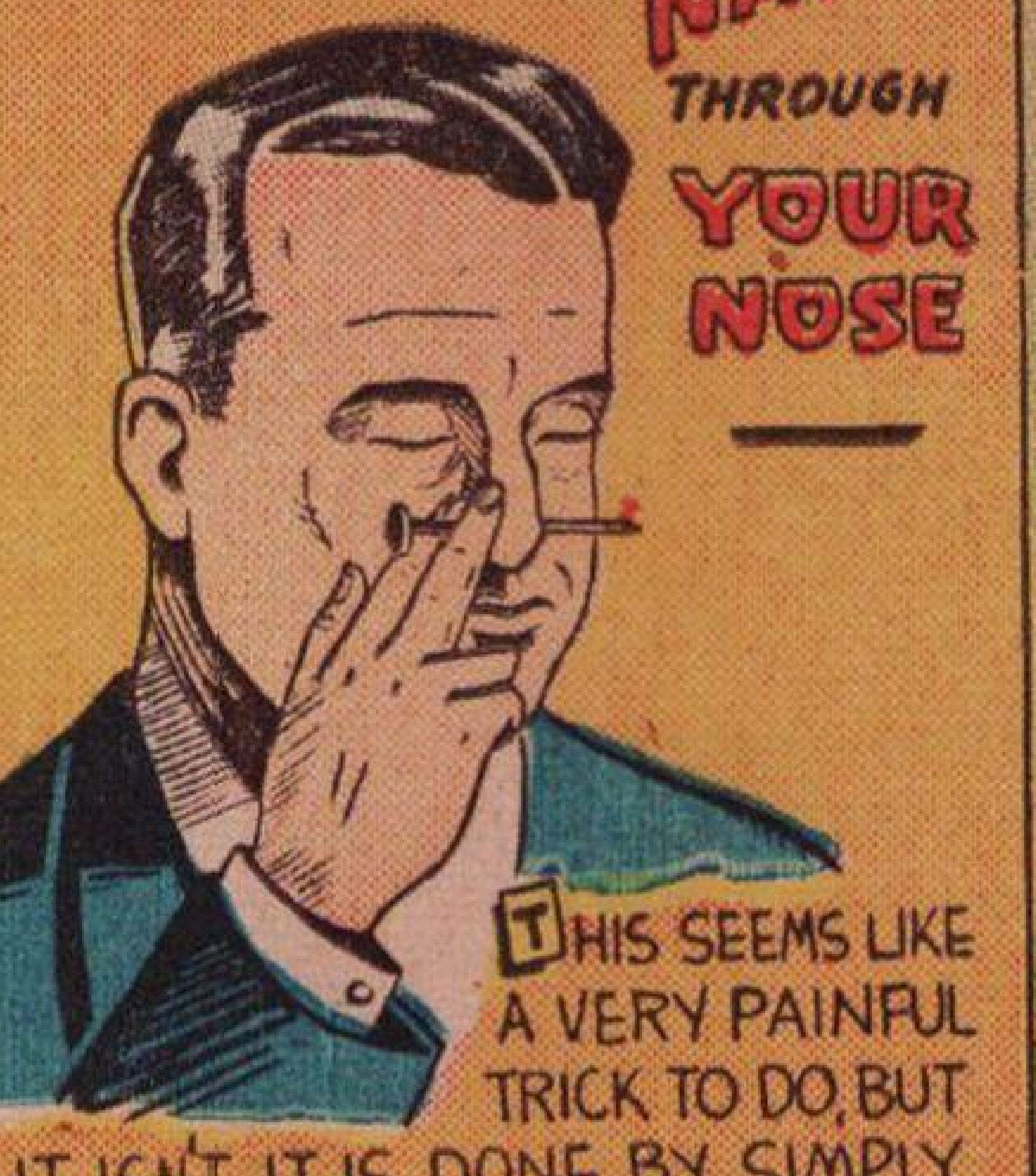
THIS IS DONE BY TAKING TWO BLACK PINS AND A THREE FOOT PIECE OF BLACK THREAD AND FASTENING ONE END TO TROUSER CLOTH BY MEANS OF PINS UNDER EACH KNEE. IF THREAD IS LEFT LOOSE IT WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR WALKING. SIT DOWN SOME DISTANCE FROM AUDIENCE AND SPREAD KNEES APART. THIS WILL TIGHTEN THREAD. NOW PLACE A CANE OR STICK AGAINST THE THREAD EITHER STRAIGHT OR AT AN ANGLE—AND IT WILL APPEAR TO STAND BY IT'S OWN POWER.

The HEADS-UP MATCH BOX



NO MATTER HOW THIS MATCH BOX IS THROWN UP IT WILL ALWAYS LAND WITH THE LABEL UP. THIS AMAZING TRICK IS DONE BY PLACING A HALF DOLLAR BETWEEN BOTTOM OF THE DRAWER AND OUTSIDE SHELL OF MATCH BOX. WEIGHT OF COIN WILL ALWAYS TURN BOX OVER AND MAKE IT LAND RIGHT SIDE UP.—JUST TRY IT AND SEE.

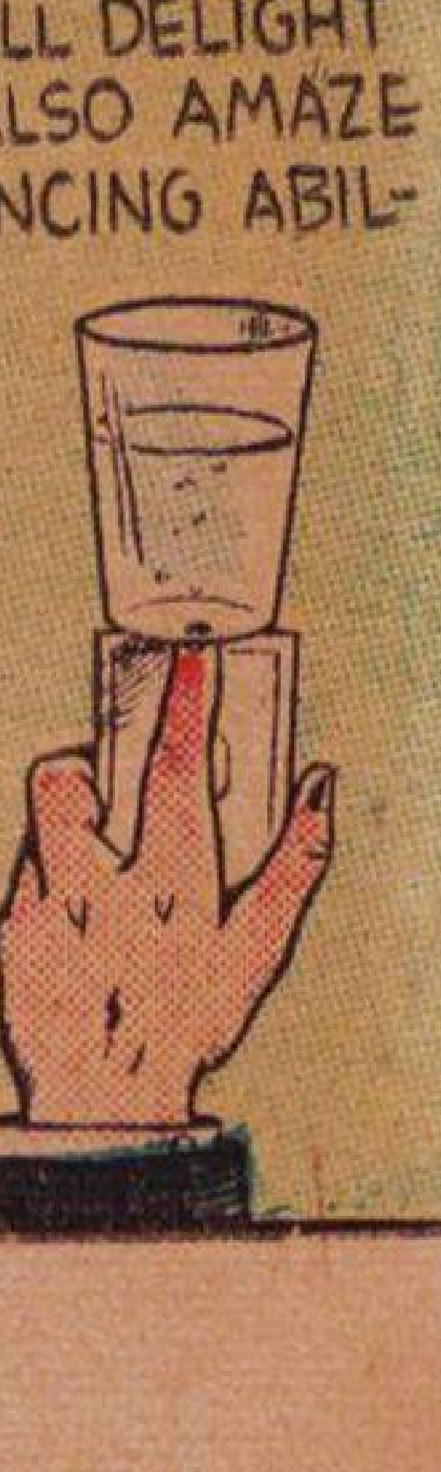
NAIL THROUGH YOUR NOSE



THIS SEEMS LIKE A VERY PAINFUL TRICK TO DO, BUT IT ISN'T. IT IS DONE BY SIMPLY TAKING AN EXTRA LARGE NAIL AND BENDING IT IN THE MIDDLE THEN PLACING BENT PART UNDER NOSE AND HOLDING IT ON ONE SIDE.

BALANCING GLASS ON CARD

TAKE A DRINKING GLASS FULL OF WATER AND BALANCE IT ON TOP OF A PLAYING CARD. THIS WILL DELIGHT YOUR AUDIENCE AND ALSO AMAZE THEM WITH YOUR BALANCING ABILITY. NEVER WILL THEY SUSPECT THAT IT IS ACCOMPLISHED BY PUSHING THE INDEX FINGER OF THE HAND HOLDING THE CARD UP TO THE TOP EDGE OF THE CARD—AND LETTING THE GLASS REST ON IT.



SPECIAL DELIVERY

THE wind voiced a rising protest through the rigging of the old freighter as Captain Ted Granger mounted the iron stairs to the bridge. For a moment he stood there taking in the rolling swells of the ocean across which the convoy straggled. Slim, grey destroyers rode herd at the outer fringe, keeping careful watch over their precious charges. Ted stepped into the wheel house.

Steve looked around from his place at the wheel. "Maybe I'm wrong," he said, "but it looks like dirty weather headed our way. This might be all right in peace times, but right now with things the way they are—"

"Got the jitters?" Ted Granger glanced swiftly at Steve's lean, hard face. "You ought to be used to it by now. A seasoned seaman."

"Save the sermon, Cap," Steve muttered. "I don't count. But this load of supplies we've got means plenty to a lot of guys over there."

"We'll get through," Ted Granger wished he could feel that certain himself. We've got two of Uncle Sam's latest sub-killers with us."

Steve's knuckles showed white as he gripped the wheel. "You can fight a guy who looks you in the face, but when someone sneaks up behind you it's pretty tough."

Ted looked out over the rolling expanse of the ocean. Low lying clouds obscured much of the convoy The Margaret Brennan was rolling sluggishly and the convoy had lost speed because of the slow ones. The Margaret Brennan was along toward the last.

The planes came swooping down so fast that they were right over the convoy before Ted realized what had happened, before the warning flashed through the ship. He saw one peel off then, come in despite desperate gun fire from the ack-ack's on the destroyers, which had swerved and were streaking forward, smoke boiling from their funnels, sweeping in over the face of the ocean to obliterate the convoy. The lead plane came on down and a moment later zoomed up again, right over the bow of the Margaret Brennan. There came the sullen roar of a bomb exploding on the port side, sending the old cargo vessel lurching violently. Again there came the smashing report of a bomb and off to the left, midway between the Margaret Brennan and her companion ship, rose another geyser of water.

Both misses, Ted realized grimly, as he turned to watch the gunners on the platform up in the prow of the freighter. Flame and smoke streaked from the muzzles of their guns, pointed defiantly into the sky. Another plane pealed off and came in. . . .

Flame and smoke enveloped it as it was caught by direct gun fire. The plane lurched, tilted and began to slip-slide toward the water.

Off to the left came a mighty explosion and turning, Ted Granger saw that one of the planes had scored a hit on the bow of a freighter. Flame and smoke leaped up in a livid sheet severing the clouds, reflecting briefly upon the tossing water. Superstructure and rigging booms were silhouetted briefly then all was obliterated by a thick cloud of heavy smoke boiling up.

Steve whispered tensely, "They hit Captain Miller's boat. Fire sweeping her. Someone ought to stop—"

Ted snapped sharply, "That's what we've got patrol ships for. We've got our job here. Right under us!"

The convoy kept on while anxious eyes peered constantly into the heavy murk that was shutting relentlessly down about them. Premature night swept in with a sharp shower that beat the water into a froth and brought sweeping combers. The wind rose and the Margaret Brennan lunged and rocked. Steve went off duty, was replaced by Mike Calahan. Mike's eyes were red and bloodshot.

IT might have been minutes or hours later when the sickening concussion of the explosion, the drunken lurch of the big freighter to starboard brought Ted out of his bunk. He knew instantly they had been torpedoed. He snatched up slicker and hat and raced for the stairs.

The Margaret Brennen was floundering in the trough of the sea, combers smashing at her sides, spilling over in needling spindrift. The motors were dead and as Ted raced forward through the slashing rain, he knew that they were done for.

After that he had a vague memory of the rest of the convoy sliding relentlessly past, of the crew battling the flame, the engineer, covered with oil, burned about the hands and face, arriving to say that it was useless, that the Margaret Brennan's wounds were critical, perhaps fatal.

"Abandon ship!"

Ted couldn't remember ringing the words from his stiff lips, but he was aware of reaching the bridge, standing there while the boats were launched.

Steve appeared at the foot of the stairs to bellow, "All clear, Cap. Better hurry! We've no time—!"

Ted hurried down the stairs, keeping his footing with difficulty. "She's not sinking—"

"She will!" Steve shouted, "If we don't hustle—!"

Ted clung to the railing. Rain pelted his face sharply. "I'm going below," he cried. "I want to make sure she's done for!"

Below it looked bad but not fatal. The hold was flooded, the engines dead. But the bulkheads were holding.

Ted surveyed the half dozen faces surrounding him. Down here the storm was remote, soft.

Ted said, "I'm staying till she goes down—if she does. The rest of you take the boat and go if you want!"

Silence fell. The Margaret Brennan lurched. Steve said, "I'm staying—"

"Same here," voices chorused. "The others are gone anyhow!"

THE night seemed infinite. Morning brought respite, sunlight flooding the still turbulent breast of the ocean.

Ted gathered his little crew. "We're alone," he said. "What ever is done we must do for ourselves. The radio is our best bet. Steve, you check that. In the meantime—"

Harvey Griffin tumbled into the cabin—He panted, "Sub on our port side, sir. Circling—!"

Ted was aware of a sickening sensation at the pit of his stomach. The under-water killer had come back to finish the job. She'd launch another torpedo or shell the Margaret Brennan with a deck gun. . . .

Steve disappeared, returned to report, "She's circling us, sir. Probably getting into position—"

Ted said, "Don't be too sure. Maybe they aren't going to sink her, not till they know what the cargo is. Maybe they need oil for their motors or food. Maybe I'm wrong . . . but I think they're going to board the old lady!" Ted looked carefully at the ragged group of men with him. "Who knows how to handle the deck gun?" he asked softly. "The best man—"

Steve stepped forward with Ben Wright the engineer. "I've helped before, sir," Ben said. What's your idea?"

Get to the gun both of you. Keep out of sight whatever you do. When they surface, if they do, when they pull in close to send aboard a crew . . . you know what to do. Hit and hit hard and straight. I'll take the others forward to the machine guns!"

For a moment silence held them. Then Ben said, "I'm ready, Steve. Let's go!"

Ted and his crew had reached the machine gun and were crouched, waiting when the sub again circled the wounded freighter. At last the raider pulled in close and the conning tower opened. Her crew instantly piled out, started to set up a small portable boat. They were intent upon their task of launching it.

THE five-incher on the back of the Margaret Brennan went off with an ear-splitting roar. The shell struck forward of the conning tower, beyond the deck gun itself.

"Give 'em the works!" Ted Granger snarled. "Now! Hard!"

The machine gun came to sharp angry life. Dick Hanson crouched behind it, hands gripping the controls. Ted saw the sub crew make a dash for the deck gun, saw it swinging around, men working frantically at the breech—

Again the Margaret Brennan's five incher roared defiantly, and in a sheet of flame Ted saw the sub's deck gun and crew wiped out, hurled away into nothing as the missile struck home. The machine gun in Dick's hands whined defiantly.

"They'll submerge!" Ted yelled. "Stop them at the tower—"

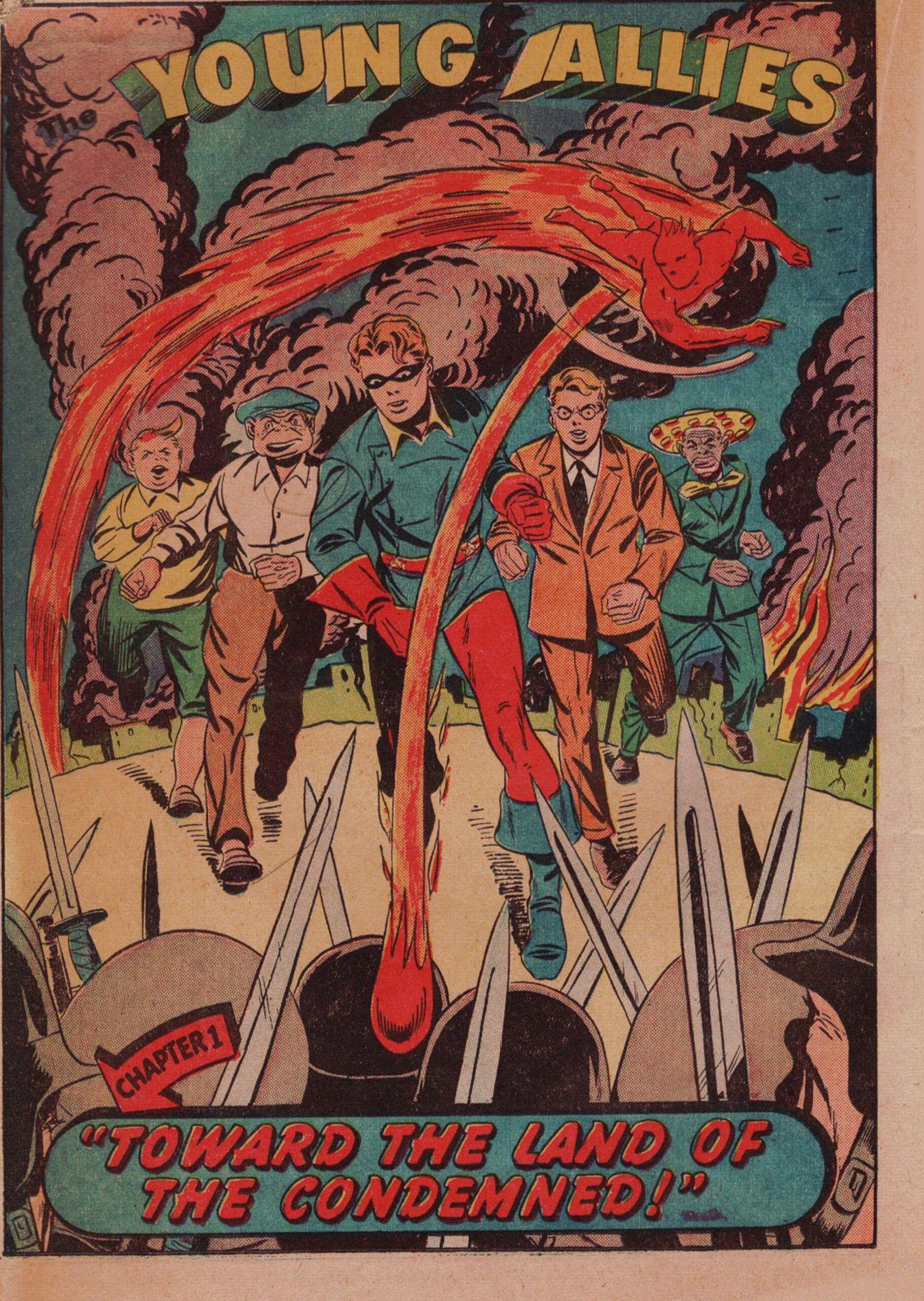
Once again the five inch rifle on the rear of the Margaret Brennan blasted. A solid sheet of flame obliterated the conning tower of the sub, as the shell made a direct hit. The sub rolled over drunkenly, righted herself, then, her plates severed and torn down one side, she rolled again and started to slide under relentlessly. A few moments later she was gone!

TED surveyed his crew. "There's still grub to eat," Ted said quietly. "May as well make the best of it. The old lady's going to stay afloat. How come I don't know. For the present we're safe!"

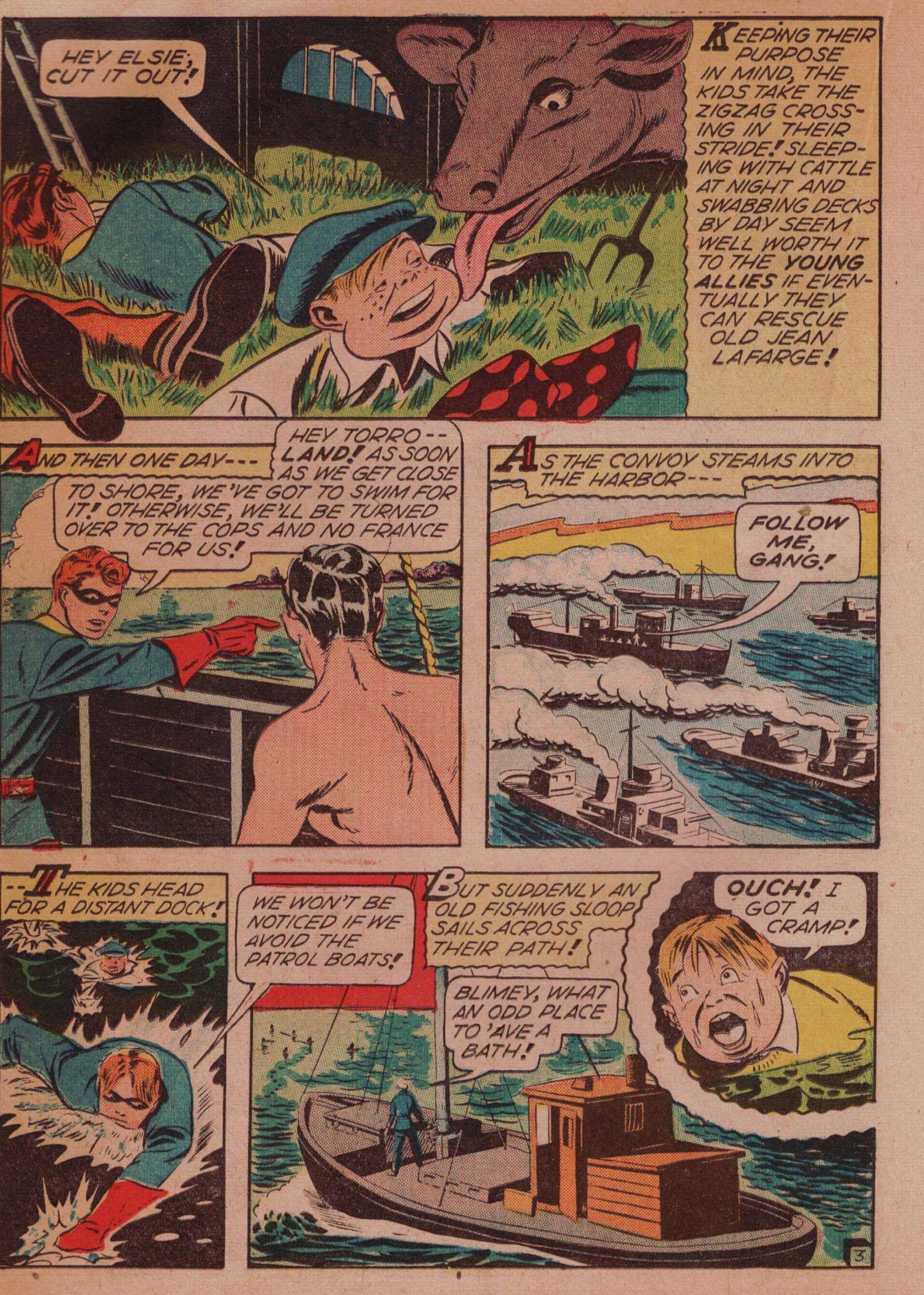
"Take a chance on the radio, sir?" Steve asked softly.

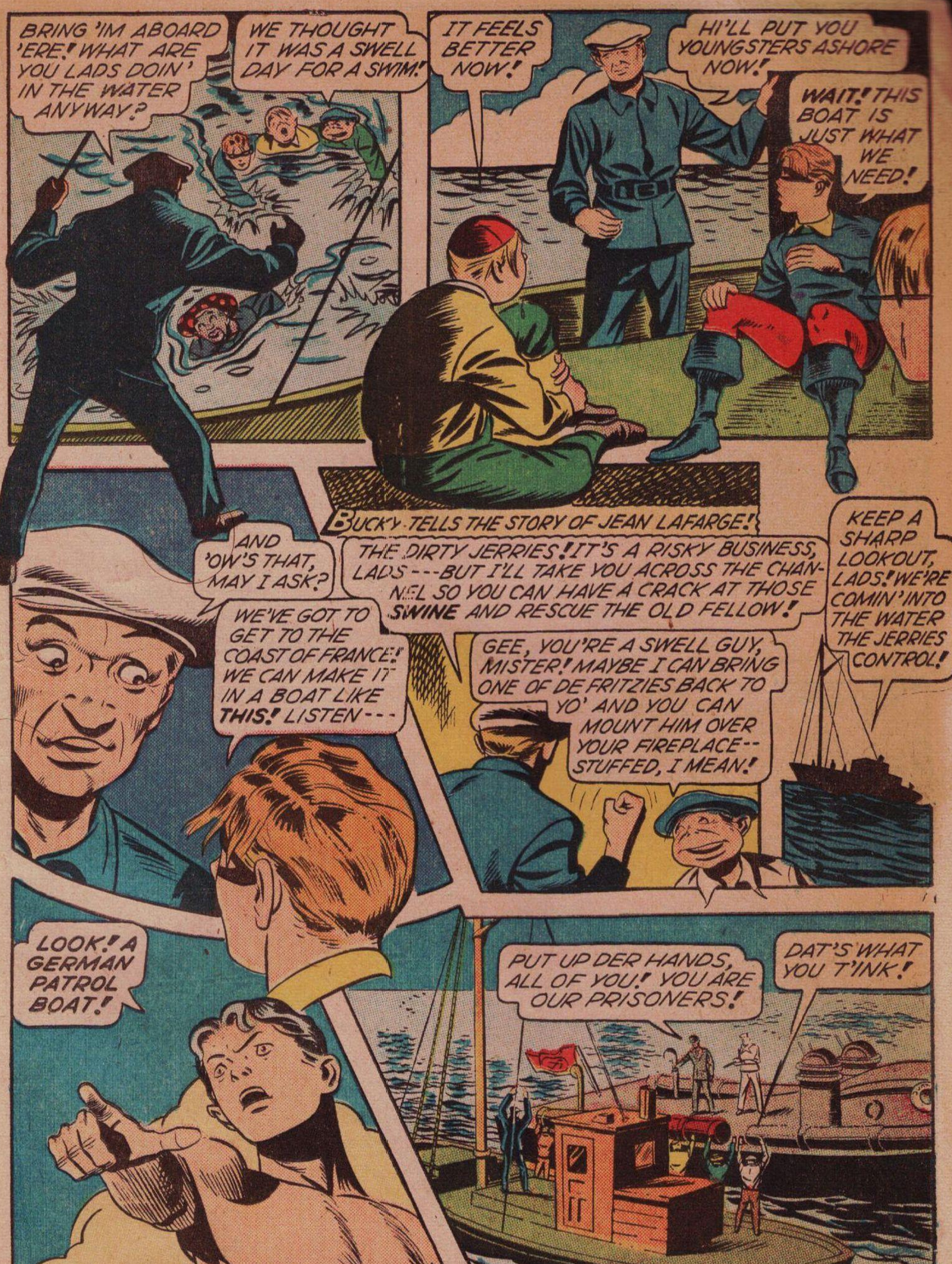
Ted grinned. "We've taken every other chance. Yes, get the radio working." Ted peeled off his sodden coat and shirt. "The rest of us will take a look at the engine. I'd be willing to take anyone's bet that we'll get this cargo through yet!"

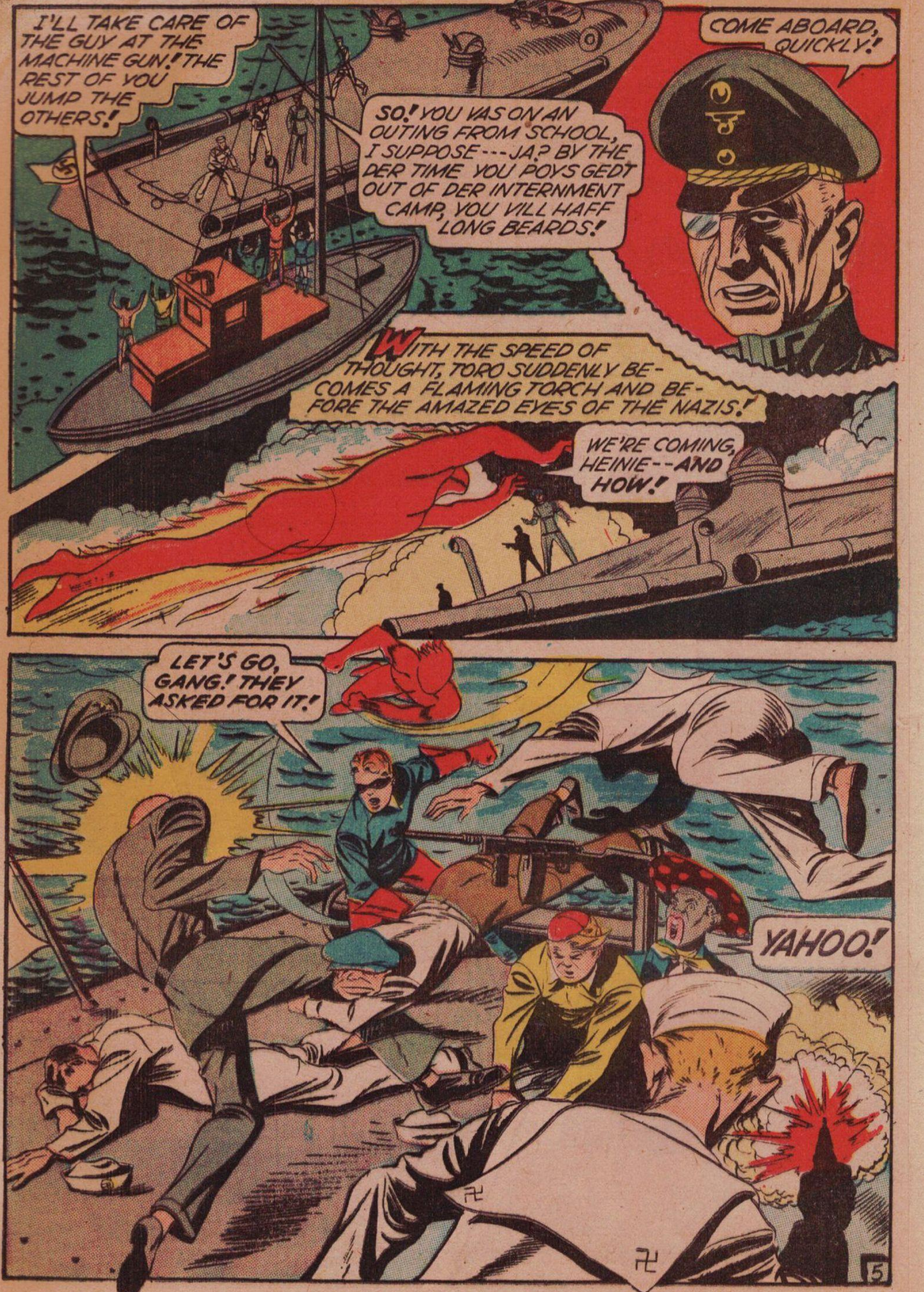
THE END.

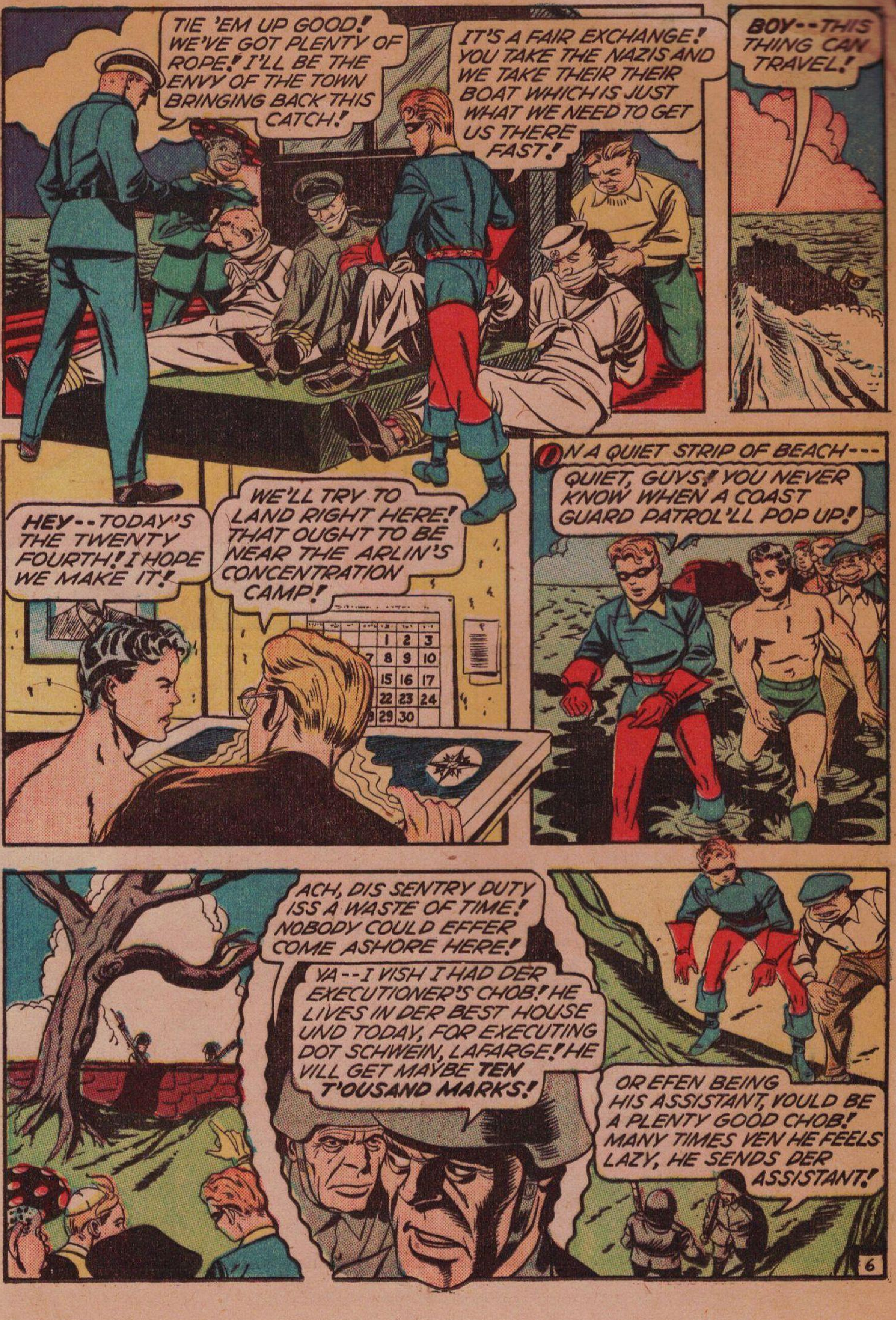

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 1
"TOWARD THE LAND OF THE CONDEMNED!"

HEY GUYS—TO·DAY'S THE DAY MADAME LAFARGE MAKES THOSE DELICIOUS CREAM TARTS!
BOY I CAN GO FOR SOME OF THOSE!
EXCUSE US, MADAME LAFARGE, IS ANYTHING WRONG?
GOSH!
THE LETTER EES FROM A FRIEND IN FRANCE! EET SAY MY HUSBAND WAS CAUGHT BY THE NAZIS IN A PRINTING SHOP WHERE HE HELP THE UNDERGROUND PRINT A SECRET NEWSPAPER! NOW HE EES IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP AND HE IS SENTENCED TO DIE IN FOUR WEEKS!
THE KIDS GATHER FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR.....
FOUR WEEKS! WE HAVE TO WORK FAST!
THE QUESTION IS... HOW DO WE GET TO FRANCE?
I'VE GOT IT! ALL THOSE BOATS WE SAW BEING LOADED IN THE HARBOR... THEY'RE PART OF A CONVOY TO ENGLAND... WE'LL STOWAWAY ON ONE OF THEM! ONCE WE GET TO ENGLAND WE'LL FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING ACROSS THE CHANNEL!
THAT NIGHT...
FOLLOW ME! I KNOW ALL ABOUT BOATS! ALL WE GOT TO DO IS GET ON ONE AND WHEN WE WAKE UP WE'LL BE AT SEA!
DE SAILORS BUNK HERE! WHEN DEY FIND US ABOARD DEY'LL GIVE US A BREAK! SAILORS IS SWELL GUYS!
WHILE THE YOUNG ALLIES SLEEP, THE CONVOY PUTS OUT TO SEA!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF.... **STOWAWAYS,** EH? I'LL TEACH YOU LITTLE MONKEYS!
YOUR QUARTERS, GENTLEMEN, UNTIL WE GET TO ENGLAND!

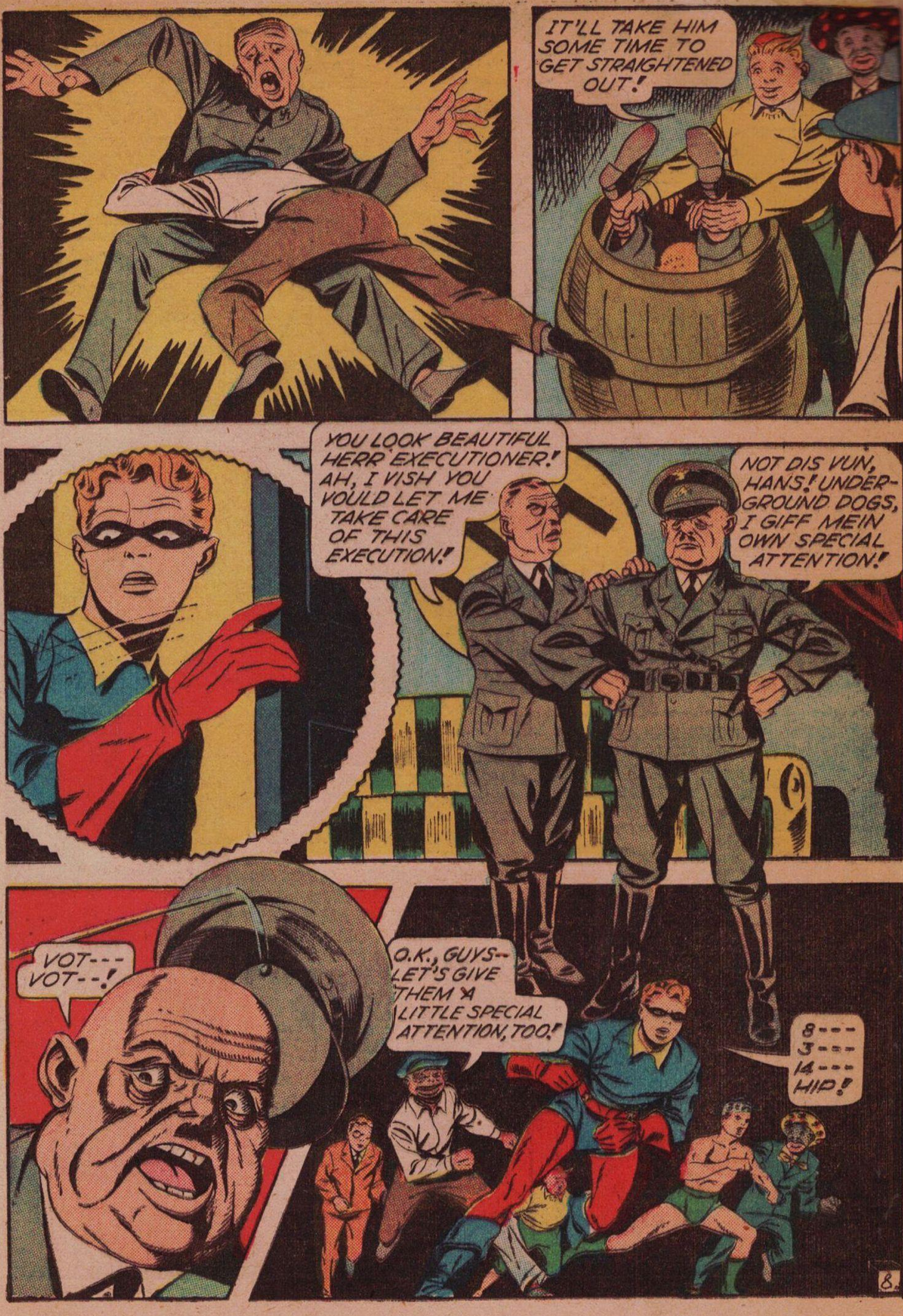

HEY ELSIE; CUT IT OUT!
KEEPING THEIR PURPOSE IN MIND, THE KIDS TAKE THE ZIGZAG CROSSING IN THEIR STRIDE! SLEEPING WITH CATTLE AT NIGHT AND SWABBING DECKS BY DAY SEEM WELL WORTH IT TO THE YOUNG ALLIES IF EVENTUALLY THEY CAN RESCUE OLD JEAN LAFARGE!
AND THEN ONE DAY---
HEY TORRO-- LAND! AS SOON AS WE GET CLOSE TO SHORE, WE'VE GOT TO SWIM FOR IT! OTHERWISE, WE'LL BE TURNED OVER TO THE COPS AND NO FRANCE FOR US!
AS THE CONVOY STEAMS INTO THE HARBOR---
FOLLOW ME, GANG!
--THE KIDS HEAD FOR A DISTANT DOCK!
WE WON'T BE NOTICED IF WE AVOID THE PATROL BOATS!
BUT SUDDENLY AN OLD FISHING SLOOP SAILS ACROSS THEIR PATH!
BLIMEY, WHAT AN ODD PLACE TO 'AVE A BATH!
OUCH! I GOT A CRAMP!

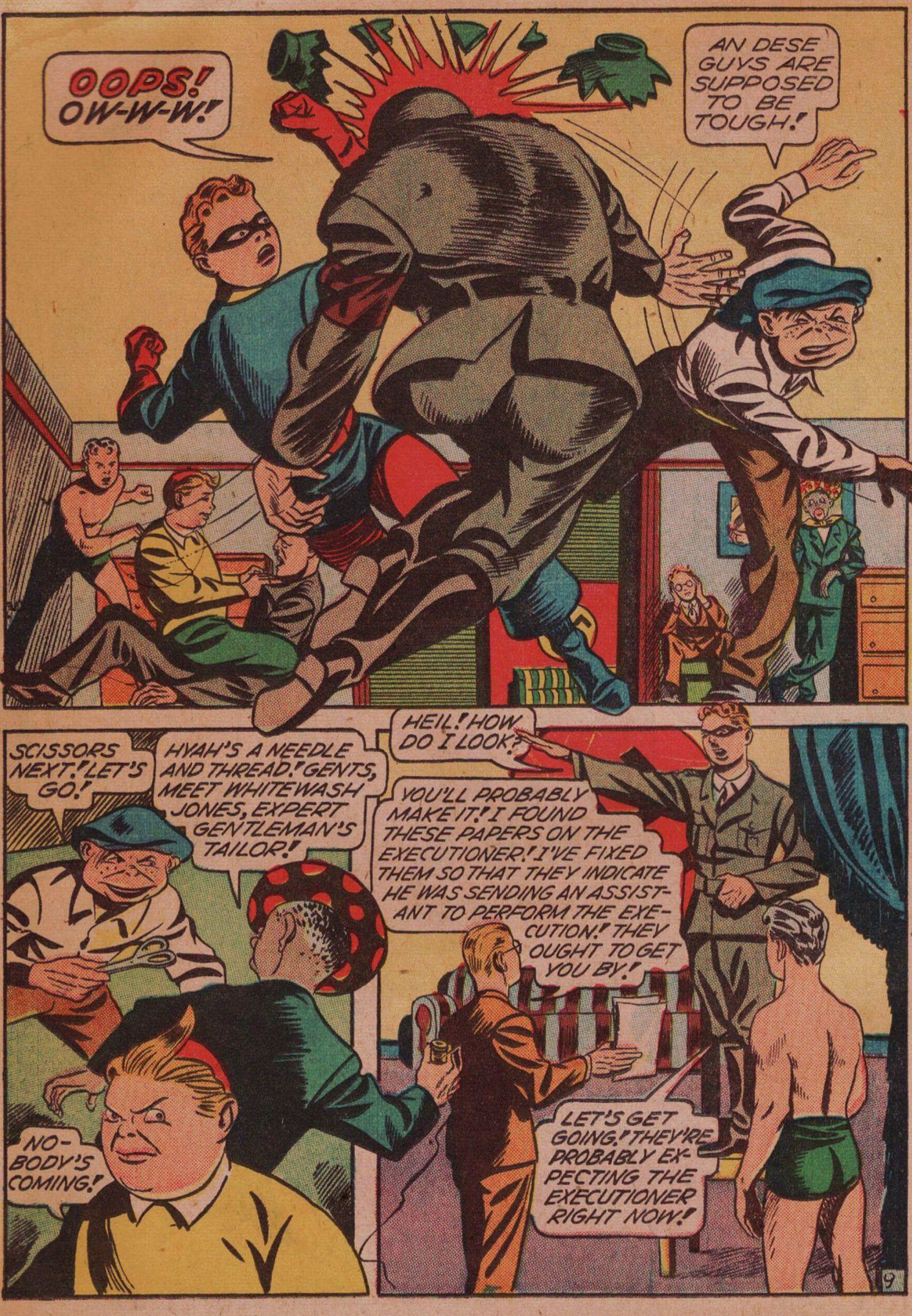

BRING 'IM ABOARD 'ERE! WHAT ARE YOU LADS DOIN' IN THE WATER ANYWAY?
WE THOUGHT IT WAS A SWELL DAY FOR A SWIM!
IT FEELS BETTER NOW!
HI'LL PUT YOU YOUNGSTERS ASHORE NOW!
WAIT! THIS BOAT IS JUST WHAT WE NEED!
AND 'OW'S THAT, MAY I ASK?
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE COAST OF FRANCE! WE CAN MAKE IT IN A BOAT LIKE **THIS!** LISTEN---
BUCKY TELLS THE STORY OF JEAN LAFARGE!
THE DIRTY JERRIES! IT'S A RISKY BUSINESS, LADS---BUT I'LL TAKE YOU ACROSS THE CHANNEL SO YOU CAN HAVE A CRACK AT THOSE **SWINE** AND RESCUE THE OLD FELLOW!
GEE, YOU'RE A SWELL GUY, MISTER! MAYBE I CAN BRING ONE OF DE FRITZIES BACK TO YO' AND YOU CAN MOUNT HIM OVER YOUR FIREPLACE--STUFFED, I MEAN!
KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT, LADS! WE'RE COMIN' INTO THE WATER THE JERRIES CONTROL!
LOOK! A GERMAN PATROL BOAT!
PUT UP DER HANDS, ALL OF YOU! YOU ARE OUR PRISONERS!
DAT'S WHAT YOU T'INK!

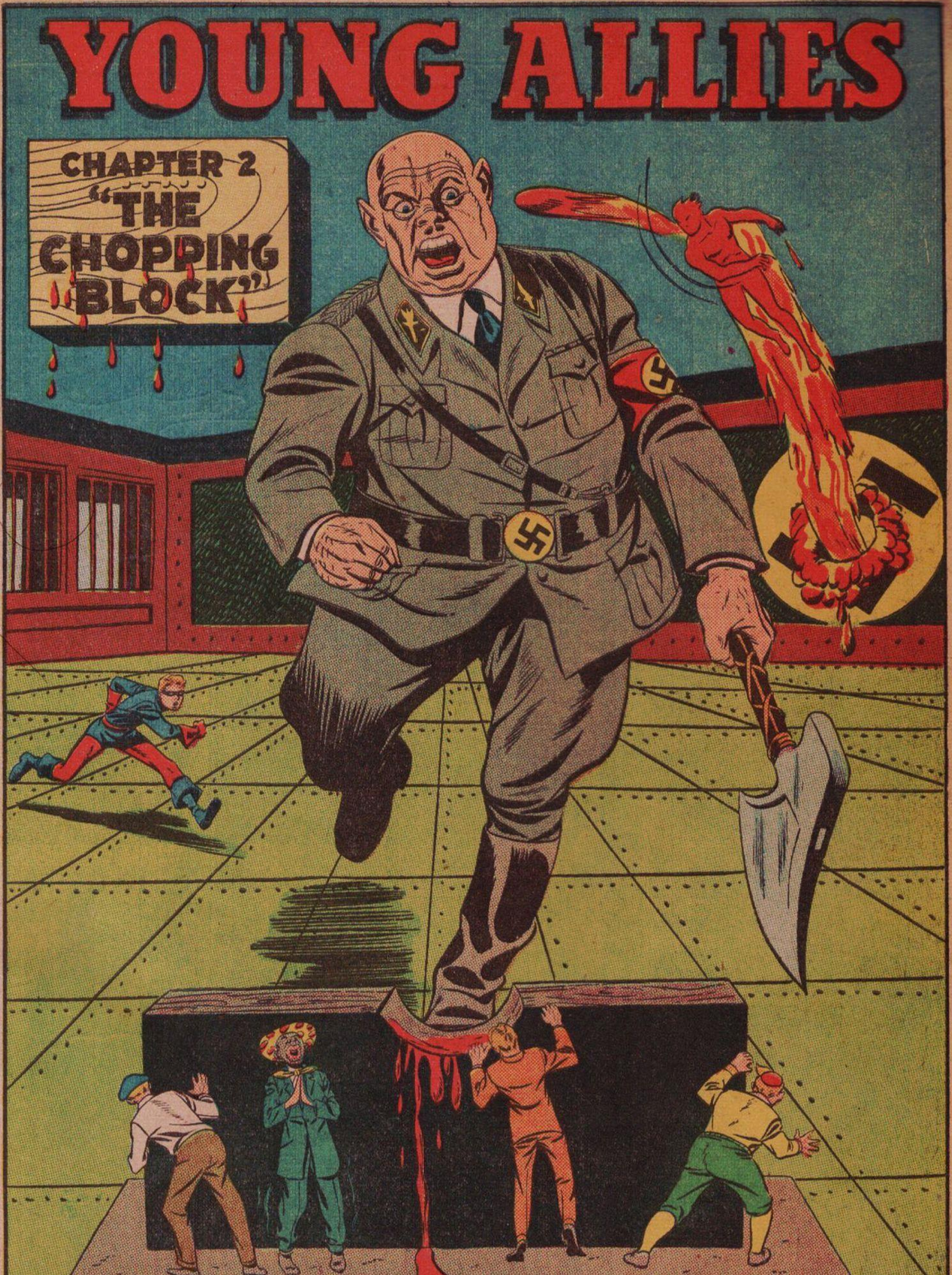

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GUY AT THE MACHINE GUN! THE REST OF YOU JUMP THE OTHERS!
SO! YOU VAS ON AN OUTING FROM SCHOOL, I SUPPOSE---JA? BY THE DER TIME YOU POYS GEDT OUT OF DER INTERNMENT CAMP, YOU VILL HAFF LONG BEARDS!
COME ABOARD, QUICKLY!
WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, TORO SUDDENLY BECOMES A FLAMING TORCH AND BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES OF THE NAZIS!
WE'RE COMING, HEINIE--AND HOW!
LET'S GO, GANG! THEY ASKED FOR IT!
YAHOO!

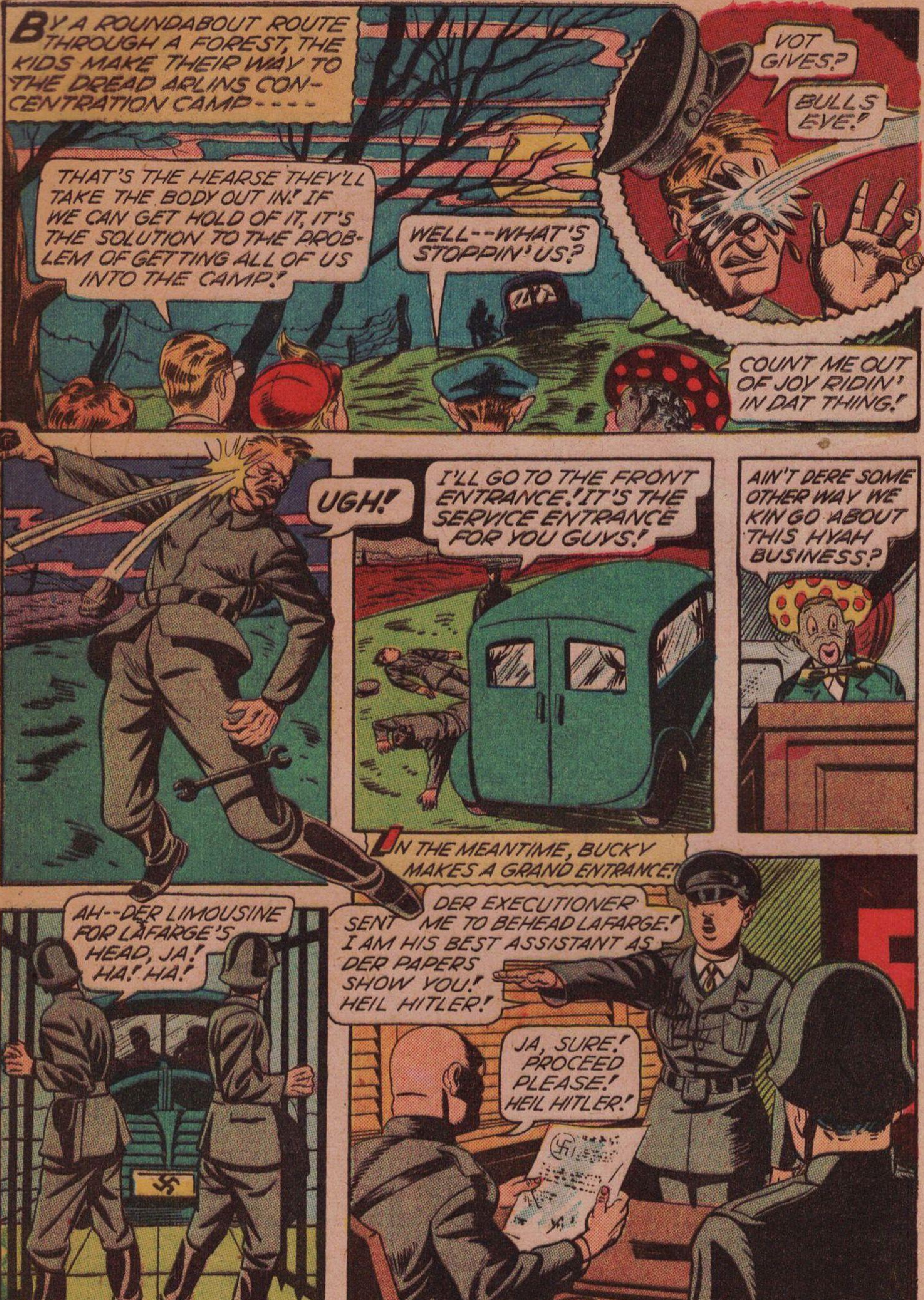

TIE 'EM UP GOOD! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF ROPE! I'LL BE THE ENVY OF THE TOWN BRINGING BACK THIS CATCH!
IT'S A FAIR EXCHANGE! YOU TAKE THE NAZIS AND WE TAKE THEIR THEIR BOAT WHICH IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO GET US THERE FAST!
BOY--THIS THING CAN TRAVEL!
HEY--TODAY'S THE TWENTY FOURTH! I HOPE WE MAKE IT!
WE'LL TRY TO LAND RIGHT HERE! THAT OUGHT TO BE NEAR THE ARLIN'S CONCENTRATION CAMP!
1 2 3
8 9 10
15 16 17
22 23 24
29 30
ON A QUIET STRIP OF BEACH---
QUIET, GUYS! YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN A COAST GUARD PATROL'LL POP UP!
ACH, DIS SENTRY DUTY ISS A WASTE OF TIME! NOBODY COULD EFFER COME ASHORE HERE!
YA--I VISH I HAD DER EXECUTIONER'S CHOB! HE LIVES IN DER BEST HOUSE UND TODAY, FOR EXECUTING DOT SCHWEIN, LAFARGE! HE VILL GET MAYBE TEN T'OUSAND MARKS!
OR EFEN BEING HIS ASSISTANT, VOULD BE A PLENTY GOOD CHOB! MANY TIMES VEN HE FEELS LAZY, HE SENDS DER ASSISTANT!

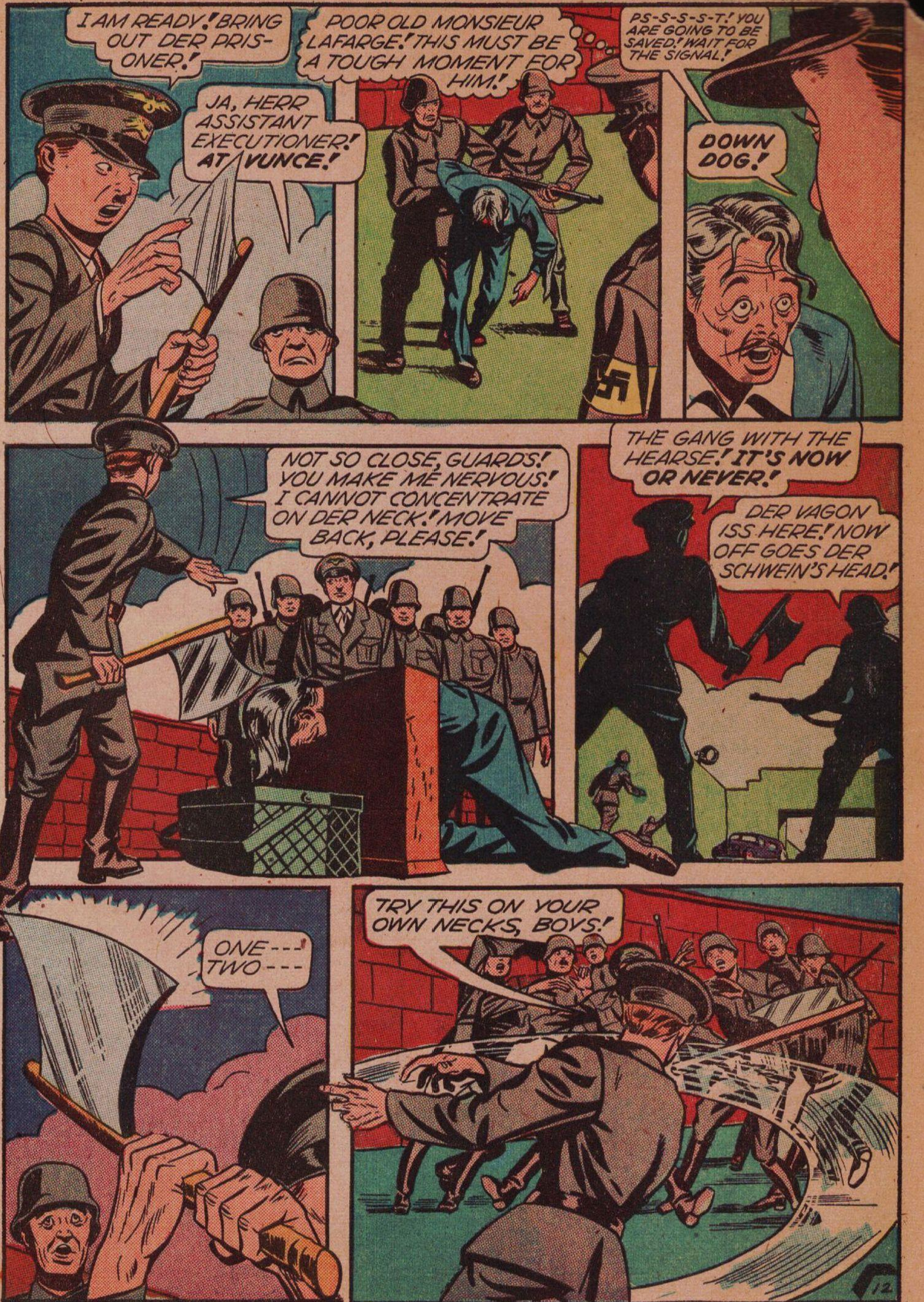
HIMMEL!
DON'T KNOCK HIM COLD! WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME INFORMATION!
WHICH ONE IS THE EXECUTIONER'S HOUSE---AND IF YOU RAISE YOUR VOICE-- WE'LL MAKE YOU EAT YOUR TEETH!
NO, YOU DEVILS! I'LL BE GOOD! IT'S DER FIRST HOUSE AS YOU ENTER DER VILLAGE!
A SOCIAL CALL ON THE EXECUTIONER IS NEXT ON OUR PROGRAM!
AW--CAN'T WE SPEND A LITTLE MORE TIME WIT' DOSE SENTRIES? I'D LIKE TO ROUGH 'EM UP A LITTLE!
LOOK AT DAT DUMP! I'LL BET BEING DE EXECUTIONER FOR HITLER'S MOB DOES PAY PLENTY OF JACK LIKE DAT HEINIE WUZ SAYIN'!
BRUTES ALWAYS PAY HOMAGE TO THE MOST RUTHLESS AMONG THEM!
WHAT'S DAT FOR?
THEY CATCH RAINWATER IN IT!
IT'S EMPTY! I THINK WE CAN USE IT!
SOMEBODY RANG BUT NOBODY ISS HERE! VOT GIFFS?

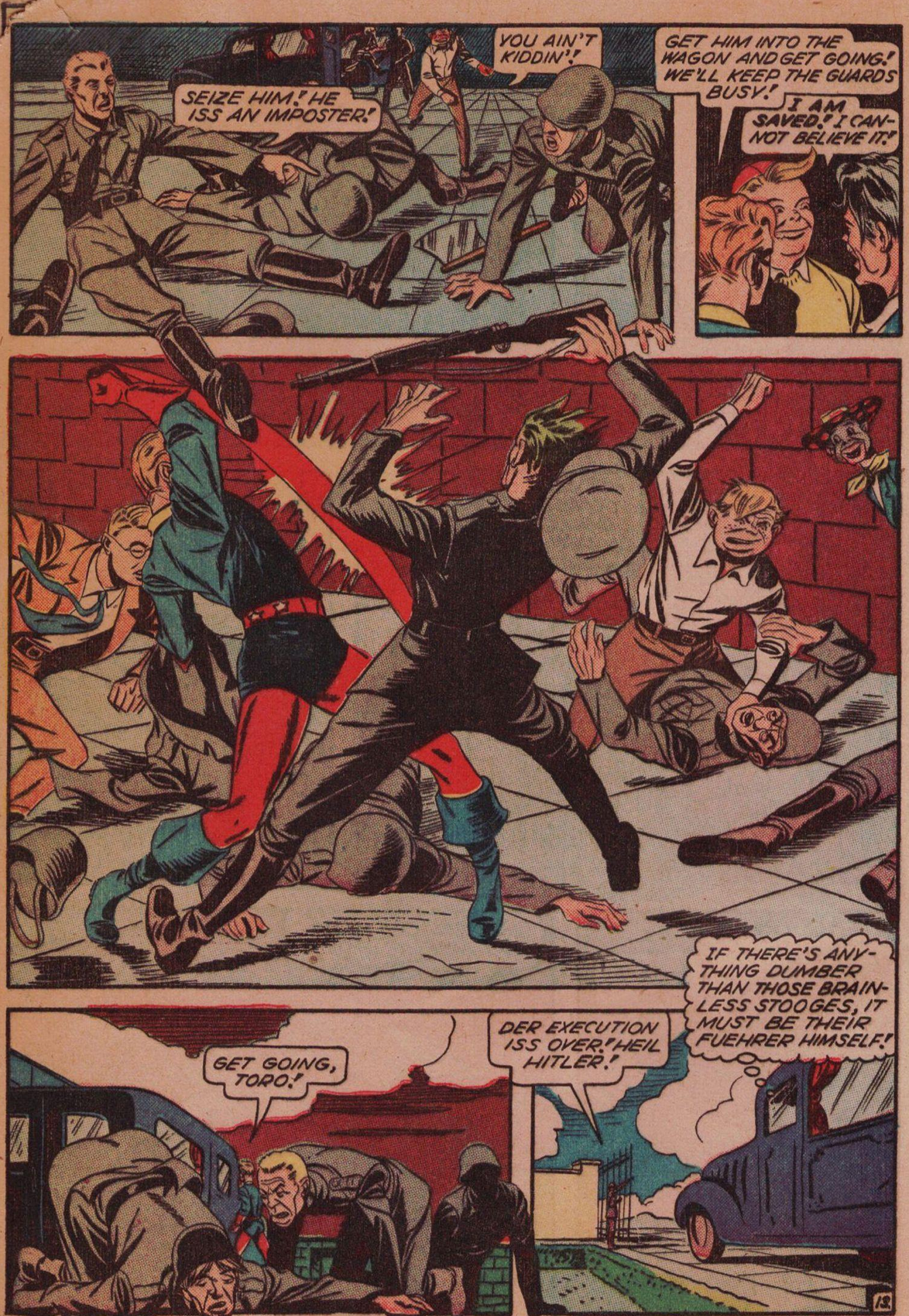

IT'LL TAKE HIM SOME TIME TO GET STRAIGHTENED OUT!
YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL HERR EXECUTIONER! AH, I VISH YOU VOULD LET ME TAKE CARE OF THIS EXECUTION!
NOT DIS VUN, HANS! UNDER-GROUND DOGS, I GIFF MEIN OWN SPECIAL ATTENTION!
VOT--- VOT--!
O.K., GUYS-- LET'S GIVE THEM A LITTLE SPECIAL ATTENTION, TOO!
8--- 3--- 14--- HIP!
8.

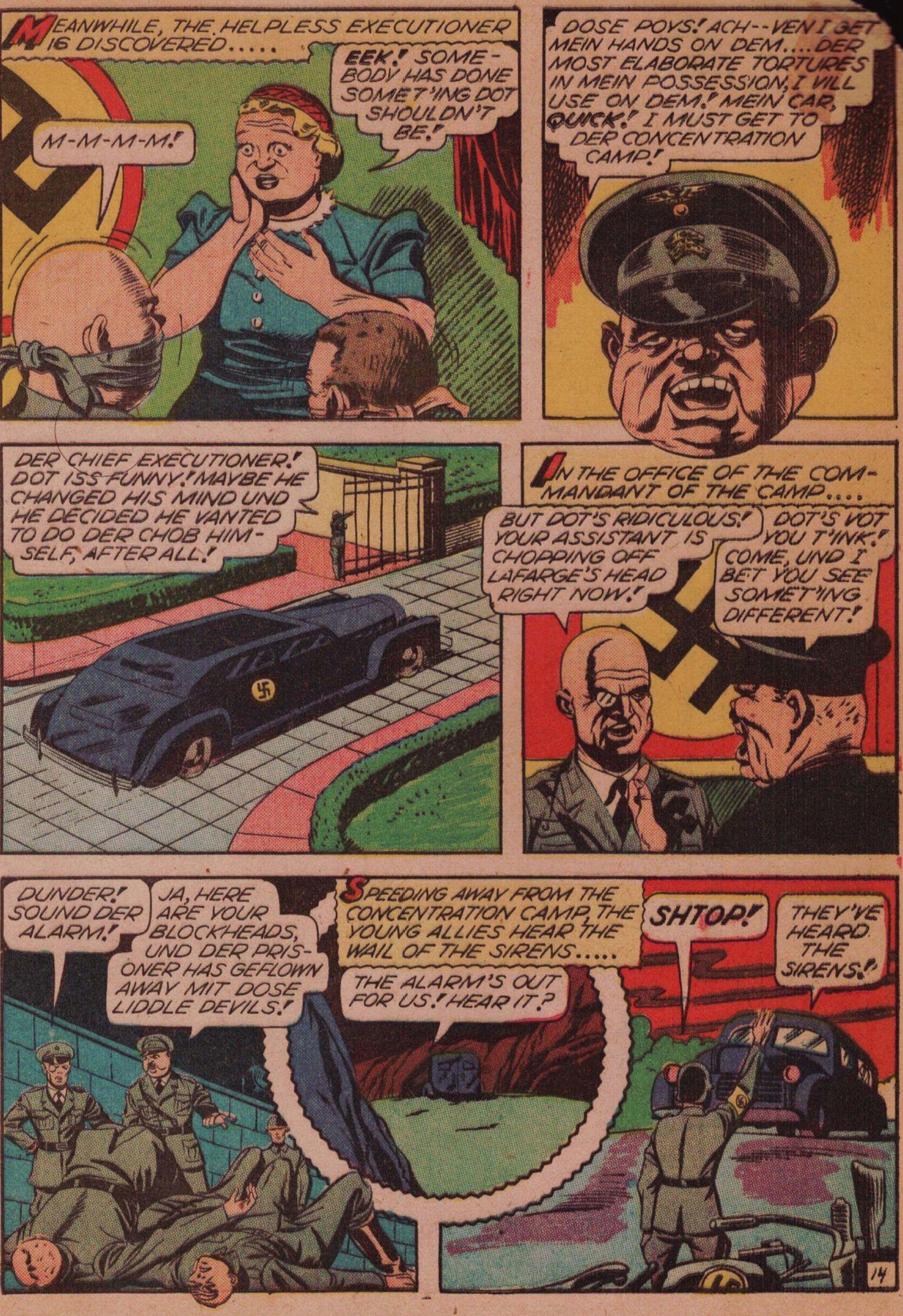

OOPS! OW-W-W!
AN DESE GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH!
SCISSORS NEXT! LET'S GO!
HYAH'S A NEEDLE AND THREAD! GENTS, MEET WHITEWASH JONES, EXPERT GENTLEMAN'S TAILOR!
NO-BODY'S COMING!
HEIL! HOW DO I LOOK?
YOU'LL PROBABLY MAKE IT! I FOUND THESE PAPERS ON THE EXECUTIONER! I'VE FIXED THEM SO THAT THEY INDICATE HE WAS SENDING AN ASSISTANT TO PERFORM THE EXECUTION! THEY OUGHT TO GET YOU BY!
LET'S GET GOING! THEY'RE PROBABLY EXPECTING THE EXECUTIONER RIGHT NOW!

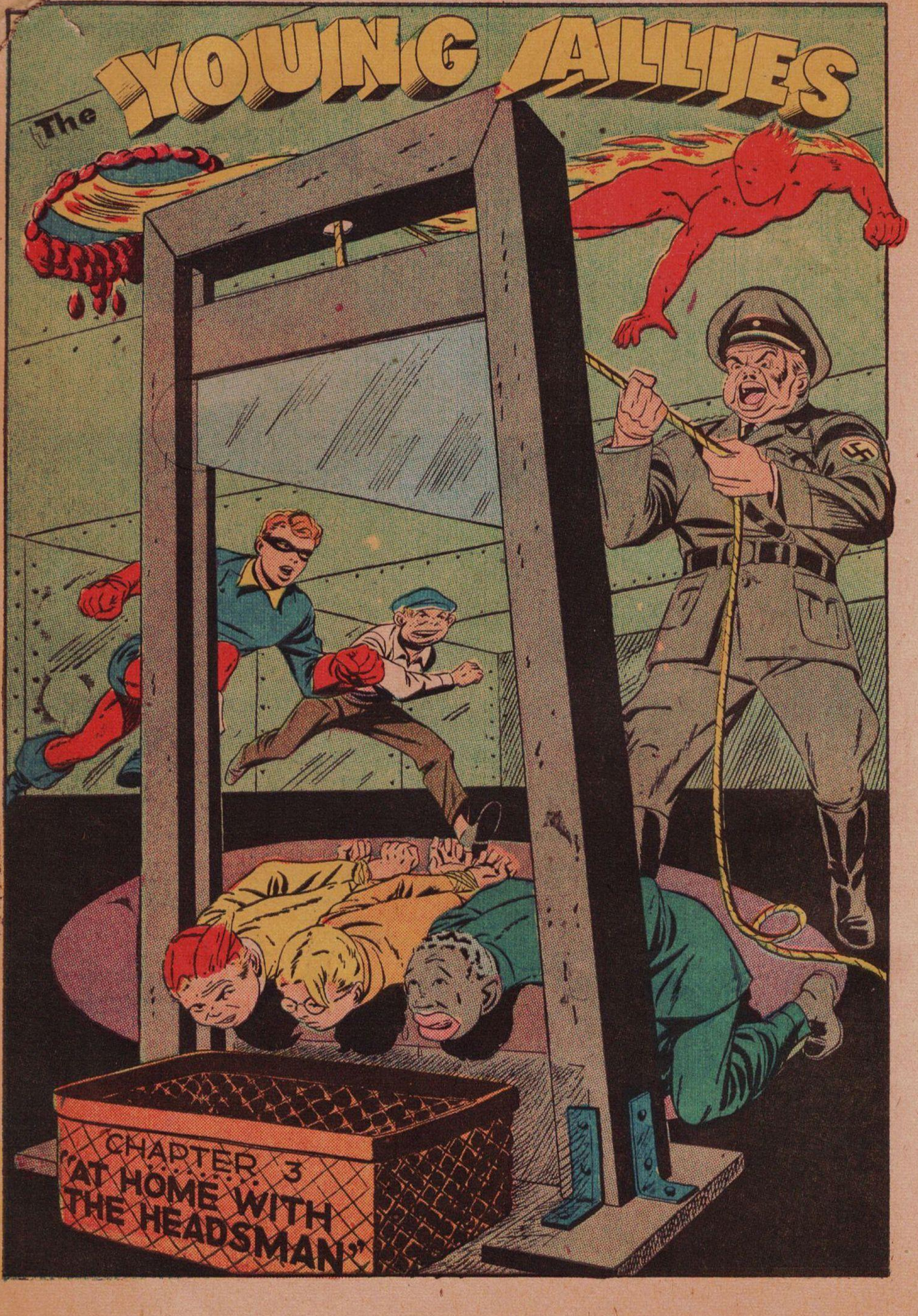

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 2
"THE CHOPPING BLOCK"

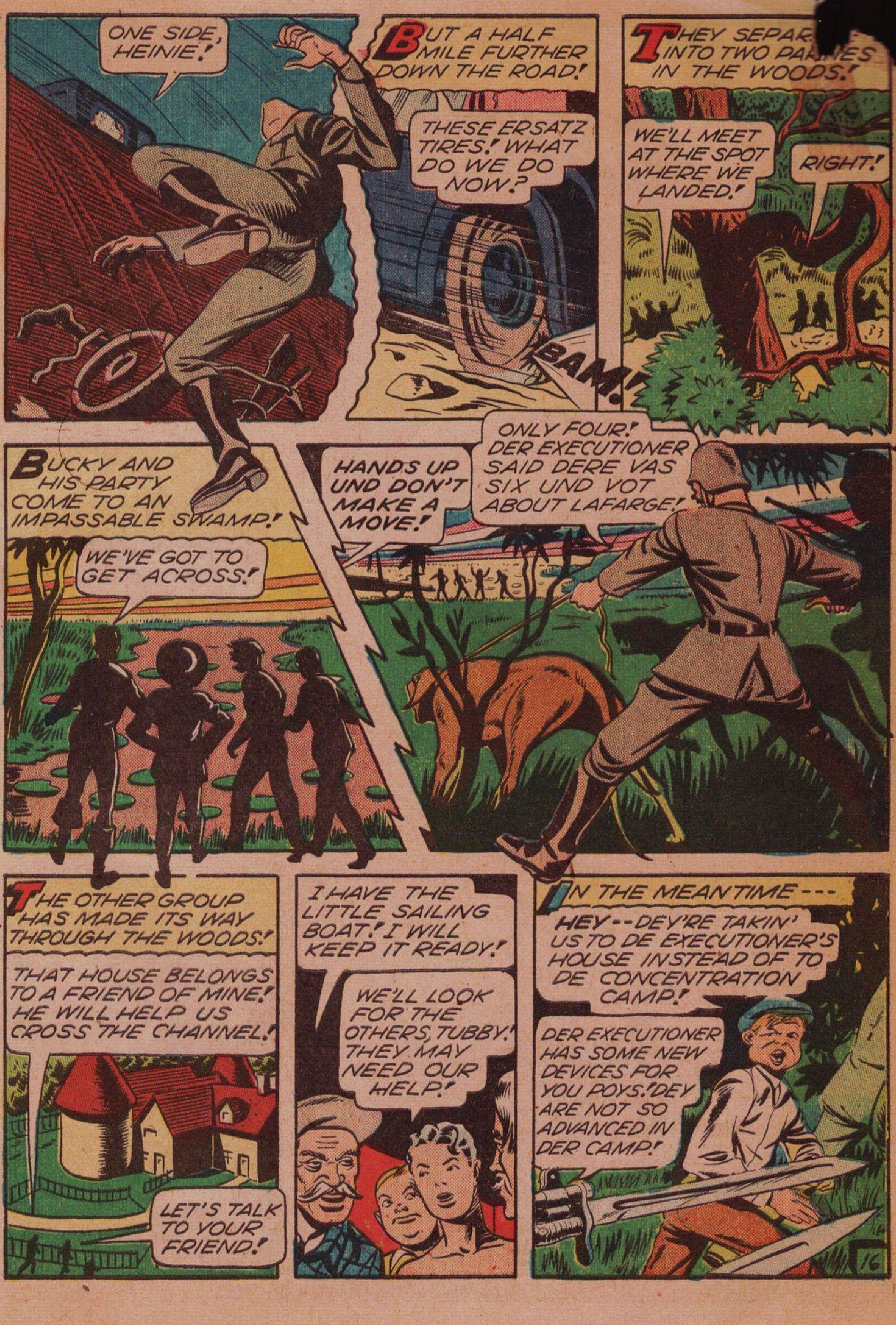

BY A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE THROUGH A FOREST, THE KIDS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE DREAD ARLINS CONCENTRATION CAMP----
THAT'S THE HEARSE THEY'LL TAKE THE BODY OUT IN! IF WE CAN GET HOLD OF IT, IT'S THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF GETTING ALL OF US INTO THE CAMP!
WELL--WHAT'S STOPPIN' US?
VOT GIVES?
BULLS EYE!
COUNT ME OUT OF JOY RIDIN' IN DAT THING!
UGH!
I'LL GO TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE! IT'S THE SERVICE ENTRANCE FOR YOU GUYS!
AIN'T DERE SOME OTHER WAY WE KIN GO ABOUT THIS HYAH BUSINESS?
AH--DER LIMOUSINE FOR LAFARGE'S HEAD, JA! HA! HA!
IN THE MEANTIME, BUCKY MAKES A GRAND ENTRANCE!
DER EXECUTIONER SENT ME TO BEHEAD LAFARGE! I AM HIS BEST ASSISTANT AS DER PAPERS SHOW YOU! HEIL HITLER!
JA, SURE! PROCEED PLEASE! HEIL HITLER!

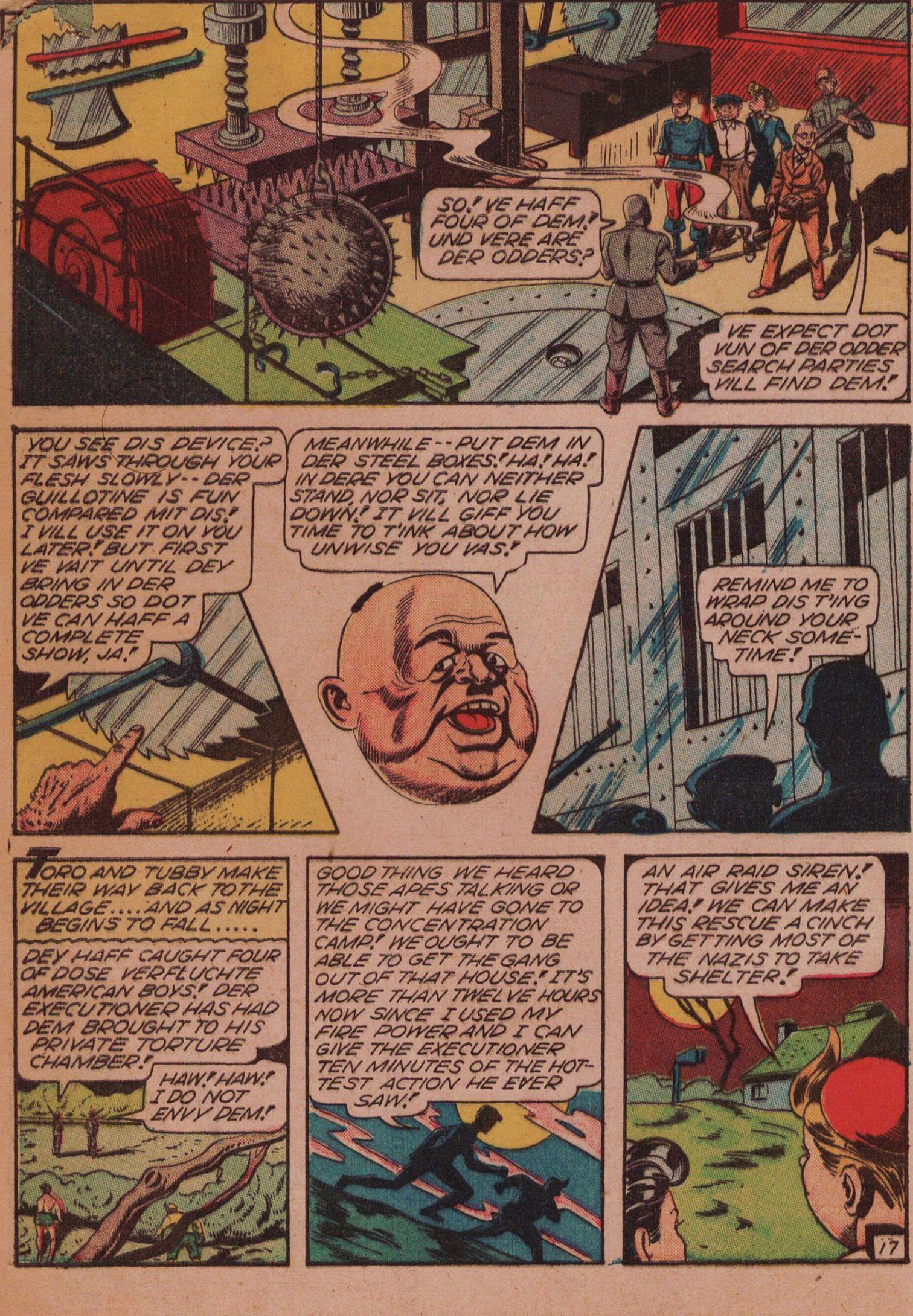

I AM READY! BRING OUT DER PRISONER!
JA, HERR ASSISTANT EXECUTIONER! AT VUNCE!
POOR OLD MONSIEUR LAFARGE! THIS MUST BE A TOUGH MOMENT FOR HIM!
PS-S-S-S-T! YOU ARE GOING TO BE SAVED! WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL!
DOWN DOG!
NOT SO CLOSE, GUARDS! YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS! I CANNOT CONCENTRATE ON DER NECK! MOVE BACK, PLEASE!
THE GANG WITH THE HEARSE! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
DER VAGON ISS HERE! NOW OFF GOES DER SCHWEIN'S HEAD!
ONE--- TWO---
TRY THIS ON YOUR OWN NECKS, BOYS!

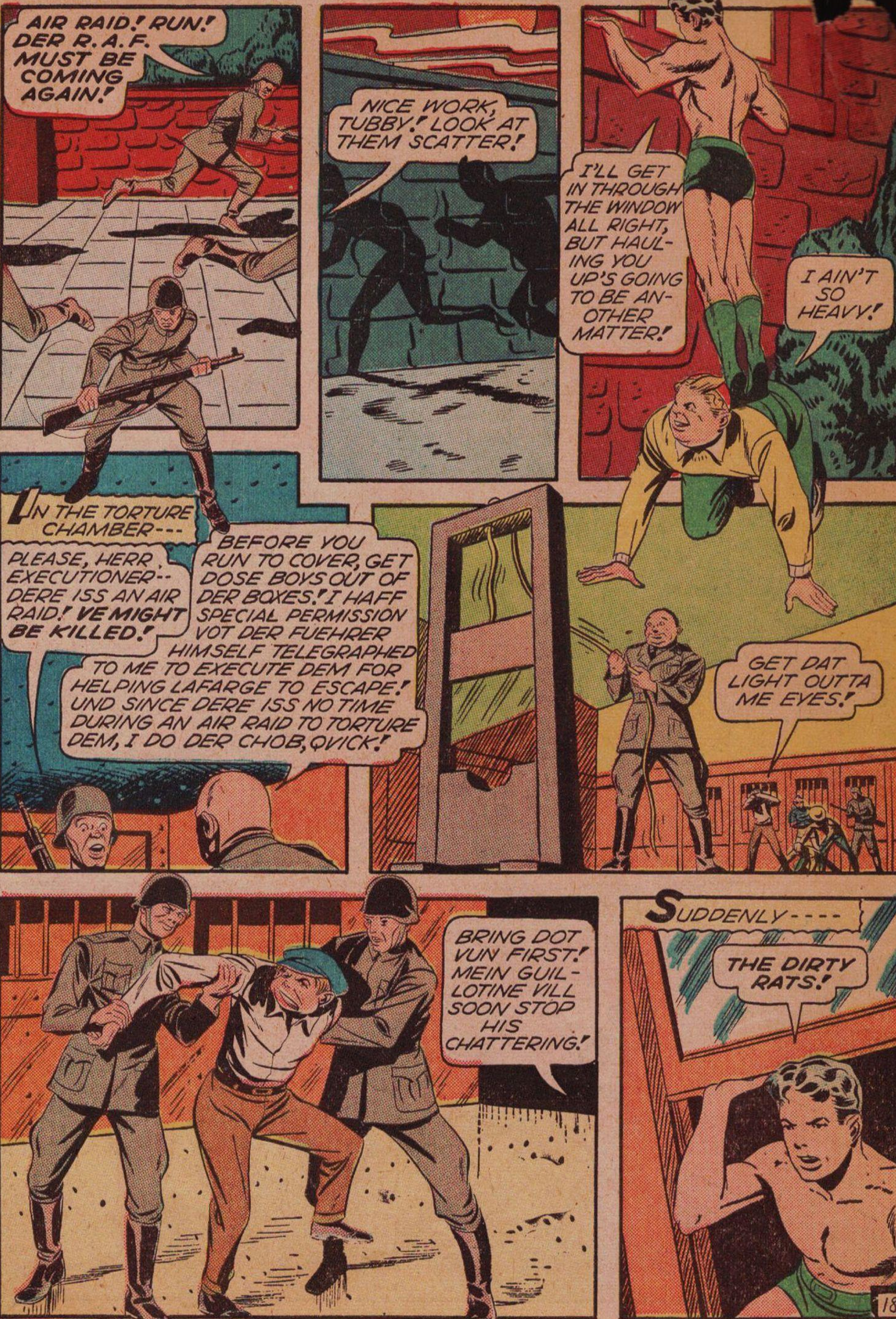

SEIZE HIM! HE ISS AN IMPOSTER!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'!
GET HIM INTO THE WAGON AND GET GOING! WE'LL KEEP THE GUARDS BUSY!
I AM SAVED! I CANNOT BELIEVE IT!
GET GOING, TORO!
DER EXECUTION ISS OVER! HEIL HITLER!
IF THERE'S ANYTHING DUMBER THAN THOSE BRAINLESS STOOGES, IT MUST BE THEIR FUEHRER HIMSELF!

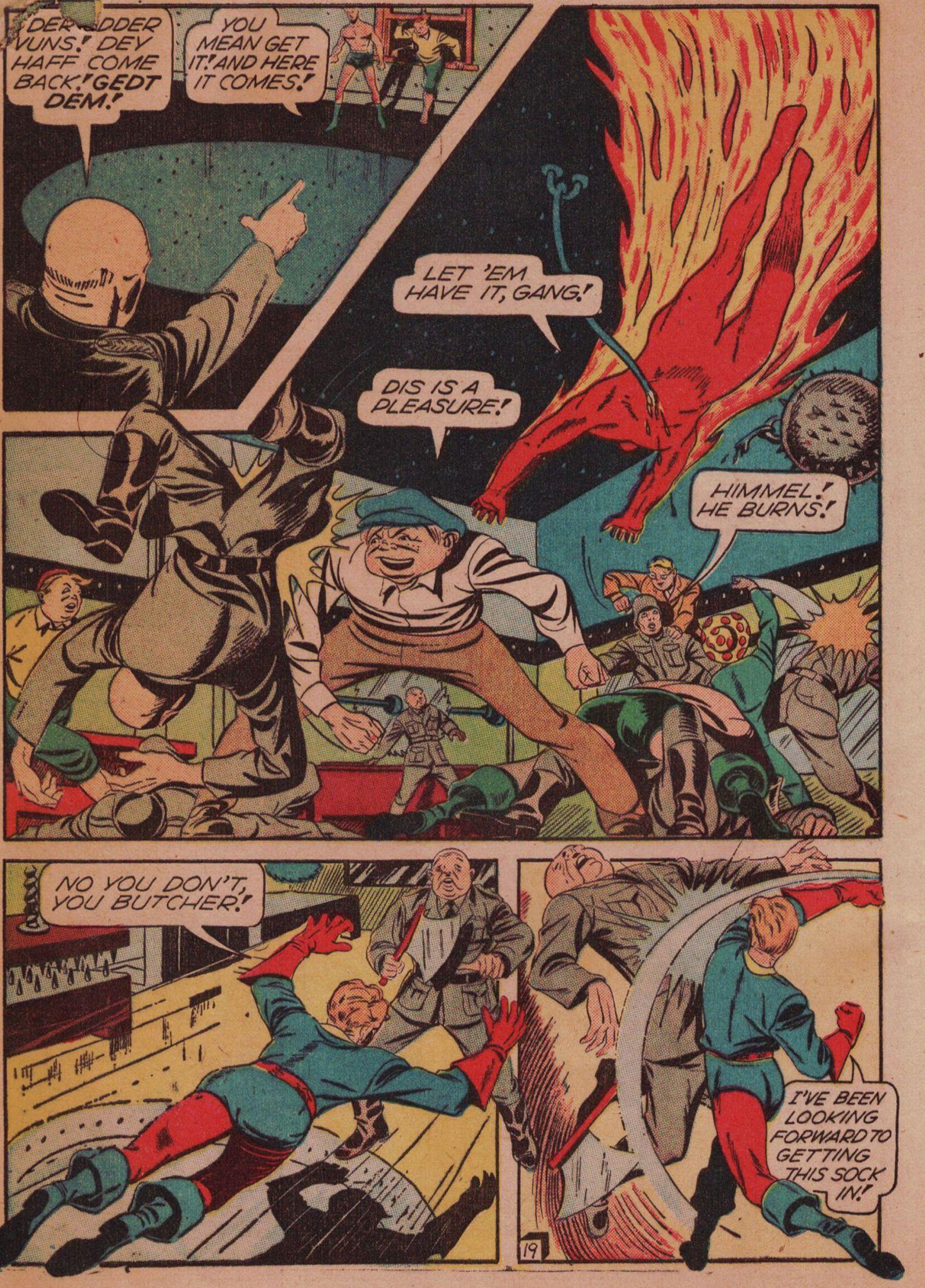

MEANWHILE, THE HELPLESS EXECUTIONER IS DISCOVERED.....
M-M-M-M!
EEK! SOMEBODY HAS DONE SOMET'ING DOT SHOULDN'T BE!
DOSE BOYS! ACH--VEN I GET MEIN HANDS ON DEM....DER MOST ELABORATE TORTURES IN MEIN POSSESSION, I VILL USE ON DEM! MEIN CAR, QUICK! I MUST GET TO DER CONCENTRATION CAMP!
DER CHIEF EXECUTIONER! DOT ISS FUNNY! MAYBE HE CHANGED HIS MIND UND HE DECIDED HE VANTED TO DO DER CHOB HIMSELF, AFTER ALL!
IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT OF THE CAMP....
BUT DOT'S RIDICULOUS! YOUR ASSISTANT IS CHOPPING OFF LAFARGE'S HEAD RIGHT NOW!
DOT'S VOT YOU T'INK! COME, UND I BET YOU SEE SOMET'ING DIFFERENT!
DUNDER! SOUND DER ALARM!
JA, HERE ARE YOUR BLOCKHEADS, UND DER PRISONER HAS GEFLOWN AWAY MIT DOSE LIDDLE DEVILS!
SPEEDING AWAY FROM THE CONCENTRATION CAMP, THE YOUNG ALLIES HEAR THE WAIL OF THE SIRENS.....
THE ALARM'S OUT FOR US! HEAR IT?
SHTOP!
THEY'VE HEARD THE SIRENS!

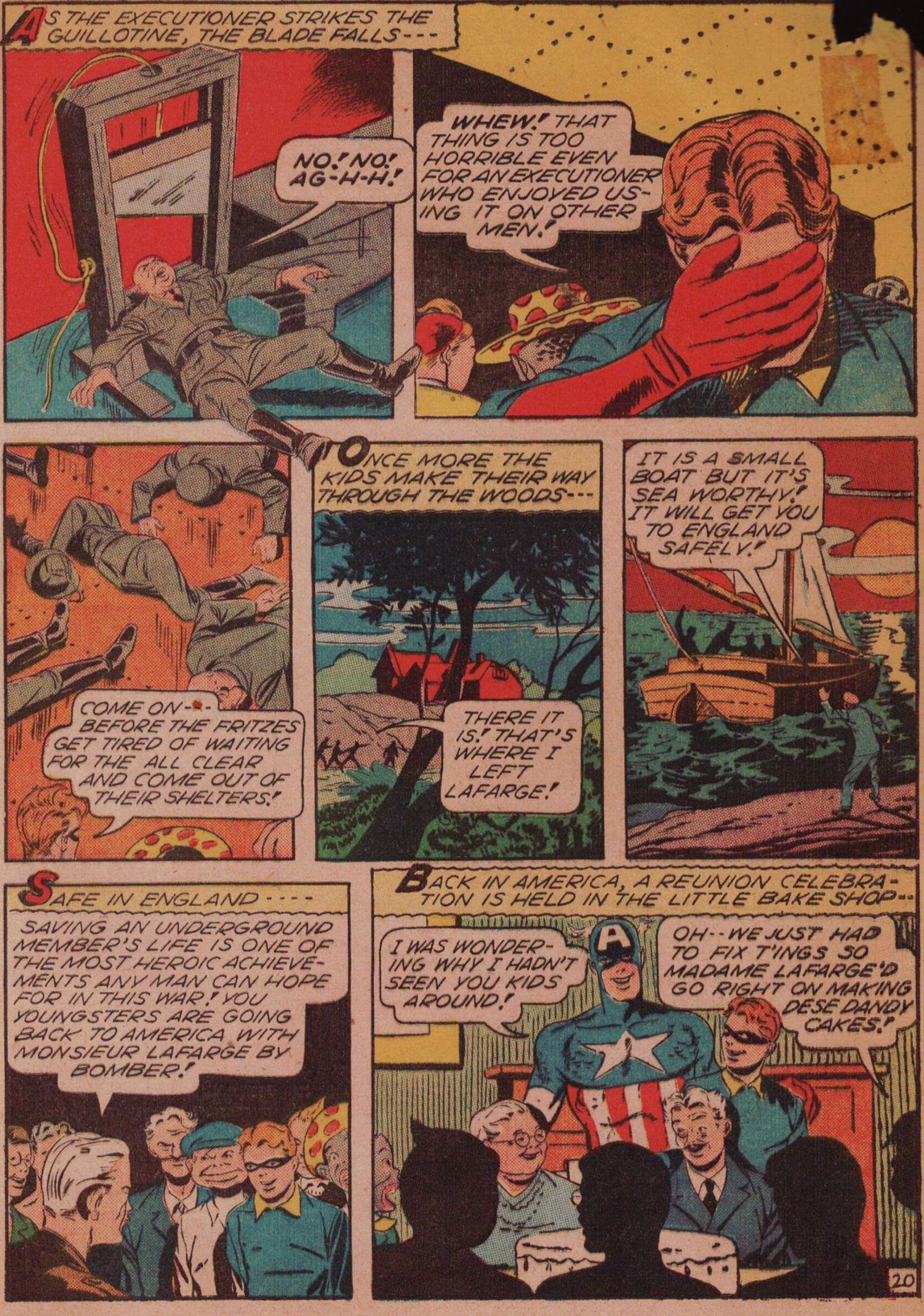

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 3
"AT HOME WITH THE HEADSMAN"


ONE SIDE, HEINIE!
BUT A HALF MILE FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD!
THESE ERSATZ TIRES! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
BAM!
THEY SEPAR[illegible] INTO TWO PARTIES IN THE WOODS!
WE'LL MEET AT THE SPOT WHERE WE LANDED!
RIGHT!
BUCKY AND HIS PARTY COME TO AN IMPASSABLE SWAMP!
WE'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS!
HANDS UP UND DON'T MAKE A MOVE!
ONLY FOUR! DER EXECUTIONER SAID DERE VAS SIX UND VOT ABOUT LAFARGE!
THE OTHER GROUP HAS MADE ITS WAY THROUGH THE WOODS!
THAT HOUSE BELONGS TO A FRIEND OF MINE! HE WILL HELP US CROSS THE CHANNEL!
LET'S TALK TO YOUR FRIEND!
I HAVE THE LITTLE SAILING BOAT! I WILL KEEP IT READY!
WE'LL LOOK FOR THE OTHERS, TUBBY! THEY MAY NEED OUR HELP!
IN THE MEANTIME ---
HEY -- DEY'RE TAKIN' US TO DE EXECUTIONER'S HOUSE INSTEAD OF TO DE CONCENTRATION CAMP!
DER EXECUTIONER HAS SOME NEW DEVICES FOR YOU POYS! DEY ARE NOT SO ADVANCED IN DER CAMP!


SO! VE HAFF FOUR OF DEM! UND VERE ARE DER ODDERS?
VE EXPECT DOT VUN OF DER ODDER SEARCH PARTIES VILL FIND DEM!
YOU SEE DIS DEVICE? IT SAWS THROUGH YOUR FLESH SLOWLY--DER GUILLOTINE IS FUN COMPARED MIT DIS! I VILL USE IT ON YOU LATER! BUT FIRST VE VAIT UNTIL DEY BRING IN DER ODDERS SO DOT VE CAN HAFF A COMPLETE SHOW, JA!
MEANWHILE--PUT DEM IN DER STEEL BOXES! HA! HA! IN DERE YOU CAN NEITHER STAND, NOR SIT, NOR LIE DOWN! IT VILL GIFF YOU TIME TO T'INK ABOUT HOW UNWISE YOU VAS!
REMIND ME TO WRAP DIS T'ING AROUND YOUR NECK SOMETIME!
TORO AND TUBBY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE VILLAGE.....AND AS NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL.....
DEY HAFF CAUGHT FOUR OF DOSE VERFLUCHTE AMERICAN BOYS! DER EXECUTIONER HAS HAD DEM BROUGHT TO HIS PRIVATE TORTURE CHAMBER!
HAW! HAW! I DO NOT ENVY DEM!
GOOD THING WE HEARD THOSE APES TALKING OR WE MIGHT HAVE GONE TO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP! WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET THE GANG OUT OF THAT HOUSE! IT'S MORE THAN TWELVE HOURS NOW SINCE I USED MY FIRE POWER AND I CAN GIVE THE EXECUTIONER TEN MINUTES OF THE HOTTEST ACTION HE EVER SAW!
AN AIR RAID SIREN! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WE CAN MAKE THIS RESCUE A CINCH BY GETTING MOST OF THE NAZIS TO TAKE SHELTER!


AIR RAID! RUN! DER R.A.F. MUST BE COMING AGAIN!
NICE WORK, TUBBY! LOOK AT THEM SCATTER!
I'LL GET IN THROUGH THE WINDOW ALL RIGHT, BUT HAULING YOU UP'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER MATTER!
I AIN'T SO HEAVY!
IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER---
PLEASE, HERR EXECUTIONER-- DERE ISS AN AIR RAID! VE MIGHT BE KILLED!
BEFORE YOU RUN TO COVER, GET DOSE BOYS OUT OF DER BOXES! I HAFF SPECIAL PERMISSION VOT DER FUEHRER HIMSELF TELEGRAPHED TO ME TO EXECUTE DEM FOR HELPING LAFARGE TO ESCAPE! UND SINCE DERE ISS NO TIME DURING AN AIR RAID TO TORTURE DEM, I DO DER CHOB, QVICK!
GET DAT LIGHT OUTTA ME EYES!
BRING DOT VUN FIRST! MEIN GUILLOTINE VILL SOON STOP HIS CHATTERING!
SUDDENLY----
THE DIRTY RATS!


DER ODDER VUNS! DEY HAFF COME BACK! GEDT DEM!
YOU MEAN GET IT! AND HERE IT COMES!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, GANG!
DIS IS A PLEASURE!
HIMMEL! HE BURNS!
NO YOU DON'T, YOU BUTCHER!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING THIS SOCK IN!
19


AS THE EXECUTIONER STRIKES THE GUILLOTINE, THE BLADE FALLS---
NO! NO! AG-H-H!
WHEW! THAT THING IS TOO HORRIBLE EVEN FOR AN EXECUTIONER WHO ENJOYED USING IT ON OTHER MEN!
COME ON-- BEFORE THE FRITZES GET TIRED OF WAITING FOR THE ALL CLEAR AND COME OUT OF THEIR SHELTERS!
ONCE MORE THE KIDS MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WOODS---
THERE IT IS! THAT'S WHERE I LEFT LAFARGE!
IT IS A SMALL BOAT BUT IT'S SEA WORTHY! IT WILL GET YOU TO ENGLAND SAFELY!
SAFE IN ENGLAND----
SAVING AN UNDERGROUND MEMBER'S LIFE IS ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC ACHIEVEMENTS ANY MAN CAN HOPE FOR IN THIS WAR! YOU YOUNGSTERS ARE GOING BACK TO AMERICA WITH MONSIEUR LAFARGE BY BOMBER!
BACK IN AMERICA, A REUNION CELEBRATION IS HELD IN THE LITTLE BAKE SHOP--
I WAS WONDERING WHY I HADN'T SEEN YOU KIDS AROUND!
OH--WE JUST HAD TO FIX T'INGS SO MADAME LAFARGE'D GO RIGHT ON MAKING DESE DANDY CAKES!

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DO YOUR LETTERS ALL SOUND ALIKE?

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"How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service" does for you exactly what its title promises! It is a specific guide, newly written for the express purpose of helping people who are now writing letters to men they may never have written to before. It's a down-to-earth and up-to-the-minute aid made for this one purpose—to show you how to write the kind of letters that make service men happy! It is based on the special problems of wartime, the difficulties many people have because they are not used to writing many letters, the particular needs of men far away from home. It tells in detail the things the men want to know, it explains the effect that different types of letters have on them, it reveals step by step the secrets and "tricks" of letter-writing that you can now use to add new thrills to *your* letters.

THINGS TO DO - THINGS NOT TO DO -

One remarkable section in this book gives you in compact form a list of "do's" and "don'ts" . . . brief cautions about details in writing to service men that otherwise you might easily overlook. These special cautions alone are well worth the price of the book . . . they can surely help you improve your very first letter after reading them! You learn in just a few minutes the most important "secrets" of wartime letter-writing . . . magic advice that may mean added happiness for your soldier or sailor!

YOU WILL BE *AMAZED* AT THE MANY *DIFFERENT* TYPES OF LETTER-WRITING PROBLEMS THAT THIS BOOK SOLVES!

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Are you at a loss for things to write about? This book explains a simple, enjoyable method for finding real "meaty" news!

Do all your letters sound alike? There are "tricks" of writing that can even make the same thing sound different no matter how many times you write about it!

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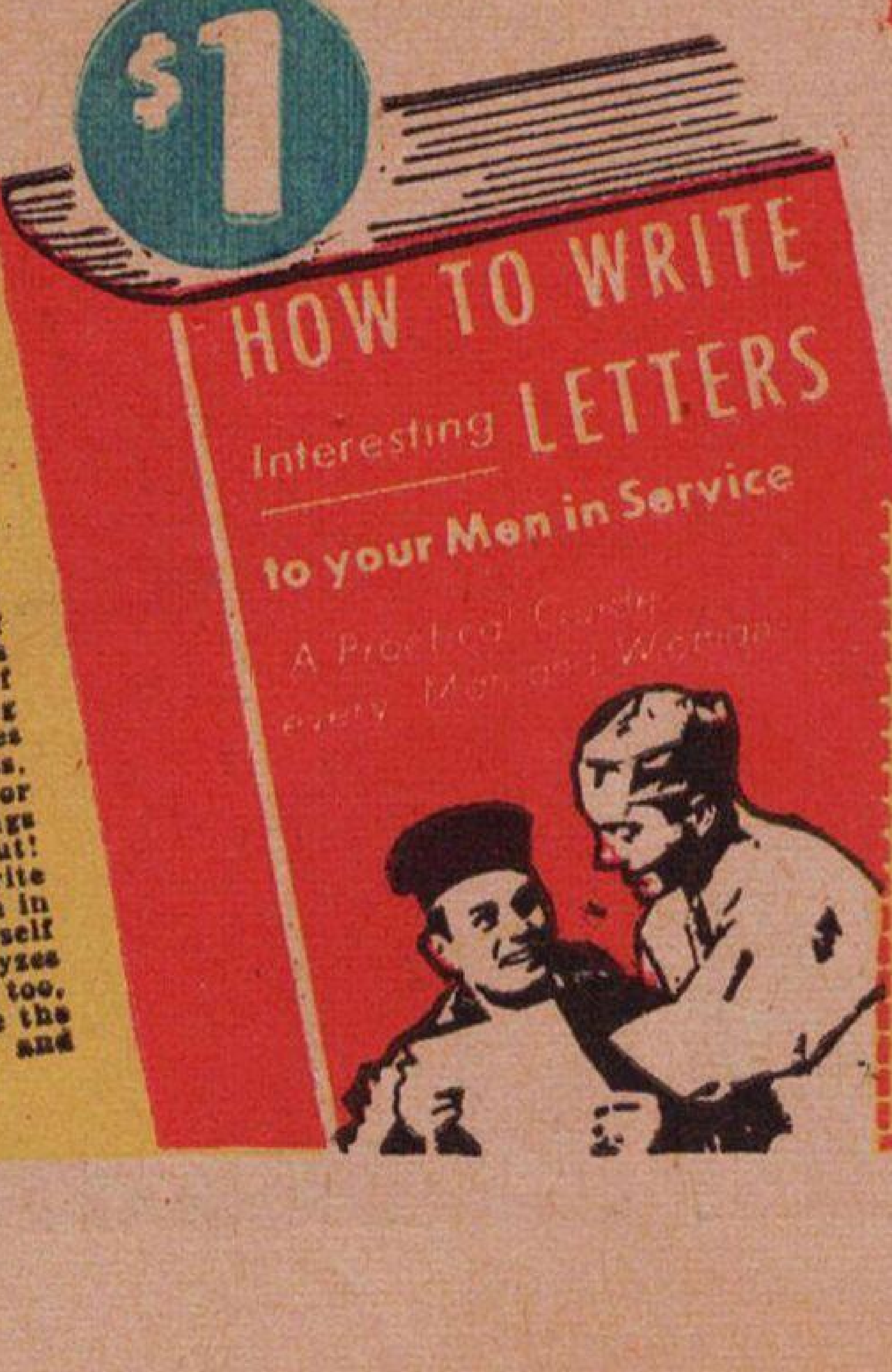

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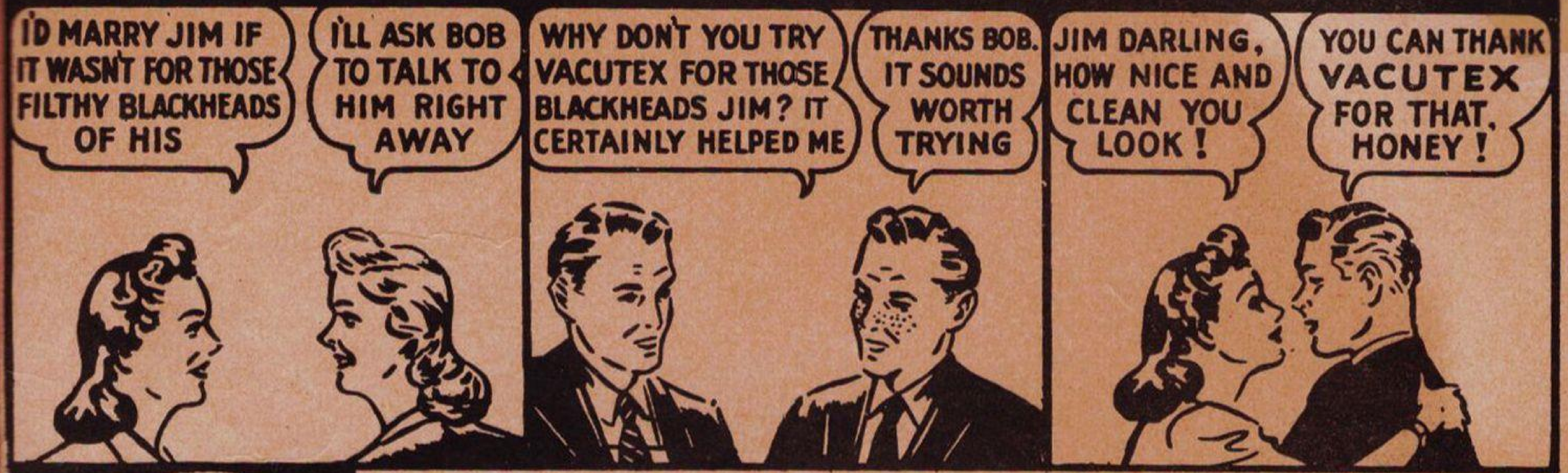
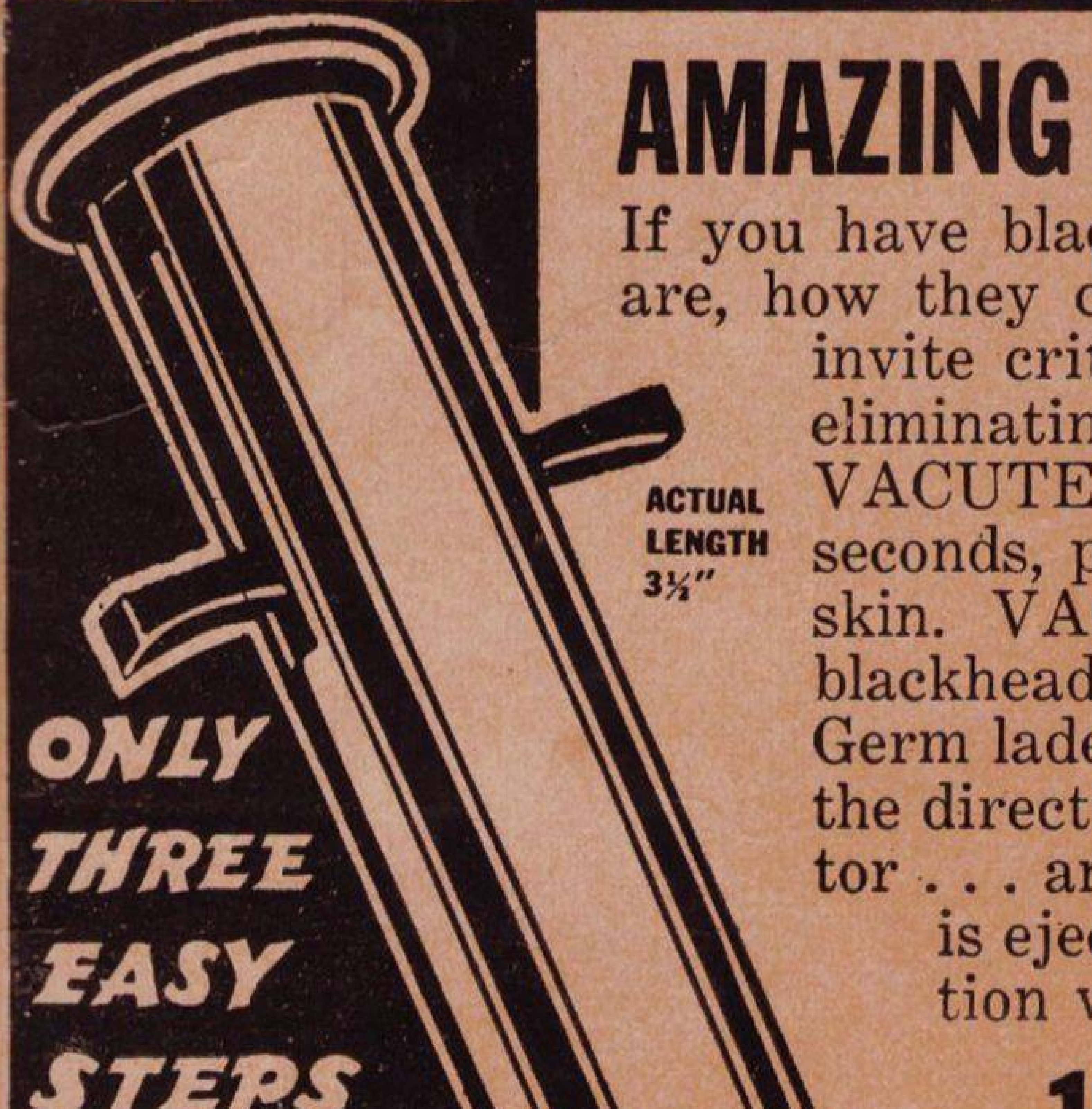
REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS
OR NO COST


I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!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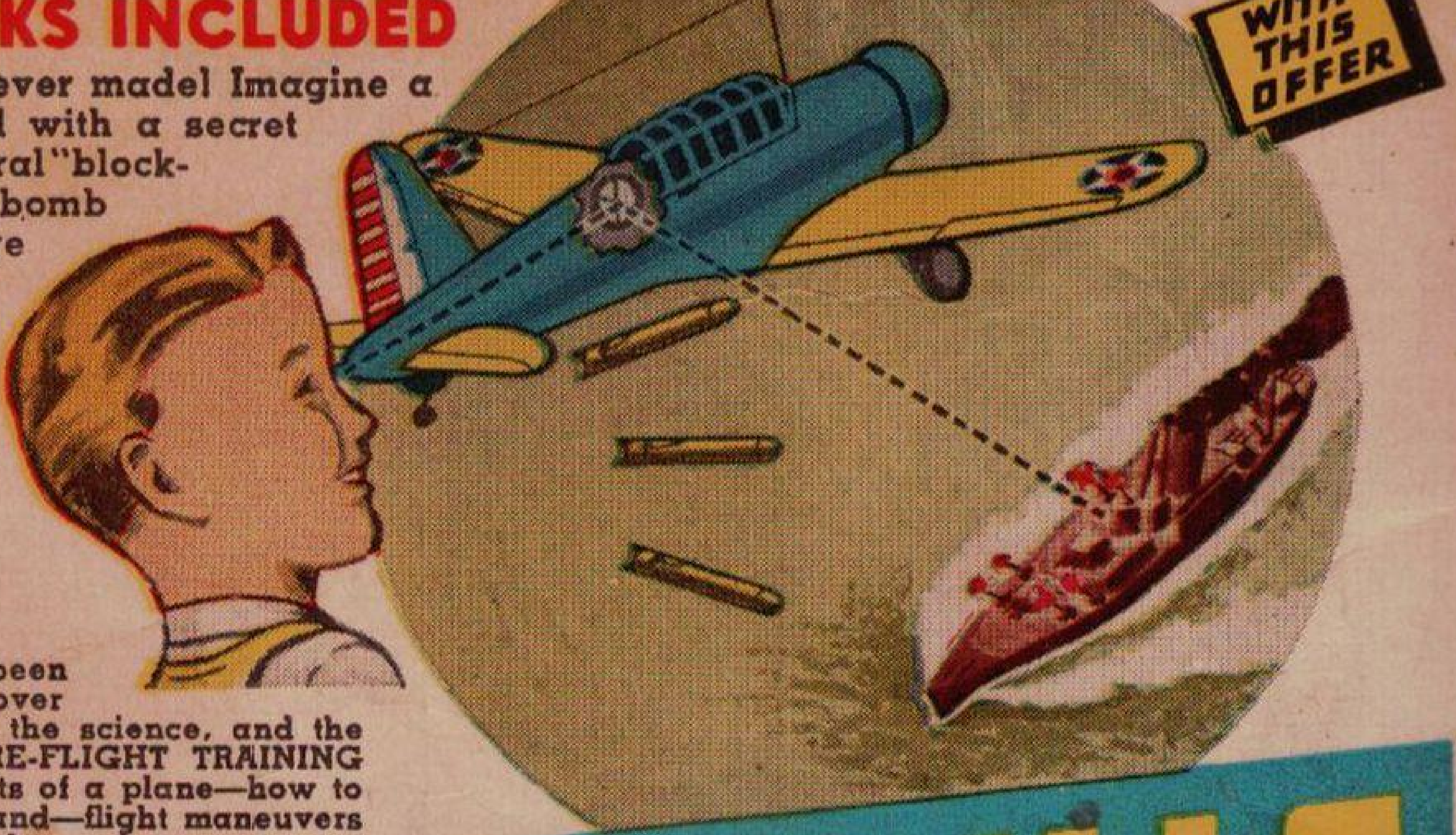

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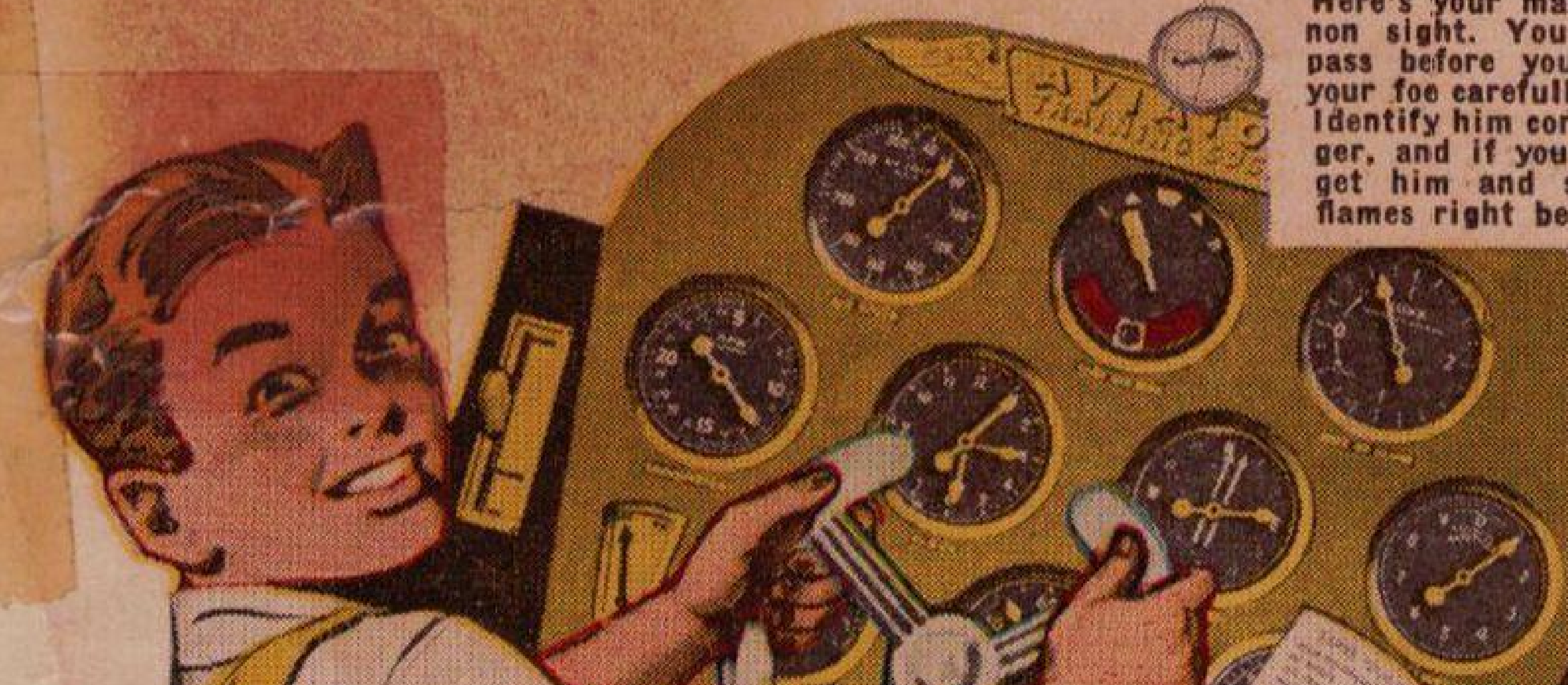

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